A World Pilgrimage

John Henry Barrows

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DR. BARROWS AND PARTY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

A World-Pilgrimage

BY

JOHN HENRY BARROWS

EDITED BY

MARY ELEANOR BARROWS

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Eastern islands have I been.

KEATS.

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PREFACE

In these latter days the world is beginning to recognize its organic unity; to feel the current of humanity, stronger than patriotism and broader than the boundaries of a great nation, that flows beneath all peoples. This knowledge one who has seen the constellations of two hemispheres and the palms of India as well as North American pines, is apt to possess in larger measure than those who have never been wayfarers in strange places.

These observations of art and life in other countries, which my father wrote in letters to the "Chicago Record" and to "The Interior," possess the value of having been written at the time of the impressions, before intermediating experiences dulled them, and, in spite of the hasty writing this necessitated, are published now in book form, in the hope of strengthening the growing belief that this earth, spinning in space, is encompassed by an atmosphere of faith, hope, and love, which men and women of all lands breathe as truly and necessarily as the air supporting physical life.

M. E. B.

The Seven Pines,
Island of Mackinac, Michigan,
September 16, 1897.

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A WORLD-PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SEA.

WHEN six days of an Atlantic voyage have already passed, one usually begins to snuff the land and to realize that the great and wide sea has, after all, become only a ferry. Through the wonders of modern navigation, the perils which the old vikings braved, and Columbus set his strong heart to face, and the voyagers of the "Mayflower" heroically withstood and overcame, have been reduced to small numbers and proportions, and the crossing of the Atlantic is now a tired man's luxury, and the sick man's best sanitary device. We have had six days of ideal ocean weather in one of the best of steamships, and to-morrow there is the prospect of seeing land.

In all probability, forty-nine fiftieths of my readers have never crossed the Atlantic, and some brief account of perhaps the greatest wonder of the modern world may be of interest to them, while the other fiftieth will not be averse to hearing the wonder retold. How I have wished that Leif Ericson, Sebastian Cabot, and Governor Bradford could be with us in this richly decorated saloon — where two hundred and fifty persons can sit down to a ten-course dinner — and be told that this is a part of a steam-driven vessel, of twelve thousand five hundred horse-power, which, at the speed of nineteen knots an hour, is pursuing an almost straight course from the New World to the Old! A steel-ribbed and steel-clad ship, carrying millions of pounds of

freight, churning the angry ocean into foam and battling successfully with the fiercest of unloosed tempests, and furnishing its passengers with comforts which no middle-age prince or king ever enjoyed, is to me a far greater marvel than any one of the seven wonders which were the boast of the classic world. One striking difference between the former and the present marvels of human achievement is this, that the recent wonders belong to the realm of life and motion. Contrast the pyramids of Egypt with the modern railroad; the hanging gardens of Babylon with the telegraph; the deaf and speechless statue of Jupiter Olympus with the telephone; the mausoleum of Artemisia with the steamship; the Colossus of Rhodes with the Maxim rapid-firing gun; the Temple of Diana with the all-revealing photographic Roentgen ray; and even the Pharos of Alexandria, sending light over a few leagues of sea, with the metropolitan newspaper gathering light from all the continents and sending it out into hundreds of thousands of homes.

The "Havel," named, like every North German Lloyd express steamer between Bremen and New York, from one of the rivers of the Fatherland, is twin ship to the "Spree," and was built in 1890. It is the most comfortable and satisfactory boat on which I have ever crossed the Atlantic, scrupulously clean, beautiful in its decoration, with a promenade deck almost entirely covered and thus protecting us from many annoyances. One catches something of the spirit of Germany, as in the companion-way he looks at the tiled decorations representing villages, castles, and churches to be seen along the river Havel, or notes the imitations of ancient tapestries which deck the splendid saloon.

It is pleasant to be summoned to one's meals, not by a barbarous gong, but by a civilized and inspiring bugle. Only musicians are employed as second-cabin stewards, and an excellent band plays on deck every morning at eleven, so that even seasick passengers are reheartened; while the concert programme, furnished by the orchestra at every dinner, lends a new charm to that chief event of the day.

A potpourri of American national airs causes even strangers to look up at each other and smile; and who of us will ever forget the sweet, deep pleasure of being wakened on Sunday morning by the playing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee"? No air rouses so many people on shipboard as "America," for it is the national tune of Great Britain and Germany as well as of the United States. At the last celebration of the Kaiser's birthday in Göttingen, while the Germans were singing to these notes the praise of Germany, a group of English girls poured out their patriotism in "God save our gracious Queen," and a pair of American girls shouted songfully, "My country, 't is of thee." Is not this a prophecy of the time when the Christian Teutonic races shall be still further unified?

Germany is fast becoming a great naval power as well as a formidable colonizing nation. The trident of Neptune, as Napoleon said, is the sceptre of the world. Oceans no longer separate, but, with the facilities of nineteenth-century navigation, they connect, distant peoples. The ninety-seven steerage passengers on board the "Havel" probably could not afford to take a four-thousand-mile land journey. The water makes Australia and Cape Colony contiguous to Kent and Lancashire. A few months ago it seemed among the possibilities that English and German fleets might be facing each other in battle; but birds of calm are now brooding over all great Neptune's waves.

The Germans certainly make excellent purveyors to American voyagers, and I owe to them the most restful of all my seven trips across the Atlantic. This ship does its work without fuss, and one has a feeling of security. The German officers are polite and free from irritability. Captain Theodore Jüngst, who has made one hundred and twenty-five ocean round trips as captain of a vessel, is one of the masters of the sea who always remains a gentleman. It is a pleasure to see his round and smiling face. Sea life appears to agree with the German officers. Their faces and bodies expand as they rise in rank.

Out of regard for my former companions in travel, I dare not call this the most delightful of ocean trips. There has been a cheerful and restful monotony about it, however, very satisfying to us all. The incidents of a sea voyage are usually few. The whale is getting to be as rare as the buffalo. Porpoises do frisk now and then along the side of the ship. Sea gulls and other birds make us wonder if aerial navigation will ever be perfected by man. Sometimes an ocean liner or other ship heaves in sight. The sky has usually been bright, the air inspiriting and, on some days, strangely warm. Nothing has surprised me more than to find that, at the end of the winter, we have had less cold and discomfort than I have found in June and September.

But old Ocean himself, to those fortunate enough to enjoy him, is the main fact present to one's consciousness. We have had Lowell's "gray vague of unsympathizing sea" now and then, but have oftener been gladdened by the old Greek poet's "innumerable laughter" of the ocean, as we have seen the sun "breaking on the sea's blue shield his thousand golden lances." The full moon has thrown her "lane of beams athwart the sea" evening after evening, and roused the latent sentimentality which is, after all, the best part of life. Phosphorescent sparks and flames have given a weird enchantment to the night-time, and the usual deck games have afforded some interest to the hours of the day.

I once made a collection of epithets applied by the poets to the sea, beginning with old Homer's "wine-colored" deep, not omitting the strong adjectives of the Hebrew singers and the picturesque epithets of some of the Greek tragedians. Such words as "unharvested," "fruitful," "immeasurable," "eternal," "hungry," "unsympathizing," "silver," "summer," "weary," "great and wide," "laughing," "dismal," "mysterious," and a score of others help us to look at one of the greatest facts and forces in the life of this marvellous organism, the earth, with other and wiser eyes than our own. William Watson's recent "Hymn to the Sea" is perhaps the high-water mark of his genius.

What a wealth of musical words this rhythmic Crœsus flings with lavish hand over the smiling and frowning vastness and variety of ocean!

There is one fact about the deep which every sailor knows, and every boy who puts out in a dory from Gloucester or Lynn, and that is that the sea is inconstant in his moods. With the stars shining and the variable moon still beaming, our ship slid into a heaving and angry world of billows that gave us a night of it. In twenty-five thousand miles of ocean travel I never knew a steamer suffer so much from delirium tremens. The children standing on their heads and then on their feet while trying to repose in bed, every loose thing in every state-room jumping to the floor and then skating merrily from berth to doorway, what seemed like a hundred cannon-balls or mighty chunks of ice rolling and sliding in neighboring kitchens and storerooms, the din and crash of falling pans and dishes, the various untheological remarks of excited stewards and passengers in the corridors, and the hysterical laughter which proceeded from rooms where benevolent voyagers were striving to lash rebellious trunks with rope and towel, — such were a few of the pleasant and picturesque features of the night when the sea pounded the "Havel," but succeeded in diminishing by only a few miles the average run of the sturdy vessel.

The point reached every midday is marked on the chart near the smoking-room by a German flag. An American flag is planted in New York and the union jack in Southampton, and it has been pleasant in the last week to see the black, red and white flags of Germany stretching, in ever-lengthening line, across the Atlantic. On the afternoon of March third Bishop's Light appeared off the Scilly Islands, and we felt that our course was about finished. But the captain, now that land was in sight and the passengers free from care, took to the bridge, and was seen no more in the dining-saloon.

The day following the night of unrest gave us the sight

of as beautiful and sublime a sea as one often beholds. With the sun brightly shining on pearly crests and emerald crags, with the glories of Switzerland reproduced on the moving face of the deep, enhanced by changing lights and shadows, every spectator with his sea-legs on felt himself an incipient poet. There are forms of beauty and forces of tremendous power which bring out on deck even the beer-soaked and ham-filled players from the ship's smoking-room. The approach of land ever appears to be the signal and occasion of more generous drinking, though I must praise my fellow-passengers for their general and unusual moderation. The American and English gentlemen who crowd the summer steamers evidently find on board an abundance of liquids more potent than the vintages of the Rhineland and the products of the Bavarian breweries.

One delightful thing about the Germans is the beautiful habit of taking with them always their national sentimentalism. As a people they must have their music and their shows. But on this voyage they have been careful, in music and everything else, not to display any offensive patriotism. On the evening before reaching Southampton we had the "captain's dinner." The children were excited by what they called the Christmas trees adorning the tables. These were cones of fancy cakes and confectionery decorated with German and American flags and the flags of Bremen and of the German Lloyd line. One cone was surmounted by the "Germania" and the other by the Bartholdi statue. After the pudding had been served, the lights were suddenly extinguished and, while the orchestra played "America," the doors of the saloon opened and the twelve stewards filed in and marched twice around the tables, carrying illuminated blocks of ice and large Japanese lanterns shaped like crowns, globes, and castles, and the happy diners cheered the picturesque and beautiful procession. Such is the way the captain and the chief steward had of saying, "This is our last night together; let us all be friends."

On the evening of March third our ship talked with another ship at sea by means of red and white Roman candles, and each learned that her neighbor belonged to the same line. At three o'clock in the morning the "Havel" lay along her new docks at Southampton, and at seven o'clock twenty of our passengers had left us. In coming to this port we had crossed the waters over which the great British navigators had sailed to the exploration and conquest of the globe. We had seen in the afternoon the light-house and station at Lizard Point, from which our arrival was announced on both sides of the sea; Eddystone, most famous of all light-houses; far off from shore we had passed Plymouth, and forsaking the Cornish and Devonshire coasts had reached The Needles, by the Isle of Wight, and steaming up Severn Water had come to the harbor from which Richard Cœur de Lion had sailed on his crusade, and Henry V. had set forth for France and the "sounding bows of Agincourt."

Eager to reach the mouth of the Weser, the "Havel" sailed down the Severn stream as the sun, brightening and coloring vast heaps of clouds, rose over the English coast on our left. Strangely beautiful lights cast enchantment over land and water. Many hundreds of sea-gulls, their white wings given a golden splendor in the morning light, sailed after us. On the starboard the Isle of Wight soon appeared, and in a few minutes the towers of Osborne, with green fields sloping to the shores, and then Ryde, and later Portsmouth on our left, the fortifications in the channel and other tokens of England's military and naval strength; and then on through the day we passed by Brighton and Beachy Head, sometimes seeing more than thirty ships at once. We were crossing the track of William the Conqueror. Over there was Hastings. Yonder were the white cliffs of Dover — the silver parapets of England. A little farther on is Deal, where Cæsar landed. We have crossed the path of the mighty Julius, "the greatest man that ever lived in the tide of time." But ancient history does not make us particularly happy to-day.

Our minds are on the affairs of the present. We have touched the world again, — the world of international disputes and rivalries. Our little world on the steamer had no quarrels. To be sure, the orchestra played "Marching through Georgia" and "Dixie," but these are the vanishing memorials of a buried contest. And some wise genius will yet write other words for "Marching through Georgia," or else the good sense and good feeling of America will relegate that stirring lyric to oblivion. At Southampton the "New York Herald" and the London dailies came aboard, and we read, not only of the arbitration meeting in London, but also of the enormous expenditures England proposes for Gibraltar, and of the debate in the American Congress over according belligerent rights to Cuban insurgents and of Spain's hot indignation.

America occupied more space than formerly in a London journal, but the "Daily News," which we read, seemed ungracious in nearly every reference to us, and it certainly was in some things grossly inaccurate. I was not persuaded, even by seeing the statement in print, that the American press was practically unanimous in condemning the proposed action of Congress. I have heard for the last few months that England was boiling over with love to America. I know that many noble Englishmen love our Republic, and I believe that America is dear to the English common people generally. But what odd ways some English editors and diplomats have of showing their affection! One thinks of the couplet, —

> "Perhaps she did right in concealing her love,
> But why did she kick me downstairs?"

One is also reminded that in "The House-boat on the Styx" Dr. Samuel Johnson says, "My feeling is not worth expressing," and Thackeray suggests that he had "better send it by freight." British affection for America often comes by slow carriage. I suppose the truth is that the worst offence which the Englishman gives other people is

his unconscious tone of superiority. If editors and diplomats in London would reread Mr. Lowell's essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," Anglo-American complications might be less frequent.

The trouble with all of us is that we become too familiar with the worst sides of each other. It would be unfair to judge England by the five Englishmen who boarded our steamer at Southampton. All had been drinking too heavily and wanted to drink more. Some of them invited the strangers on our ship to a bout. One of them, shortly after calling for whiskey and soda, fell down in a drunken fit on the deck. The ship's doctor was sent for; but this gentleman, who carries his degree from a German university written in duelling scars on his face, glanced contemptuously at the fallen young hero, and turned away, saying, "He 'll get over it." International courtesy is a prelude to international peace. And courtesy, while it can come only from a good heart, is fostered by a wide acquaintance with what is best in other peoples. Professor James Bryce, after frequent and prolonged visits to America, writes "The American Commonwealth." William T. Stead makes a study of the black side of one city, and writes "If Christ came to Chicago."

But the German ocean has been safely crossed; we have rounded Holland, and Bremerhaven is reached at seven o'clock this morning. This entrance to the Old World is not so picturesque as many another which we might have taken. The approach to England at Southampton is far more beautiful; the approach to Scotland at Glasgow is more impressive. But nothing could exceed the joy of some of our fellow-passengers as the "Havel" dropped her anchor into the swift current of the Weser and two tenders drew alongside of us to take the passengers, mail, and luggage to the shore. One of these passengers had sailed from Bremerhaven forty-one years before. He was then too poor, he told me, to take passage in the side-wheel steamer, which would have carried him across the

Atlantic in three weeks. Before his sailing vessel had reached Philadelphia, the steamer had gone over and returned. Now, for the first time, he saw again the German coast. What struck me in these German Americans was their intense, I will not say excessive, Americanism. It reinforces my faith and hope in the great Republic and my love for her institutions, to realize what a strong grip America has gained on the hearts of these sturdy, honest, and big-brained Germans, who have become truly incorporated into our national life. Some of them said to me that they could never again feel quite at home in the Fatherland. I think that they have a keener appreciation of the distinctive excellence and charm of our free American life than many of us to the manor born.

One of the last duties of the passenger who leaves his ship is to make a just and equitable distribution of fees among the stewards who have served him. On a German boat this duty is also a pleasure, for the service rendered has been cheerful, and the hungry expectation of large fees has not been apparent. German servants, both on land and sea, have not yet been brought to that high standard of demand which is sometimes so grievous to the American housekeeper.

As the tender leaves the "Havel," Captain Jüngst waves his farewells from the promenade deck, the band plays a resounding and cheerful air, the passengers respond with voice and hand, and, as we withdraw from the iron steamer which has been our home, we gain the most vivid impression of its strength and majesty. We shall feel a greater security, as other voyages are contemplated, when we recall how regal and stalwart and victorious the "Havel" appeared to us on that misty morning. Fear not the ocean, O American friends; it is more perilous to cross Broadway. It appears easier to tame the elements on the boisterous sea than to assure a man a safe journey from his city home to his place of business! Silk hats and fine clothes usually blossom out at the end of a voyage, and passengers sometimes fail of

mutual recognition. This could hardly be said of us at the close of this winter passage. Friendliness increased up to the moment of separation and farewell. "Jetzt sind wir auf deutschem Boden" ("Now we are on German soil") was the frequent and glad exclamation of one of my companions. Bremerhaven, the port of Bremen, about thirty miles from that famous city, is almost as close to the sea as Venice, and the quays were hugged by many iron steamers which had conquered all the seas. Some of them had passed through the Suez Canal and found the shorter way to the Orient. Some of these prows had cut "the long wash of Australasian seas," or had sailed into the ports of China and Japan.

The custom-house is the first bugbear in landing on a foreign shore. As I intended to make a long stay in Germany, I had brought with me many books, a type-writer, and a chafing-dish, together with four letter-files filled with sermons and lectures, and clothing for a family of six. I had taken the precaution of securing from the German Consul in Chicago a statement regarding myself, my purposes, and my effects, and, armed with this paper, I stationed myself behind my eight hundred pounds of luggage. The hand-baggage went through unscathed; the trunks were one by one unlocked and explored by German officials. The type-writer and chafing-dish made no impression on the Teutonic mind; the sermons were evidently considered to have done duty already; the books were passed without remark. But a few pounds of delicious American candy, "friendship's offering" to our girls in Göttingen, were seized upon, weighed, and charged with an impost of two marks and forty pfennigs! This was my total contribution to the government of the German Empire.

The large and comfortable waiting-room into which we were ushered at Bremerhaven held us for more than an hour before the train was ready for Bremen. Most of the passengers occupied the time with beer, the great time-

killer on the Continent. A telegram was sent, a letter received, and I felt that my family were reunited. The special train which carried us to Bremen passed through a flat and fertile region, where some of my companions saw for the first time the true Fatherland of the English as well as of the German race. From these shores came the men, the brave and hardy warriors and sailors, who contributed most to the making of England. Reaching Bremen, we discovered that we must leave our luggage in the hands of forwarding-agents and take the train at once for Hanover and Göttingen. We were to fulfil the promise of the telegram and reach our destination that evening. Filling his arms with luncheon, the "Generous Provider" drove his flock into a car, and we were soon speeding at ten German miles an hour (which are equal to forty English miles) southward toward the city whence England imported her kings. At "famous Hanover city" we changed into another car, and there lost sight of the last of our fellow-passengers on the "Havel." They had scattered in a dozen directions, going to Berlin, Leipsic, Prague, Vienna, Dresden, Cologne, Turin, Paris.

The longest part of our four thousand eight hundred miles of travel was the hour and a half between Hanover and Göttingen! We were in a Harmonica-zug, a train somewhat like a vestibule-train, with a corridor running along one side of the compartments, where each passenger paid one mark extra for his seat. Established here, we ordered Seltzer Wasser to quench our thirst and to cool our feverishness. The country grew rapidly pretty and picturesque as we came into the Hartz-mountain region. Our good train was precisely on time, — this is not an unwonted thing in Germany; the dreams which we had cherished since last October were realized, and with interested and joyfully sympathetic spectators pushing their heads out of the car-windows, the members of my family with shouts and kisses rushed into each other's arms! From Chicago to Göttingen we have come from the rushing and exhausting

life of the busiest of American cities, where one must think on the run, to the leisure and tranquillity of this studious town, where no one appears to be in a hurry, where the denominator of life has already been greatly reduced for us, but where we hope to continue our loving and constant acquaintance with the old life in America, which, after all, makes life for us worth living.

CHAPTER II.

TWO GÖTTINGEN WALKS.

I HAVE already, three different times, peeped into the life of the Fatherland, but now for the first time I live among German people, sharing their daily life, eating of their abundant food, sleeping under their mountainous feather beds, and hearing from morning till night the musical bubble and sputter of their strong, queer, exuberant speech. The ocean that was so kind to us is already an ancient memory.

I have found the change from the noisy rush of life in a great American city to this home of quietness in the heart of old Germany far from stupid, and really of deep interest because it has discovered to me an undreamed-of relish for rest and retirement. It happens that the university students are now enjoying the spring vacation. The summer semester does not begin until April fifteenth, and this is only a nominal beginning, for the lectures will not be opened, in all probability, till the very last of the month. Even the Pro-rector is not always on hand when the term begins. Think of President Eliot or President Harper behaving like that! And the professors take their own time for starting in with their Vorlesungen. The old city is therefore unusually still.

I think I can best introduce my new home to my old friends by inviting them to two walks, — the first along the rampart, or old wall, which surrounds the ancient city. It is half-past seven o'clock, and in company with my oldest daughter I am taking my son to school, and for the first time he and I are to enter a German schoolhouse. Per-

mission has already been gained for him to be admitted into the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Realschule, where the tuition is twelve and a half marks a semester. Still, this is a public school, under the control of the German government.

A few minutes bring us to the wall, now tamed to a lovers' walk, beneath whose magnificent trees we find ourselves following a path which not only encompasses the city but also leads out into dreamland. The first wall about Göttingen was built at the beginning of the tenth century, by the command of the Emperor Henry I., and was intended to protect the town from the destroying Huns, whose fiery incursions made German life rather interesting in those days. All that is now left of this original defence is a fragment of wall in a meaner part of the city which the inhabitants rather contemptuously call "Little Paris." The present rampart, made mostly of earth, was two hundred years in building, and was finished only three hundred and twenty-five years ago. Many of the trees in the double rows that line and shelter this beautiful promenade appear to be about two centuries old. I know no finer walk in the world. The Unter den Linden in Berlin is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it.

We see at once that the town has outgrown its ancient limits, and that much of the best part of it is now outside the wall. We look over a city of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants, which, according to James Morgan Hart, in his book on "German Universities," contained in 1861 only about twelve thousand. When Motley was here in 1832, it must have been considerably smaller. I have found the city picturesque, with modern shops and broader ways blending with the narrow, old, winding streets, where the mud-walled houses are often covered with pictures and decorations somewhat like those on the fine German building at the Columbian Fair.

From an elevated promenade we look between the lime-trees and beyond the towers of the old churches, and get a glimpse of the country lying about Göttingen. Here is a

broad, open plain, not unlike that of the Connecticut valley, creeping up on all sides into hills, which furnish innumerable walks for a people who find walking one of their chief recreations. There are several ruined castles in the neighborhood, one of which — Plesse — is considered fine. But the best part of our walk in the morning air is the company we keep.

For a university town, which has harbored many famous men, one is strangely free from those thronging and delightful impressions which make the magic of Oxford. The ivy-hushed seclusions are not here, nor the pavements that seem sweet with the "immemorial lisp" of the musing feet of scholars. The Germans are pre-eminently practical and prosaic in building their universities. There are no grandeurs of architecture; there is no picturesque grouping of buildings. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, our own University, and several American colleges outrank Göttingen in architectural splendor and impressiveness. I should not say, with another, that the prevailing type of the English University suggests that it is all body, and that the prevailing type of the German University suggests that it is all soul; but even this strong, one-sided statement points and leads the way to an apprehension of the marked and suggestive difference between such a university as that by the Isis and this younger seat of learning on the Leine. With this introduction let me now add the statement that only on the famous promenade about the town have I deeply felt the presence of those spiritual guests who throng and dignify so many parts of this Old World.

But who are our companions in this early morning stroll? First of all, I feel the presence of Heine, the German poet, who, as Matthew Arnold believed, was Goethe's chief successor. Many Germans dislike and hate him; and this university, which found it convenient to get rid of him in 1820, has no great affection for the irreverent satirist, who yet had, what few Germans ever attain to, a graceful and rhythmical style. Heine worshipped the great Napo-

leon, and why should Germany love him? Did he not begin his Hartz-Journey with these words? —

"The town of Göttingen, famous for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine firesides, several churches, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a Rathskeller, where the beer is very good."

And after Heine, in my imagination, though thirty years before him in time, walks Samuel Taylor Coleridge. How often he must have mused and spun out his endless speculations as he made the circuit of the town on this rampart! Few poets have given us intenser pleasure than this man, who was able to write a few perfect things. I have already met him in the vale of Chamonix, and seen the sunrise over Mont Blanc through his illumined and reverent vision. Every voyager who knows "The Ancient Mariner" meets him on the sea, and now and then in some highland nook by some tiny cascade, the traveller repeats after him:

> "Beneath yon birch with silver bark
> And boughs so pendulous and fair,
> The brook falls scattered down the rock,
> And all is mossy there."

Of course we meet Bancroft and Everett in our walk. The grandiose American historian and the Ciceronian orator are very welcome and noble company. But even more interesting to me is the youthful form of the most popular of American poets, — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He is the one American singer whom Germany has, in a measure, adopted. There is much in Germany akin to the spirit of Longfellow, as all know who have read the "Golden Legend," or his volumes of melodious prose. Of course we shall always affectionately claim the bard who gave us "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," smacking of our own soil; but his genius had not in it the Americanism of Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. None the less he is loved. He is one of the golden links binding us to the storied past of the Fatherland, and I am glad to see him as he

appeared in his enchanted youth, pacing slowly beneath these trees, and watching the sun rise over the Hartz mountains. Schopenhauer brooded his pessimism beneath these shades, incredible as it may seem, and Hermann Lotze meditated here his deeper and truer thoughts.

But the greatest figure that ever walked this rampart was that of Count Bismarck, now Prince Bismarck, chief builder of the German Empire. Göttingen loves the Iron Chancellor, who once lived here the rollicking, duelling life of the German student. When his name is toasted on the Kaiser's birthday, the students, professors, and guests give it the loudest of greetings, and sing the Bismarck song with most fervent enthusiasm. The house where he lived as a student in 1832 and 1833, and from whose window it is said that he jumped into the Leine canal to escape from a visiting creditor, bears the inscription of his name with the date. And yonder to the southeast on a hill, about two miles away, stands the beautiful and recently builded Bismarck Tower, a grand place of observation, a stately landmark, and a noble memorial of the proud love which the Georgia Augusta University of Göttingen bears to her most illustrious son.

Our own historian, Motley, lived yonder in the Buchstrasse, near the great library, while Bismarck was carrying on his somewhat prankish career in this town; and the two began here that cordial friendship which lasted till Motley's death. Cane in hand, walking rapidly and talking rapidly, these famous young men meet us in our morning promenade. I have had a chivalrous devotion to Motley ever since I read, in college days, his "Rise of the Dutch Republic." This knight of learning, who, with all the American's fineness of organization, had a German professor's invincible energy in plodding through libraries and archives and toiling over almost indecipherable manuscripts, has made Holland a second fatherland to American lovers of liberty, and I can never think of his friendship with Bismarck as the union of spirits who cherished similar con-

victions in regard to all fundamental matters of government. And yet Motley rejoiced in the unification of Germany as he did also in the saving and cementing of our American nationality.

As we walk about the rampart, we may look down into the Botanical Gardens, occupying the place where the ancient moat formed one of the defences of the city. Rows of white boards record the names of flowers that spring from hundreds of little mounds. But profane students affirm that these are the graves of privat-docents, who died early, seeking in vain to extract the milk of life from the barren breast of a German University! Through an opening in the trees we catch a glimpse of the Albani Kirche, the oldest church in Göttingen; for although the present building dates back only to 1423, it stands on the site of the altar at which St. Bonifacius ministered in the middle of the eighth century. For more than eleven hundred years the fires of Christian faith have burned on that sacred hearth. And there, before Charlemagne was crowned, and when all was savage in this home of our Saxon ancestors, the saintly preacher uplifted the Cross, there proclaimed the message of light and of life to which the German world owes its vitality, its civilization, its purity, and its hope.

Descending from the wall by the Geismar Thor, we pass near the barracks, where, even at this early hour, several hundred imperial soldiers are being put very energetically and noisily through their drill. The schoolboys, each with a knapsack of books strapped over his shoulders, are going with us toward the new brick schoolhouse. The army and the school have probably made modern Germany what it is. Something of the military spirit enters even into education. The boys everywhere play soldier, and you feel the hand of the government at every turn. As I committed my little boy into the keeping of Herr Director Ahrends, I inquired whether I might enter the schoolroom and listen to the exercises. He smiled as he shook his head and said, —

"Not without permission from the Kultus Minister in Berlin."

To be a good traveller in Europe, one needs a pair of good legs and the habit of walking. He needs also a pair of good eyes trained to careful observation. Furthermore, he should possess the social, appreciative, and unprejudiced spirit which enters sympathetically into the lives of other peoples. I find that some of my fellow-countrymen are bad travellers in the Old World because their fundamental creed may be expressed in these words: Difference from America is the measure of absurdity. Such people would doubtless discover an immense variety of things with which to find fault in the life, the ways, and the surroundings of this old city of Göttingen; but I have fallen in love with some of the features of German life as they are disclosed to me here.

After all, one of the chief requirements in the traveller or visitor amid such regions as this is a pair of eyes in the back of his mind. It is the ability to see the life that has been, the disposition to brood over the scenes of remote generations, and the delight in tracing the picturesque and majestic historic evolutions which connect the present with the shadowy remoteness of distant ages, which furnish the keenest pleasure in a walk like this one around the rampart, or like another stroll I have taken. This second walk will be far longer than that which the Autocrat and the schoolmistress took together across Boston Common and through their brief life pilgrimage. The two miles from Göttingen to Weende will carry us through more than one thousand years of history.

A sudden snowstorm had covered the grass, crocuses, and hepaticas; had touched with harmless white fingers the hardy buds on all the trees, and then had passed quickly away, leaving the sun an opportunity of removing in a few minutes nearly all traces of the storm. How bright and fresh the world of the spring-time appeared as I set out upon this tramp, in the company of one who at present

bears the new appellation of Frau Doctorin. Our home is outside the walls, in the newer and higher part of the town. But our walk led us back by the rampart to Göttingen's Auditorium, the very respectable lecture-hall of the university. We are on Weender-strasse, the leading street of the town. Over there on the left are the houses, properly marked, in which Edward Everett and George Bancroft each spent two years laying the foundations of the broader culture which served them so well in later life.

This Weender-strasse is one of the oldest paths worn by the feet of European men. It reaches not only to the little Dorf of Weende, two miles away, whither we are now tending, but on down the valley, and runs into the main highway from Frankfort on the south to Hanover and Bremen on the north. What a motley procession, from the days of these German students and Russian, Greek, English, and American visitors, away back through all the periods of German history, has tramped this way! Oh for a spiritual kodak wherewith to photograph the vanished forms of savage warriors, of armored knights, of grand dukes, kings, and kaisers, who have streamed along this path!

There upon our left rises the Burg Grona, or rather the hilly site of the old residence of the counts, and also one of the residences of the German kaisers of the Saxon stem. The first of that line — Henry the Fowler, so called because he was bird-catching when he received the news of his nomination as king — lived there in the year 919. How interested we should be to see this king of the Franks, with his retinue, coming down from the old castle, or to look at his more famous son, Otho the Great, the monarch who deposed popes, conquered Bohemia, and forced the King of Denmark to become a convert to Christianity! It was back in the time of the great Otho that silver-mines were first discovered in the Hartz mountains, over yonder on our right. And here, too, in the Burg Grona, lived, now and then, the son and grandson of Otho the Great, the kaisers bearing the names of Otho the Red and

Otho III. And the Burg is associated also with the last of the Saxon emperors, who suceeeded to the throne of Charlemagne, and was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle in the year 1002.

But we turn our faces northward, leaving the Weender Thor behind us, and walk toward the open fields. In a few minutes we can see the full width of the broad valley of the Leine, sweeping on either side over wide meadows, and very gently climbing toward the verdured hills. As we look back upon the town, above whose housetops rise the spires of the Jacobi Kirche and the Johannis Kirche, we see how it appears to be the natural centre of paths and roads leading down from all these hilly slopes. If our eyes were opened — and I hope that we have read enough of the early history of our race to open them — we should see, far back in the twilight of German history, little bands of strangely clad foresters, peasants, hunters, warriors, streaming down these hillsides to Göttingen, to the primitive town meeting, or county meeting, the cradle of the liberties of the English-speaking nations. The men who in that remote past dwelt in their rude huts on these hills of the Leine assembled in this county court, presided over by some Graf, a court which survived through the middle ages, though more and more curtailed of its privileges.

Forgetting for the moment the transformations and sometimes the almost complete destruction of the forms of free government, it is well to remember that our own priceless liberties had their roots in these early town meetings. This is the region from which the builders of England went out, and the language which the peasant population speak to-day in the Hartz country — the Platt Deutsch — resembles more closely our English speech than does the kindred German which now overlies the more ancient tongue. A direct line reaches from these early assemblies to the town meetings of New England and the self-governing institutions of all English-speaking countries. I remember that the latest biographer of Samuel Adams vividly suggests the

ancestry of our liberties in writing that the Old State House in Boston had witnessed scenes as memorable as any in the whole history of Anglo-Saxon freedom since our fathers clashed their shields together in token of approval in the forests of the Elbe and the Weser. And the Leine is a branch of the Weser.

It is a plucky people that has inhabited yonder city for the last thousand years. The cloth-weavers and other burghers of Göttingen were as valorous in fighting marauding knights and pillaging counts and oppressive dukes as were the citizens of Amsterdam and Leyden. They had the fighting spirit of their savage fathers, who, under the leadership of Arminius, defeated the Roman legions in the year 9 of the Christian era. The scene of that fight, an hour's journey from where we are now walking, has been recently marked by a great statue of Arminius, or Hermann. In the Rathhaus I have read the motto of the town, which recalls, in vigorous German rhyme, that the city was foremost in strife, bravely loyal to Luther, and devoted to wisdom. This Protestant city suffered terribly in the Thirty Years' War, and was besieged by Tilly.

What a long, strange history has been that of German unification! The site of the Bismarck Tower on the height over yonder recalls to our minds the fact that this century and our own generation have seen the completion of this effort and struggle toward unity. A great race, with a common language and system of laws handed down from Roman times, was divided and weakened by a score of petty sovereignties, and it was given to one man, once a reckless student in Göttingen, to fulfil the aspirations and to realize the dreams of the Fatherland.

The Holy Roman Empire, which, as Voltaire said, was neither holy, Roman, nor an empire, finally disappeared in the first of this century. It has vanished as completely as the castle on the Burg Grona, where upon a huge stone we are told that once the Saxon kaisers lived here, while beneath is a Latin inscription to the effect that wheat now

grows on the soil where Ilium once stood. But the new German Empire is to-day almost the greatest military and national force in European life. Who doubts that Bismarck's name will loom up before future generations almost like that of Charlemagne! He who knows what has gone on in yonder little town and what waves of stormy struggle have rolled about it, knows the main stream of German history for two thousand years.

Our walk has led us past a cemetery, a sugar factory, a Gasthaus or two, and near the track of the railway over which four weeks ago that train now passing, the Harmonica-zug, brought us, at this very hour, into Göttingen. The fields lie open to the sky, and the cloud shadows on the hills are beautiful. Yonder rises the spire of the Nicolausberg church. People everywhere seem to live only in villages or larger towns. The farm-houses dotting the landscape here and there in America are rarely seen here. From time immemorial people in these regions have flocked together for defence from savage beasts and savage men. The forms and features of life to-day were determined largely by conditions which prevailed thousands of years ago. The church spires in yonder city and in those picturesque villages recall the fact that our faith has been preached here for more than ten long centuries; but the Easter bonfires which lighted all these hills two evenings after our walk are memorials of the customs of our Saxon fathers and of the days when these worshippers of the wild gods of the north saluted the coming of the spring with fiery beacons and joyful hymns.

Our walk ends with the little Dorf, whose churchyard is the only German cemetery that I have thus far visited. It might have been just such a scene as this that inspired Gray to write his immortal elegy. The rude forefathers of this hamlet, together with some of nobler name, lie buried here — or rest in God, as the frequent inscription tells us. Our walk has suggested or recalled many of the splendid or bloody pageants of history. But

here we feel anew that the paths of glory lead but to the grave. One bright inscription sent my thoughts four thousand miles away on happy wings to my own city of the West. I read, in German, the words from which I had preached my final sermon to the people and community that I love so well: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." Amid all that is transitory — dynasties, castles, kings, dukes, languages, towns, customs, and creeds — there remain immortal treasures against which even the hand of death is powerless. The morning mail from America had brought us rich treasures of affection; and as we walked home, though the clouds gathered again and followed us like a black army up the valley, the messages from the New World filled our hearts with cheer, and seemed to spread over the darkening hills a spiritual splendor, some gleams of the light that never was on sea or land.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN LIFE.

TO me the most astonishing contrast between my present and my former environment is the fact that spring is here a beautiful reality and not "a pious fraud in the almanac." The Province of Hanover is in the same latitude with Labrador, but it has the spring climate of Virginia. I have seen people on the sixteenth of March enjoying their bread and beer sitting out of doors. One great gush of blossoms is now storming the world. Our tables are covered with bouquets of "February flowers," so called because they sometimes blossom in the second month of the year. The gardens are golden with crocuses and blue with hepaticas, over which I watched the bees and butterflies hovering as I took my yesterday's stroll. Nowhere else have I seen hepaticas so large, and nowhere else have I found them in gardens in such beautiful profusion. The ancestors of these blue firstlings of March may have decked the yellow tresses of Saxon maidens who cheered the warriors that marched over these hills and through these valleys nearly two thousand years ago, to fight the legions of Rome. Yes, the German spring has a charm of its own, and is not confused with summer, as with us in America.

Passing from the world of nature to the world of human life, I find that I have at last gotten beyond the stirring domain of the metropolitan morning journal. The first interest of every American citizen, as he rouses himself from slumber, is not his coffee, but his paper. "What is the news from the stock market? What is going on in Washington or in London? What has happened in Paris

or South Africa? What is the society news? What fires, accidents, murders, scandals are giving a lurid interest to life?" Here, when we wish any tidings of the outside world, we resort to the Café National and look over the "London Times." Little dailies are published in Göttingen, but they are far from exciting, and contain few items of news, except from Hanover and Berlin. So far as I have heard, the only thing that ever roused Göttingen to any high-pitched excitement was Roentgen's discovery, which has filled all the book-stores and print-shops here with a variety of interesting photographs.

We are living in a newly built house containing what is here a rare luxury, a bath-tub. Still, cleanliness is a German virtue. Brooms, however, are little used. The maids, crawling around the floor, give it a hasty brush, and then, every morning, thoroughly wash it with an abundance of water. We have had a wet winter, and two American young women found their floors so continually damp that they were forced to wear rubbers in their rooms all the time from December to March! Housekeeping is simplified and its cares lessened by the absence of the formidable American breakfast. Any time before ten o'clock we go to the dining-room, singly or in pairs, and take our bread and coffee with the additional luxury of one or more eggs. How we come to enjoy the hard German rolls! And what a contrast this German bread, the Schwartz-brod and the Zwiebach, presents to the great variety of soft breads which help to weaken and spoil our American teeth! Dinner comes at two o'clock, and, with us, is profuse and generous. Some of its characteristic features are chopped meats roasted, lentils, peas and carrots together, beans and apples together, stewed fruit and a delicious variety of puddings and cakes. No beer or coffee is served with our dinner. At half-past four, earlier or later, coffee (or tea) is made ready with Zwiebach and Kuchen. This is the meal to which we are expected to invite our friends, and it can be served in our own sitting-room. Supper is ready at eight

o'clock, and then, besides several hot dishes, we have cold meats and a variety of good salads. The quantity of food which people eat in Germany astonishes Americans, who find it easy, however, to conform to German habits! This arrangement of meals affords much leisure for work and walking. Only dinner and supper consume any great amount of time, and after these all rise from the table and say "Gesegnete Mahlzeit."

A great deal of sport has been made of the German single bed, where the sleeper lies down and is covered with a mountain of enclosed feathers. The covering, however, is not heavy, is not easily displaced, except by over-nervous children, and one is sure to be kept warm during the whole night. The stoves here are generally architectural structures six or more feet high; but ours, of modern pattern, are not three feet in height. These stoves are usually built into the house, and are rarely moved. Service is very cheap. The maids receive almost nothing, except a living, and welcome fees which would be laughed at by the rulers of our American kitchens. Housemaids are continually sent on errands, and we see them on the street, hatless and sleeveless, with their healthy and good-natured faces, utterly free from that pride which will not permit your servant to walk to the letter-box unless she is quite as well dressed as most of the ladies of Germany. Our maid, Theresa, fifteen years of age, builds our fires, washes our floors, brushes our clothes, cleans our shoes, and runs on our errands.

It is hard for me to get used to the sight of the peasant women, carrying big, heavy baskets strapped on their backs as they trudge past my window every morning on their way to market. The loads of care which many American women bear may be far more crushing, but still I have the feeling that womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood are not properly respected, are not clothed with appropriate dignity, wherever women are accustomed to do the work of horses and oxen. A few mornings ago, four members of this household made an early start for a two weeks' trip to the

Hartz mountains. An order, left the night before, for express service in carrying the trunk and hand-baggage to the station, brought promptly to the house, at seven o'clock, a stalwart woman with her hand-cart. In Germany the wife walking by her husband carries the bundles.

Of course the green and feathered hats which we see on the street, the colored caps of the Corps students, and the constant presence of soldiers are to us quite noticeable, as is also the absence of horses. Göttingen is not quite like Venice in this last respect, for a few of these noble quadrupeds are occasionally visible. Nobody about us seems to be in a hurry. Many, besides the large number of idle students, seem to give their lives to "bummling," as aimless walking the streets is called. Unlike those of an American city, these streets are clean. No one seems disposed to litter them with papers and rubbish. So far as I can discover, Germans have no disposition to throw anything away. Small economies are everywhere practised. An American girl who tried in vain to get rid of an old mucilage-bottle only to find it returned to her study-table daily by her careful maid, was finally obliged to carry it off and drop it into the river! All labor is cheap, including that of university professors. Nobody here expects ever to be rich, so that life appears to have more moderation and contentment than with us. My excellent landlady, a woman of wide experience and high intelligence, who has had her residence in Jena and in Frankfort, reports that in Frankfort it was not pleasant to live, because riches there count for so much, and so many are restlessly eager to be rich.

Americans are rather popular in Göttingen, but the people here associate with our country a great amount of freakishness, an excess of individuality. Here custom rules. There is great outward politeness. Deference to official rank is universal. When I wear my silk hat through the streets, I am taken for a celebrity, and bowed to by strangers! When the teacher enters the school-room, all the pupils rise. When the Director enters, the teachers also

rise. Americans are regarded, to a certain degree, as oddities. An American girl on a wheel provokes critical comment. For several days this city has had a visit, almost a visitation, from a show calling itself "An Aggregation of American Phenomena." The tattooed man and woman, the heaviest married couple in the world, the smallest of living men, the man with the lion's jaw and ostrich's stomach, the Albino with a shock of white hair as big as an umbrella, looking like an elephantine chrysanthemum, the man who swallows petroleum, sets his breath on fire and sends a flame twenty feet into the air, — these "American phenomena" have been drawing crowds to the Göttingen Colosseum. The other day I had inquired of a stranger on the street the way to a certain café, and he poured forth upon me such a volume of German that I endeavored to stop him by saying that I could n't understand the language well, being an American; whereupon he exclaimed with cheerful interest, "Oh, you are from the Colosseum troupe!" The maid calls me "Herr Doctor," but now some of my friends, to whom I have told this incident, speak of me as "Herr Director," from the Colosseum! It is hardly to be wondered at that Americans are sometimes considered oddities. Herr Harry, our landlady's son, who within a year will take his degree as a jurist at the university, informs me that the only American books which he has read are "Helen's Babies" and "Peck's Bad Boy"!

The study of national peculiarities is marvellously interesting. The concert garden, as every one knows, is a German institution, found in all cities and larger towns, and Göttingen has two orchestras and two concert gardens open nearly every evening through the long summer. A family season ticket for three persons is six marks, or about one dollar and a half, so that the rates bring within reach of most of the people the delights which are so dear to the German heart. With the American colony, usually we go to the Stadt Park, a historic place in Göttingen; for

beneath its magnificent chestnut-trees have been gathered in the last century all the celebrities, poets, historians, jurists, divines, statesmen, scientists, soldiers, and world-famous scholars whose names are associated with this university town. The various student societies have long tables to themselves, and show us many a proud scarred face that has been hacked in some duel of honor. The American men, with a few English additions, have their own table. The national beverage of Germany is everywhere in evidence; but one, if he prefers, may drink his coffee, tea, seltzer water, or lemonade. The music, with considerable interruptions, is continued for three or four hours, and is really enjoyed by a people who live somewhat in the spirit of Motley's well-known saying: "Give me the luxuries of life and I will do without the necessities."

A display of fireworks now and then doubles the throng at the Stadt Park; but the characteristic features are the music, the social greetings, the quiet lingering for hours at the table, the outdoor freshness, the picturesqueness of the student life and the procession of the people as they walk to and fro, conversing and looking at one another in a good-humored but rather persistent way. The German soldiers, and especially the German officers, with their brilliant uniforms, are always present in considerable numbers. The officers swell around and stare at the pretty girls as if they were curiosities, much in the spirit and manner in which many American travellers treat everything in Europe.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, in one of his novels, has made his travelled hero express astonishment that a metropolis like Chicago should be without a promenade, without any social organization for out-of-door life, and without a real café, which he calls the crowning gem in the coronet of civilization. Germany makes abundant provision for these things, and their general influence is wholesome. Here families walk off together Sunday afternoons and at other times; but the chief strolling-place of Göttingen is the Weender-

strasse, where on Sunday, after the morning church services, the students, soldiers, and citizens walk up and down to greet each other and to listen to the orchestra which plays in front of the Rathhaus. This building was erected in the fourteenth century, not only as a place for municipal legislation, but as a fortress of defence against the city's enemies.

The almost continual appearance of soldiers in small groups or marching by hundreds across the street; the great companies of school-children, boys and girls, each with a knapsack full of books on the back; the peasant-women with gayly embroidered shawls over their heads and their short full skirts and aprons; the tall slim poles surmounting the houses in process of building, one of them inevitably topped with a green bush or wreath, a memorial of some usage older than German history, and a prophecy of the feast the workmen are to have when the building is completed, — these are all elements of a picturesqueness of life one misses in America.

I feel inclined at this point to note some of the peculiarities which an American remarks as he watches such a procession of people, strolling idly up and down the street of a German city. One of the first things he notices is the prevalence of certain forms of polite behavior. In no other country in the world have I seen the hats and caps doffed so frequently and with such a flourish. The German student, when he meets a friend or parts from a friend, removes his cap and bows, and repeats the ceremony with the same friend, it may be, forty times a day. The Germans are a military people, pre-eminently so; but they rarely keep step when walking together, and have no fixed rule about turning either to the right or to the left when they meet. You will probably see more scarred faces in a half-hour's stroll on the Weender-strasse than in five years of perambulation on Pennsylvania Avenue, Broadway, or Michigan Avenue. Another feature of German, and indeed of continental, life observable here and very inter-

esting to children is the general use of dogs as beasts of traction. I have seen a peasant seated on a small wagon in which was confined a large pig, drawn triumphantly into town by one huge dog, on whom the driver freely used his whip. My pity was divided between the spirit of the man, the fate of the pig, and the labors of the dog!

I may as well record here as elsewhere certain other peculiarities which add interest to life in Germany. The German student has the habit of staring at women, and especially at American women, with a freedom and continuousness which in England and America would be offensive. The man here is a superior being, living in a world quite above that of woman, and he takes upon himself the privilege of bowing first when he meets a lady of his acquaintance. This is an act of courtesy which is generally appreciated, but the American ladies in Germany are somewhat surprised at first when the letter-carriers, truckmen, and clerks in stores and others give them bows of friendly recognition. Last year only one lady in Göttingen rode the bicycle. She was an American girl, and made a great sensation. Now nearly a dozen American and some German ladies ride through the streets. But when the American ladies are seen on their wheels in the little villages about Göttingen, the children, geese, and dogs usually come toward them with a variety of noisy exclamations.

Every traveller in Germany, and certainly every American resident here, notes the friendly curiosity of the people in regard to his private affairs. The government and the university learn and record your name, residence, business, profession, birthplace, birthday, purposes, national allegiance, standing of your parents, or, if they are not living, of other relatives. American girls are sometimes invited and almost compelled to exhibit their clothing to callers whom they have never seen before, and to answer questions in regard to the quality and expensiveness of every article in their wardrobe. It may not be agreeable always to be asked how much one's shoes cost, or if one's diamond ring

is real, and it is certainly embarrassing for American girls to be introduced by a German lady to American students and to have her inquire of the men if they do not think the girls' dresses are marvellously pretty! But one becomes accustomed to these amusing peculiarities, understanding perfectly that no rudeness prompted the inquiries.

The Sunday after our arrival in Göttingen, I attended service in the Reformirte Kirche, Pastor Heilman's. I have been there every Sunday morning since the first visit, except on Palm Sunday, which was here Confirmation Sunday, when I attended the Albani Kirche, Lutheran, and saw the confirmation of over a hundred boys and girls. The Reformed Church, in the Province of Hanover, is not a part of the National Church Establishment. In Prussia proper, that is, in Old Prussia as it existed before 1866, the union of the Lutheran and Reformed or Calvinistic churches was consummated, as is well known, in the early part of the century. The Reformirte Kirche in Göttingen was built in 1751. It is a very plain, box-like little structure, usually full, capable of seating perhaps four hundred persons, in which the seats, facing in three directions, rise in a sort of rude amphitheatre. There is an organ above the door of entrance, opposite to which is the pulpit, the most conspicuous feature of the church. Two large pillars support a gilded canopy, at the summit of which stands a book on which is the word "Evangelium." The pulpit proper is about ten feet from the floor. Right under the pulpit is the communion table, on the covering of which, in large gilt letters, are, in German, the words: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Everything about the church is extremely plain. There are no carpets on the floor and no cushions on the seats. The contrast between this church and the luxurious and splendid interiors of many churches which might be mentioned in America, is very striking and suggestive. The bareness, simplicity, and almost poverty of Protestant church life in Europe in the particulars just mentioned are still in

harmony with the greater simplicity and economy of the ways of European peoples.

As we enter the door, the hymn-book is put into our hands, or, rather, was given us the first Sunday; now we carry our own book, and greatly enjoy reading at home the deeply spiritual German hymns, most of them old, very many reaching back to the first of the eighteenth or the middle part of the seventeenth century. Of course some of them have a still earlier date. Was not Martin Luther a great hymn-writer, and did he not teach the German people sacred song as well as sacred Scripture? The hymns, both in the Reformed and Lutheran Kirchengesangbücher, are printed like prose, and often they are very long. One hymn, by Paul Gerhardt, has fifteen verses! The German hymn-tunes are sung very slowly, and most of our church singing in America would appear to church-goers here almost secular and irreverent. The hymns are never announced and never read. The numbers are posted, as they ought to be always in American churches. A few singers gathered around the organ begin the service with a hymn in which all the congregation join. After a time the pastor enters, and stands with clasped hands before the communion table. His appearance is the signal that the verse which the congregation is singing is to be the last verse sung. During the singing the congregation remain seated. During Pastor Heilman's prayer, which he offers usually with his eyes looking upward, they stand. He begins his part of the worship with a Scriptural benediction. One curious feature of the service is that he never sits in the presence of the congregation. After the prayer another hymn, usually a long one, is slowly sung, and when the pastor wishes the hymn to close he appears in the pulpit above, with the Bible in his hand. He then reads the Scriptures, and after a brief prayer preaches his sermon without notes, closing, usually, in thirty minutes. During the hymn which follows the sermon he comes to his original place before the communion table, and offers the prayer in

which he makes supplication for the Fatherland and the Kaiser. He always closes with the benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace." There is a long, reverent pause at the close of the benediction before the congregation quietly, and without any remarks, leave the church. At the door are boxes to receive contributions, either for the poor or for the support of the church. Many in the congregation stand a few moments before taking their seats, in order to bow the head and offer a silent prayer. The demeanor of all is reverent. Very few, except Americans, look at the preacher while he is giving his message. An American school-girl here was instructed by her teacher not to look at the minister! She claimed, however, the liberty of doing that to which she had been accustomed. How can a man preach if his congregation do not look at him? I once delivered a lecture before a Young Ladies' Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts. The young women were instructed to bring their sewing with them. I felt as if they were paying no attention to what I said, and I would rather declaim to a mob than repeat the doleful experience which I then had.

There may be some peculiarities of the Reformed Church service here which I have omitted. Indeed, it is a pleasant novelty to see soldiers in uniform scattered through the congregation and joining in the hymns which their fathers sang on the perilous edge of battle, through the long, awful agony of the Thirty Years' War. But whatever I omit, I must at least endeavor to tell my American readers of the profound and sometimes overwhelming impressions which I have received in these German services. At ten o'clock on March eighth, I found myself for the first time in my life seated in a German church of the Reformed Faith. There is always an impressiveness in the first time. Who can forget his first day in London, his first visit to St. Peter's, his first sight of the Pyramids, his first glance at the Pacific

Ocean, his first view of the Jungfrau? Here I am in the Fatherland, the ancestral home of my race, not in a Lutheran church, but in a church which the Protestant Elijah made possible, a church holding to the Calvinistic faith. And what are these sweet and mighty words which all the people are singing and in which I cannot help joining? "Jesus Life of my life, Jesus Death of my death," "Whatever God does is well done," "Praise the Lord, O my Soul, I will praise Him until death," "With peace and joy in God's will I go hence," "Christ Thou Lamb of God, Who takest away the sin of the world, have pity on me." How much more sonorous and impressive the German words seem to one who hears them sung for the first time! Why is it that the tears start to my eyes, why does my bosom swell and my voice choke? I think that it is partly the strange power of imaginative association, the linking of all these mighty gospel truths with the solemn and glorious past out of which they have sprung, and partly the experiencing in a new form the sweet and immortal consolations of the word of the Lord. I found myself in a momentary ecstasy, in which my whole past rose up before me. I realized afresh what Christ was, and is, and is to be. I looked at the text inscribed in gold on the communion table, and said in my heart, "There is my deepest creed, my best message to mankind, and the substance of that gospel which is the hope of the world. The Eternal Christ is my Lord. Faithful souls in this company of strangers trust in Him and will never leave Him. Faithful lips here proclaim Him, in this land of learning and art and military glory. He lives and rules, and shall yet put under His feet all the powers of evil."

I do not remember that ever, except perhaps at some of the vast conventions of our Christian Endeavor societies, when the billows of Christian song almost beat against the skies, have I been so taken hold of by the power of Christian hymns. The sermon which followed was on the sufferings of Christ as a fulfilment of prophecy; a part of His life's plan, a part of God's plan for every high and noble life.

The sermons of Pastor Heilman on the following Sundays dealt largely with the closing scenes in Christ's life. He led us in his practical, earnest, evangelic preaching — reminding one of Dr. Cuyler — over the way of the cross; and when, on the morning of Easter Sunday, he began his part of the service, it seemed as if all the triumphant feelings, not only of his heart, but of the Christian world, found a trumpet-toned and majestic utterance, as with full voice and eyes raised heavenward he cried out: "Now is Jesus Christ risen from the dead. Hallelujah!" Let this be the Easter greeting which I send to my friends and readers across the Atlantic. I find that I have many things to report in regard to my impressions of Christian life in Germany. Some of these are almost depressing and even disheartening, but — Jesus Christ is risen from the dead. He is the Lord of Life, the ever-living Redeemer, whose heart of love has not changed, to whom all power has been given in heaven and earth, to whom belong the eternal years, who surveys the lapses of human minds from the truth and the departures of human life from the way, whether in Germany or in America, with no feeling that His gracious purposes are to be ultimately thwarted. The land of Luther is yet to be more completely His possession. He shall yet wear, as Chunder Sen prophesied, the many-jewelled diadem of India. America shall be his, and the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of the Christ. Hallelujah!

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

IN passing from a quiet university town in Germany to the brilliant and exciting life of Paris, one experiences a change as startling as can well be imagined. On my way to this great capital, I stopped at Cologne to see for the fifth time the cathedral which is the greatest wonder of the Gothic world; and the marvel and mystery and majesty of this anthem in stone do not diminish. Of all the features of the European landscape it is to me the most impressive. The president of the Columbian Exposition, looking from his office in the Administration Building in the winter before the Fair, upon the "long, imperial colonnades" of the Manufactures Building, with its snow-covered roof, felt at times that he was looking at a range of Alpine mountains. This cathedral sometimes appears to me as solid and as splendid as the Jungfrau. As I wandered at sunset through its forest of columned aisles, it seemed to dwarf the spaciousness of the outer world. The floods of golden and rosy light which streamed into the temple added a new glory to the work of man — his grandest work in northern Europe — in praise of his Creator.

To the sympathetic appreciation of the peculiar meanings of Gothic architecture, the reading of Lowell's "Cathedral" is a substantial help, as I have often found. No other poem tells so completely the history of the soul that expressed in this glorious and enduring way its conceptions of life and of worship. "This that never ends," "climbing still and teaching fancy still to climb," "graceful, gro-

tesque," mingling fancy with history; "imagination's very self in stone," — what a contrast it presents to the architecture of the Greeks and to the Greco-Roman ecclesiastical architecture of Italy! Any heart that loves the Christian Church must feel within this great cathedral what a legacy, common to all Christians, has been handed down to us. Most of these prophets, saints, scholars, martyrs, kings, and preachers, whose forms in stone or radiant glass glorify this Gothic temple, are the spiritual ancestors of us all.

But this cathedral is the sublime monument of the unification of Germany. It represents in itself the long checkered history of the nation from the time when Cologne was a Roman colony, down to the completion of the mighty structure in 1882 — for the foundations of the cathedral rest on the fortifications of the old Roman town. Most of my readers know of the sad delays in the building of this temple; its desecration by the French soldiers; the apparent hopelessness of bringing it to completion; the prayer of Wordsworth that angels would lend their help, and the final triumph of the German spirit in this century. The union of the Fatherland into one nation and the lifting heavenward of these twin spires within which the captured cannon of France ring out the peals of patriotism and piety in the colossal bell, — these went on together. It was six hundred and thirty-two years after the first stone was laid when the cathedral was finished, and finished, too, in accordance with the plans of the architect who designed this all but greatest miracle in stone.

The building may teach men and nations a lesson in patience, while now, in its finished majesty, it is the grandest of all the symbols of the religion of aspiration, of the faith which, standing on the earth, looks ever to the spiritual heavens. After saying farewell to the dear old cathedral, I passed through Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, and Namur in order to reach Paris. The Belgian and French railways are, in my judgment, not up to the standard of the Ger-

man. But the journey to Paris was not uncomfortable, and a warm welcome awaited me from my host, Professor G. Bonet-Maury, who will be remembered as a delegate from France to the Congress of Religions. He is now one of the Protestant faculty in the university. He writes for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and other leading periodicals, and is highly esteemed by many friends in the literary and religious circles of Paris.

The Paris of to-day is more brilliant and beautiful than was the Paris with which I was familiar three years after the close of the Franco-Prussian War. At present the city is in the throes of excitement, not so much over the change of ministry as over the prospect of the municipal elections in May. The candidates have painted the town red, blue, and yellow. With more than the eagerness and enterprise of our city fathers, who are seeking for re-election, they have placed their names everywhere. It is simply within bounds to say that nothing that could be reached with the paste-pot of the poster has been spared. Across the way from where I am now writing, the foundations of the Grand Opera House on every side are covered with these election notices. I have seen this disfiguration on most of the national property, on the desolate statue of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde, on the monuments to Voltaire and Shakespeare, on the fountains, on the Louvre. I sometimes think that no people are so willing to disfigure their cities as are Americans, but the French outdo even the London omnibuses.

But Paris cannot be spoiled, especially Paris in the springtime, even by candidates. The air has been delightfully fresh, and the sunshine has been almost continuous since my arrival. The suburbs are a wilderness of foliage and blossoms. I have spent a day with friends in the forest of St. Germain. We looked on the vast and lovely panorama presented from the grand terrace; we watched the bicyclists speeding happily over the path so often trodden by royal feet; we gathered violets by the handful;

we visited the tomb of James II. of England and shed no tears over the exile, the last king of the ill-fated Stuarts; we returned by the tramway along the banks of the Seine, one of the most charming drives in the world; we caught a glimpse of Malmaison, the home of the Empress Josephine, where she was wont to receive the news of Napoleon's victories; we saw many square miles of fresh spring foliage and tens of thousands of trees which were masses of pink and white blossoms, and we watched great multitudes of the French people taking their outdoor pleasures with a simple directness of enjoyment which we in America might well imitate.

The Parisians themselves, though justly proud of their city, are very apt, if they are men and women of high and earnest purposes, to speak rather despairingly of the moral and religious condition of the French metropolis. It is this pessimism which dampens the ardor of those who would like to see the Exposition of 1900, for which the outward preparations are beginning to be apparent, made the occasion of an international religious festival. A stranger's impressions, whether in Europe or America, have only a relative value, and yet they may give an approximation of the truth. I had great pleasure in meeting several times the Vicomte de Meaux, one of the foremost of the progressive Catholics of France. In his book on the "Catholic Church in America" he informs us that what most impressed him in New York, Boston, and Chicago was the secular quiet on Sunday, and the movement of great crowds, from all classes of the population, toward the churches. And certainly Paris on the first day of the week makes no such impression on the American visitor. Seemingly the whole city is given over to out-door recreation. Yet I am happy to report that Sunday work has been greatly diminished since I first saw the city in 1873. The largest shops are usually closed. Both France and Germany are beginning to see the economical and hygienic values of the weekly rest-day.

THE BOULEVARD DE LA MADELEINE, PARIS.

The vast increase of English, American, and Scotch signs over the shops in the neighborhood of the Grand Opera House, indicates that Paris is becoming more and more cosmopolitan. The great encroachments of the English language are as apparent on the banks of the Seine as on the banks of the Nile and the Ganges. The French, beyond all other peoples, have learned how to entertain; and perhaps twenty or thirty thousand, from the richer classes, from all civilized and from some half-civilized peoples are always found in the hotels and pensions of the city. A golden stream from North and South America, from Great Britain, Holland, Russia, is pouring daily into the coffers of France. Hence Paris is ever becoming a more expensive city to live in. It is wonderful how easily the French have recovered from their misfortunes. In spite of the billions of francs received by Germany, France is now richer than her great rival across the Rhine. And how much better prepared she is for the great coming conflict which nobody wishes and everybody expects! The Republic has educated the present generation. The school-system of France, though unfortunately lacking in that moral discipline which an ideal school-system should not exclude, is in many respects equal to the best. The French army of to-day is a vast improvement, both in equipment and in administration, over the regiments of Bazaine and MacMahon. Some, at least, of the frightful lessons of 1870 have been well learned. And Germany perfectly understands that the favorable conditions under which the war of German unification was carried to its dazzling successes cannot now be repeated. The next struggle of these old-time national rivals will be the most appalling and probably the most wasteful and useless in history. Wars scarcely ever settle anything. The Europe of to-day is tightly bound by the chains of the past, and sensible men are not able to do that which nearly all acknowledge would be for the general advantage. With Christian Europe an armed camp of enemies awaiting the accident which shall

set millions of men to taking each other's lives, and causing a rain of blood and tears over the fairest regions of the Old World, how can we expect any very swift conquests of the gospel in Asia? One evening at the house of an ex-Cabinet Minister of France, I ventured to ask him if anybody in France wished for war at present. He said "No." "Do you wish it next year?" "No." "The year after that?" "No." "Do you think that it ever would be a good thing?" "No." "Why, then, will it come?" His shoulders went higher and higher — implying that nations were the slaves of circumstances and must take what the fates send. The aggressive personality of the German Emperor seemed to him an important factor in the problem. Some unforeseen incident will happen, and then the vast butchery will begin, compared with which the butcheries of Charlemagne and Napoleon were the quarrels of school-children.

Paris touches and thrills every sensitive mind that begins to think backward. Crossing the Pont de la Concorde, one remembers that its foundations are built from the stones of the accursed Bastile. What awful memories these sunken blocks might send up through the rushing blue waters of the Seine, to sadden the hearts of the busy and happy throngs who pour across this bridge, day and night! From yonder door in one corner of the garden of the Tuileries, King Louis Philippe came forth when the Revolution of 1848 rendered his kingship an impossibility. Out of that same door, on the downfall of the Empire of Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie came in the company of a chivalrous American physician.

As I left the Oratoire, where I attended the anniversary meeting of the McAll Mission and heard of the rapid progress which this popular evangelistic movement is still making, I stood for a few minutes by the wonderfully beautiful statue of the great admiral who was killed on the awful night of St. Bartholomew. Thinking of "good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled in his blood," I looked up above the

walls of the palace of the Louvre to the full moon shining in splendor upon the tower of the church St. Germain-L'Auxerrois, from which the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre was given, three hundred and twenty-four years ago. I had been speaking with a score of French Protestant pastors; I had been hearing the gospel sung by great crowds of the working people, who are receiving now the simple message of divine love, and I could but say that the world is growing better; the days of intolerance are passing — and then I thought of Armenia, and said there is daybreak, but not everywhere. The clouds that overhang some parts of our planet are as dark as those which brooded over France in the horrible days of Charles IX.

Among my most interesting experiences of late has been a visit to the new Sorbonne, the magnificent hall of the University of France, which certainly deserves to be considered, at least in some respects, the foremost university in the world. Delegates from the universities of Scotland have been receiving delightful attentions here in Paris from the professors in the Sorbonne. A Franco-Scottish society, designed to bring the university life of the two countries into closer touch, has been organized, and I had the privilege of attending some of the sessions of their first meeting. The hall and stairway leading up to the Salle de Carnot, where these university conferences were held, have been decorated with frescos by leading artists of to-day, representing memorable scenes in the history of French science and discovery. Here you may see the figures of St. Louis and Abelard, Palissy and Buffon, Pascal and Cuvier, Arago and Guizot, and scores besides. We in America are rather partial to France, but most of us are not fully aware of the vast contributions which the French people have made to many branches of science.

In the great new hall of the Sorbonne is perhaps the most famous of all the frescos of Puvis de Chavannes. I had the pleasure of seeing last week the decorations which this most eminent of living artists is about sending to the

new Public Library in Boston. But, entering the Hall of Carnot, which is a magnificent room intended for the meeting of the faculties of the University and for social receptions, I found myself seated on the left of the rector of the University, M. Gréard, at a table which formed a huge ellipse. The subject for discussion was the place of Greek in modern education. About seventy representatives of Scotch and French learning sat about the table, and on two raised platforms facing each other were Professor Briel, president of the day, and the reader for the day, the distinguished Hellenist, Professor Croiset. His French lecture in defence of Greek studies against the modern objections to them was lucid and extremely able, meeting the general approval both of the French and Scotch professors. It was interesting and humiliating to note how well some of the Scotch teachers made their addresses in French. Lord Reay, of Edinburgh, deserves little credit for his exceptionally good French, however, since he learned it in childhood in the home of his father, who was Prime Minister of Holland. Inheriting afterward a Scotch peerage, he came to reside in Scotland, and has taken great interest in the Franco-Scottish society. He was much pleased to learn of my present mission to Paris and my future mission to India. Not only is he a liberal in politics, but he is not narrow in his theology.

The visit of the Scotch professors was terminated by a banquet in the Sorbonne, to which I was kindly invited. I can think of nothing as an achievement of art in one special line that is more delightful than a Parisian banquet. Happily ladies were present, and the peculiar charm of French courtesy was signally illustrated. Nearly a hundred persons sat down to a dinner such as Paris only can give. I doubt if any other people than the French could have draped the English, Scotch, and French flags as gracefully as they were hung on this occasion. A band of the Sixth Regiment of Infantry gave us the music, pleasantly subdued by distance; and Jules Simon, the veteran French states-

man, was the courteous presiding officer in the speeches which followed the banquet. Most graciously he proposed the health of the Queen, and of course everybody rose as the French band struck up the national air of England. Afterward Jules Simon pronounced a beautiful address in praise of noble womanhood, speaking with great feeling and felicity of the fidelity, courage, and heroism of French women, from the days of Jeanne d'Arc down to the recent revolutions in France. Lord Reay toasted the President of the French Republic, and we all rose to the stirring strains of "La Marseillaise." The French may well vie with the Germans in the martial and thrilling qualities of their national hymn. Lord Reay then gave a pleasant historical résumé of the many intimate relations between Scotland and France. There is a Scotch college in Paris still standing, which most of the delegates visited. Wallace and Bruce could speak French. The ceremonies used in the Scotch universities are French. At the close of the banquet each guest was given an engraving of Jeanne d'Arc surrounded by her Scotch guards.

After Lord Reay had spoken, La Sorbonne was toasted, and the speaker was the accomplished, adroit, and attractive Bourgeois, who at that time was the Prime Minister of France, the President of the Cabinet. His downfall within a few days was not expected even by himself. Why should there not be established between our American universities and La Sorbonne such interesting intimacies as those I have been describing? I am assured that the University of France would welcome delegates from our American institutions, and it might be discovered that there were links between the two republics as vital as those which bind the Scottish and French peoples.

The friends of religious toleration in Paris honored me with a reception, at which the hosts were Colonel and Madame Calmard and their three daughters, — all accomplished and charming people. The Calmards belong to the family of Pascal, and are earnest Catholics. They are

quite familiar with American literature. Nothing has surprised me more than the acquaintance which I have discovered among French ladies with much that is best in American letters. Emerson, Longfellow, Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, George W. Cable, and Edgar Allan Poe are very familiar names. I was requested to tell some American stories. Reluctantly I began. The first venerable chestnut exploded like dynamite in this new circle! I continued more cheerfully. I drew on my memory and told tales of Peekskill. I related that a famous American was showing another compatriot the glory of the Cologne Cathedral. His friend said to him, "It is large, but it took them six hundred years to build it. Chicago would have built it in six months." I told of the American who would not admire St. Peter's at Rome: "They can't fill it more than once in a generation; Niagara Falls would fill it in five minutes." The next morning my host was relating to his wife the successes of my anecdotage. He retold to her the stories, and gave me the only fun I had in them when he said seriously: "These American stories are not mythical, they are genuine and authentic, for they were told by the leading lawyer of New York City, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew!"

Among those who were present at the reception were Baron de Schickler, perhaps the leading Protestant in Paris, a man of great wealth and benevolence, whose home overlooking the Place Vendôme is one of the most attractive I have seen; Reinach, the distinguished Jewish scholar, whose Hellenic attainments are such that he is likely to become a member of the French Academy; the Vicomte de Meaux, the son-in-law of the famous Montalembert, a very charming and liberal-minded Catholic gentleman, who has visited our country and is a friend of Cardinal Gibbons, of Archbishop Ireland, and of Bishop Keane; Zadoc Kahn, the chief rabbi of France, who is deeply interested in the work of religious pacification; Professor Albert Réville, the editor of the "Review of the History of Religions," and

perhaps the foremost scholar in France in the department of Comparative Religion; the Reverend Mr. Roberti, one of the preachers at the Oratoire, whose sermon on Christ's treatment of doubt, to which I recently listened, gave me the impression that he has all the best qualities of French eloquence; and Frederick Passy, the eminent philanthropist, devoted to international arbitration and other good causes.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS (*continued*).

PARIS the beautiful — and now in the May flowers and sunshine, the supremely beautiful — is to me Paris the hospitable and entertaining.

Walking one morning from my home on the Rue de Lille by the gilded gates of the Palace of the Legion of Honor and by the splendid ruins of the Cours des Comtes, now inhabited by ten thousand birds, I came to the Solferino Bridge, by which I crossed over the river into the garden of the Tuileries. A short walk through the Place du Carrousel brought me to the Louvre, where in the halls of Renaissance sculptures I sought and soon found the new treasure which has recently been added to these almost endless collections. It is a Madonna with the child, in wood, painted and gilded, and is deemed the most important acquisition made by the department since the celebrated bas-relief of the Virgin, painted and gilded terra-cotta, brought from Florence in 1881. These two monuments face each other. The new sculpture belongs to the period which preceded and prepared for the coming of Michael Angelo, — probably to the first half of the fifteenth century. It is large, noble, dignified, but interested me far less than did the "Fettered Slaves" standing near by, — the famous work of Michael Angelo himself, and designed as a part of the great monument to Pope Julius II.

After breakfast, at half-past eleven o'clock, my host, Professor Bonet-Maury, escorted me to the Institute of France, on the Quai Voltaire, where I had the pleasure of being presented to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

In the absence of Jules Simon I was introduced by the distinguished philosopher and archæologist, M. Ravaisson-Mollieu, now in his eighty-third year. About thirty of the forty members sat around the elliptical table, which represents the highest honor to which men of science and literature in France can aspire. The Academy which I saw is one of five that together make up the famous Institute of France, concerning which Professor Max Müller said at its centenary last October: "Other nations have tried, but tried in vain, to equal it." The total membership of these five academies is two hundred and twenty-six.

What ordinarily impressed me in the members of the Institute whom I met was their simple cordiality of manner and their venerable years. The laurels in France encircle gray heads. Among the members of the Academy to whom I was presented let me mention, besides the President and Jules Simon, Charles Waddington; Maurice Block, the economist; E. Levasseur, also an economist and delegate from the French government to the Chicago Congresses; Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the historian, whose great work on Russia has recently been translated into English; Frederick Passy, the venerable President of the International Peace League, who enriched me with many pamphlets that he had written, including one on the Parliament of Religions; George Picot, the historian of the States General of France, a former Cabinet Minister, a Catholic layman of great benevolence, breadth of mind, and spiritual enthusiasm; and Arthur Desjardins, the President of the League against Atheism. To me as interesting as the living faces upon which I looked were the busts of the dead. On either side of the magnificent portrait of Cardinal Richelieu I saw the marble features of such men, the true glories of France, as Lamartine and Guizot, De Tocqueville and Thiers.

We had expected to hear a paper on the rights of nations involved in the Chino-Japanese war, by Arthur Desjardins, Advocate-General of the Court of Cassation. He had told us that he would invite the Chinese and Japanese embassies

to be present. Fine and scholarly appeared the Japanese representatives, who were seated by the polite Desjardins upon a cushioned bench on our left. After a while the tall figure of the Chinese representative appeared at the door. As no one seemed to observe him, we beckoned him to a seat between us. This was noticed by Desjardins, who hastily came up to him and said, —

"Please come and take a seat with your compatriots over there."

Inerrancy does not belong even to the members of the French Institute. The solemn face of the Chinese minister was drawn down into greater solemnity, partly because his nationality was mistaken, and partly because he must sit beside the representatives of the younger, smaller, and yet victorious people.

We could not linger to hear Desjardins' whole paper, and somewhat reluctantly we left the Institute for other scenes. I left also my companion and drove off, armed with a ticket of admission, toward the chief of the sixty entrances to the catacombs, those vast subterranean labyrinths, going back to Roman times, from whose treasury of rock Paris has been built, and whose long galleries have been decorated with the bones of her dead. Lighted candle in hand, I went with a company of about one hundred on this subterranean pilgrimage, lasting an hour.

To me the most interesting feature of the journey was not the almost interminable walls of human skulls decorating miles of thigh-bones and other osteological fragments of humanity, nor the chapels here and there; it was the great assortment of sepulchral inscriptions toward which we pressed our candles while eager eyes read what seemed to be the messages of the dead to the living. The words written on these mortuary walls during the eighteenth century were of a philosophical cast, and might have come from Diderot or Franklin. There were solemn exhortations to respect the tomb, and thereby respect the dead. But what seemed to be the later inscriptions were very

largely sentences from the Psalms and from the New Testament. A walk through these catacombs makes death seem a greater fact than would be suggested by a ride over the field of Waterloo or Sedan. Most of my companions were in a merry mood, and a company of French students kept up their loud singing of very lively airs through much of our journey.

Leaving without reluctance the quarries, the sepulchres, and the darkness made visible, I drove to that monument of municipal splendor, the new Hôtel de Ville, the town hall of the French capital, passing en route the portals and towers of Notre Dame. This church grows to me more beautiful with repeated observations. It has not the massiveness of many other cathedrals, but there are points of view from which the sculptures of the façade appear as rich, delicate, and noble as any other work of the Gothic chisel. But while Notre Dame carries one back to the twelfth century, the Hôtel de Ville belongs to the close of the nineteenth. It is one of the most copiously adorned structures of the French Renaissance style to be found in the world. The history of France may be read in its innumerable statues. All about it is so fresh and bright that it is difficult to summon before the imagination the terrible scenes enacted on this spot during three revolutions. There was but a small party viewing the Hôtel de Ville that afternoon. The guide inquired of me if any person were present who could speak English. I modestly claimed that ability, and was asked to translate the words of our conductor for the benefit of an Englishman who had just come from Australia. Accordingly I soon found myself taking the American's proper place, — at the head of the procession.

Returning to the house of Professor Bonet-Maury, we drove together to the old Palais de l'Industrie, which was built for the first great exposition in Paris in 1855. It is soon to be torn down as a preparation for the exposition of 1900. Here the Salon of the Champs Elysées, which I had already

glanced at, was attracting an immense crowd, literally from all the world. We met many interesting people as we looked at a few of the thirty-nine hundred and two objects of art named in the catalogue. A number of portraits drew our special attention, and among them were a few Napoleon pictures: "His Farewell to France," by Guillon; "After the Charge at Hanau, 1813," by Chartier; "The Eagles," representing the return from Russia, by Rouffet, and another called "Captif," by Dawant, — picturing the Emperor seated by the cradle of his young son, holding the baby's hand, while the attendants at the door look on in delighted wonder to see the great world-conqueror subdued by a child.

There are now two salons called the Salon Champ de Mars and the Salon Champs Elyseés. The first opened this year on the twenty-fifth of April, and I had the privilege of visiting it on Varnishing Day, when those who have invitations go for the purpose not so much of looking at the pictures as of looking at each other. The old Salon in the Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs Elysées has a brilliant rival in the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Fine Arts in the Trocadéro, on the Champ de Mars. The old Salon is supposed to be more classical and conservative. The new Salon is thought to be more original and to give a warmer welcome to novelties. It certainly eclipses every other exhibition in the novelties of its English, as shown in the illustrated catalogue, where the French name of the picture is kindly translated. The following specimens may appear impossibilities, but ocular demonstration will show that they have been deliberately printed: —

"Jeune Fille en Blanc" is translated "Joung girl in wight"; "Femme qui se chauffe," "Woman to the fire"; "Merchandes de Pots," "Pot's trades women"; "Printemps nu," "Spring nude fijimes"; "La Pensée qui s'éveille," "The taught awehening"; "Labour d'automne en Provence," "Falls labouring in provence"; "Jeune Baigneuse," "Young batting girl"; "Portrait Cycliste," "Por-

trait of a cycles" ; " En Automne," " In falls" ; " Interieur Bourgeois," " Aristocratic interior" ; " Etendeuse de Linge," " Goods hangers" ; Le Jardin des Oliviers," " The Garden of Eden." This last work is so realistic a picture of the scene in Gethsemane that it scarcely needs any title at all. For so scholarly and careful a nation as the French to pour such ignorant contempt on the English language is a literary audacity which will surely bring its own punishment.

I shall not attempt to record many of the impressions which came to me from two visits at the Champ de Mars Salon. The artist whose name is now more frequently on American lips than any other is Puvis de Chavannes.

Of course the masterpiece of the new Salon is Dagnan-Bouveret's " Last Supper." It has been savagely attacked and enthusiastically eulogized. It needs no defence. It is its own supreme and splendid vindication. Unless one goes early, it is difficult to get a good sight of it, the crowds before it are so dense, and all seem to be fascinated and even awestruck by the strange loveliness of the Saviour's head, and by the flood of mellow light which appears to come from His whole form. The radiance of His person shines through the glass of wine which He holds in His hand, as He stands in the midst of the sitting Apostles. These are not looking at us, as if on exhibition, but are absorbed in the supernatural splendor of the Master. The face of John and the face of Peter are beautiful and strong after a new type. The whole picture is bathed in a strange roseate illumination, softened and spiritualized. Perhaps the work cannot altogether be justified from the standpoint of realism or of pure technique, but, in the midst of the other canvases brilliant with the life of to-day, it was a joy and uplift to the soul to behold this representation of Him who was and is the Light of the World.

In the same room a smaller and very different crowd is always seen before Béraud's " La Poussé," which represents

a brilliant banquet broken in upon by armed wretches. It is not a reminiscence of the French Revolution, but rather a terrible prophecy of that fiercer and deadlier horror which some of the modern apostles of anarchy are predicting and threatening. In Béraud's picture we see the frightened guests at the banquet hiding themselves from the incoming mob. But one man, while protecting a terrified woman, lifts his glass to the success of the invaders. Béraud will be remembered as the author of the sensational picture of Christ crucified on Montmartre, where the crucifixion is modernized and localized in Paris. In this present exhibition he has a Christ crowned with thorns, which is a terrific bit of realism.

The impressionists are in tremendous evidence at both Salons. Some of their pictures are simply incredible, and appear to have been conceived and executed merely with the purpose of producing the most startling sensation. Many of them appear to have no relation whatever to nature except as it might appear to a man in delirium tremens. Some of their works have a strength of rude, brilliant color which makes them distinctly visible three hundred feet away. The carrying power of these Krupp-gun pictures is immense.

And yet several of the artists of the modern impressionist school, and notably Louis Deschamps, are masters in the art of portraying the human face, not through minuteness of detail but by the firm, bold, and yet delicate representation of the essential characteristics. A few touches, in painting as in poetry, may, when executed by the hand of a master, tell the whole story of human joy and sorrow more effectively and more pleasurably than could elaborate description. And yet with many of the young Frenchmen who are seeking fame by the new methods of art one is reminded of the caitiff to whom the knight cried out: "Craven, in the name of chivalry, draw, draw" — and then added charitably, "Stay, perhaps he cannot; perchance he is an impressionist."

The conventional and still popular style of portraiture is fairly well represented by Rondel's picture of Monsieur Felix Faure, the able and highly respected President of the French Republic. The presence of the French government is felt in these annual exhibitions in many ways. Some of the more striking sculptures and pictures already bear the inscription, "Commanded by the state." Every administration seeks to gain favor by the patronage of art, and through this the permanent collections of the French provincial cities are greatly enriched.

He who goes to either Salon on Varnishing Day will see the official and literary and other notabilities of France. One afternoon the ex-Cabinet Ministers were so thick in a certain hall of the Palace of Industry that my companion felt that we had wandered into a political graveyard. I had the pleasure of a conversation with an ex-minister who seemed rather happy in his fallen state. Monsieur Berthelot, one of the foremost chemists of France, had a brief and unfortunate career at the head of foreign affairs, and when the Bourgeois ministry fell a week ago he said, with a sigh of relief: "Now I can go back to my experiments." Berthelot is a courageous positivist, and when two years since Brunetière, the brilliant editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," startled France by declaring that science had failed in its promises and that the nation could be saved only by the Roman Church, Berthelot denounced most vigorously the champion of the papacy, and added another voice of protest to the chorus of hostile clamors which Brunetière had awakened. His successor in the foreign office, Monsieur Hanotaux, was also his predecessor. He has recently been awarded the prize by the French Academy for his work on Richelieu, and, being a great admirer of that astute Cardinal, he had ordered a grand portrait of the ecclesiastical statesman. This, however, was not finished and brought into the office until Berthelot had succeeded him; and Berthelot, looking up one morning and seeing this new picture and not recognizing his Eminence, ex-

pressed his hatred of religion and of all ecclesiastics by calling out indignantly, —

"Take that —— Abbé away!"

Professor Bonet-Maury was not a little amused by the politeness and interest with which this unbeliever conversed with me on the present religious condition of France and the prospects of a Congress of Religions in 1900.

After leaving the Salon we called upon the Reverend Ernest Fontanès, President of the Consistory of Havre, a warm friend of the late Dean Stanley. He takes a deep interest in the work of bringing religious men into closer fellowship. At the banquet given me at the Palais Royal a few evenings ago, he had most courteously proposed my health as representing "the country of hope," the country which brought the spirit of hope to the older nations. Among his friends is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts of London, now spending a few months at the Hôtel du Rhin, looking out on the beautiful Place and Column Vendôme. By special invitation we accompanied him to the apartments of this most famous of English philanthropists. She is now in her eighty-second year, but takes a keen interest in the affairs of the world which she has done so much to bless. My mission to India, a work founded by another Christian woman who loves the whole world, had attracted her attention, and she wished to learn more about it. She was especially pleased to hear that the Buddhist leader, Dharmapala, had written me that if Christians would add to their programme humanity to animals he would be glad to spend the rest of his life in preaching the gospel of the Sermon on the Mount. It happens that the Baroness is a chief patron of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she wished me to carry to India documents which show that Christians are becoming more humane to the lower creation. This distinguished woman, whose income is said to be one thousand pounds a day, has a simplicity of speech and dress as captivating as it is remarkable. My French friends could not forget that she

might have been the Empress of France had she accepted the offer of marriage from Prince Louis Napoleon.

From the Hôtel du Rhin we walked out into the bright evening sunshine, and, parting with our eloquent friend Fontanès, we crossed the Place de la Concorde, which a witty lady of Paris told me was the best place for the meeting of the next Congress of Religions! A few friends had been invited to dine with us. Among them were the son and daughter of my host, a brilliant French lawyer who was a candidate for the municipal council; Madame Calmard; her accomplished daughter, Mademoiselle Calmard; and the well-known Abbé Félix Klein of the Catholic Institute in Paris, the editor of Archbishop Ireland's discourses on the "Church and the Century" — a book which has already passed through five editions. I can imagine nothing more enlivening than a small dinner of this sort in Paris, where everybody talks to everybody else. In five minutes the merry din becomes continuous and lasts for hours. Far into the evening we sat and discussed the affairs of the two Republics and the two Churches. It is the thought of men like Abbé Klein, Abbé Naudet, the editor of "Le Monde," and many others, including the Archbishop of Abri, that if the Catholic church is to command the present and future of France and of Europe it must come into closer sympathy with the modern world. I suppose a majority of the thoughtful men in France think with Paul Bourget that the future of old Europe is dark with fearful storms, and that modern society is approaching a monstrous cataclysm. It is but natural that enlightened minds trained in the Church of Rome and hospitable to American ideas, should believe that religion embodied in the old church, adjusting itself to new circumstances and representing both authority and liberty, is the chief hope of imperiled Europe.

The American Chapel at the Rue de Berri has been renovated since my brief ministry there in 1873. It has a decidedly American look, and as I took my seat in one of the last pews and glanced over the heads of the congrega-

tion fresh with the glory of Parisian millinery, I could but think, "This is perhaps the best dressed congregation in the world." But such light thoughts were dispelled by Dr. Thurber's earnest sermon from the words "As an eagle stirreth up her nest." It was a comforting, practical discourse on the wisdom of God in shaking us out of our old surroundings, in forcing us into new circumstances, to develop our untried powers, and to realize our higher mental and spiritual possibilities. I had the pleasure of preaching once more in the Chapel, but I found no one of my old parishioners of 1873, excepting Sidney Armstrong, the New York publisher, who was then quite a young man and who became my travelling companion through Italy. John Wanamaker was present, full of interest in my Indian mission; and the Reverend E. W. Hitchcock, for eleven years the pastor of the American Chapel. Professor Bonet-Maury, who was at this service, said that by closing his eyes he would have thought himself once more in America!

I visited the other day the Huguenot Library, to which Baron de Schickler has generously contributed. It has a valuable collection of thirty thousand volumes, which seemed to me not merely a memorial of what Protestantism has suffered in France, but also a prophecy of what Biblical Christianity, adapting itself to the new times, will yet achieve. I have spent one morning at the Protestant Seminary of the university, the school which after the Franco-Prussian War was removed from Strasbourg to Paris, and I found among the learned professors there an eager desire that something effective should be done to abate theological and churchly antagonisms in France, and to bring about a friendlier mutual understanding. I have breakfasted at the home of the Reverend M. Lacheret with a number of other orthodox Protestant ministers, and found among them a general sympathy with the special causes which have commanded my efforts.

I have recently spent a delightful morning visiting the Musée Guimet, the only extensive Museum of Religions

in Europe. It bears the name of its founder, a Lyons merchant of great intelligence, who has given to Paris his unique and imposing collection of the gods, cultus implements and objects connected with the rituals of Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Shintoism, and the ancient Olympianism. Much can be learned in a Museum of Religions, but I confess that my strongest feeling, as I looked upon these memorials of imperfect or perverted faiths, was a desire to do something to deliver humanity from the intellectual and spiritual bondage of which such a museum is the symbol.

My chief purpose in coming to Paris was to fulfil an engagement made by the organizing committee of the Congress of Religions of 1900. It was with great trepidation that I looked forward to making my maiden speech in the French tongue. Thanks to the interest felt by the organizing committee, and their careful preparations, the Hall of the Learned Societies, where the conference was to be held, was thronged. I am told that the best representatives of the University of France and of the Faubourg St. Germain were gathered at the conference. The president of the evening was Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, a member of the Institute of France, and the distinguished author of the "Empire of the Czars and the Russians," and "Israel among the Nations." He is a Liberal Catholic, the head of an Anti-Socialistic League, and has held many conferences in this same hall, where he has often been hooted by the noisy socialistic students of the University. It was greatly feared that his presidency would be the occasion of similar interruptions, and orders were given to admit no one to the hall excepting those who had received tickets from the committee. On the platform were the Archimandrite of the Greek Church of Paris, Porphurios Logothetis, formerly a monk of Mount Sinai, a man of much ability, who is likely to become Patriarch in the Greek Church; M. Frederic Passy; M. Reinach, the Hellenist; M. Picot, the economist; Professor Albert Réville; the Vicomte de Meaux; Baron de

Schickler; Abbé Charbonnel, and several other prominent leaders of French thought and life. In the audience were eight abbés and many leading Catholic laymen, besides a number of French literati and French Protestant pastors. Zadoc Kahn was also present.

I have rarely had so strange an experience as befell me at this conference. The words of a foreign language which one reads from a manuscript do not mean very much to the speaker, and I was surprised, after a few sentences, to find that I was touching sensitive chords in the minds of my hearers. The responses were immediate and sympathetic, and soon put me at ease with myself. I endeavored to set forth the greatness of religion in the spiritual history of mankind, and to show that the various manifestations of sincere religious faith should be treated with sympathetic regard, for even in error there are some rays of truth. I tried to show that the progress of mankind was toward, and not away, from religion; and also that in the future, far more than it had been in the past, religion might become a means of drawing men into closer fellowship. The Christian faith, at least, aimed at universalism; the kingdom of heaven as founded by Jesus Christ out-reaches national limitations, and Christ Himself has nothing local or provincial about Him. Furthermore, those of us who believe that in Christianity are the elements of a complete, final, and universal faith lose nothing, but gain much, in the propagandism so dear to us, by the spirit of tolerance, of charity, of fraternity. It is wise and right to acknowledge whatever of truth we discover in the faith of others, and whatever of good we discern in their lives. This of course was naturally illustrated by the spirit and purposes of the World's First Parliament of Religions. It was necessary to touch very briefly and carefully upon the Paris Congress of 1900. The wisdom of France must decide whether such a Congress is wise, and under what conditions it should be held. Undoubtedly there are grave obstacles in the way; but France has an immense and glorious opportunity of

showing to the world the supreme importance of the things of the spirit. In my closing paragraph I said that France could erect on the banks of the Seine a nobler statue than that which stands at the entrance to the port of New York, if in 1900, in some great hall of the French capital, the believers in the Divine Fatherhood and in human fraternity gathered from all the world, should meet in friendly fellowship under a banner inscribed with these words, which might well be the motto of the twentieth century: "Down with persecution and intolerance, whether in the name of religion or in the name of liberty! Peace and universal fraternity among all men, in the name of the God of Mercy and of Love."

In his opening address, Monsieur Beaulieu had said, in the words of a Greek priest, "The fences which separate the members of the Christian Church are very high, but, thank God, they are not so high as heaven." After my address, Professor Bonet-Maury was called upon to render the thanks of the conference, and he took occasion to speak of my journey to India and the importance of this Christian enterprise. Then I was called upon to reply to all this kindness in my own language. Oh the comfort of the mother tongue! I shall take with me so long as I live the memory of this scene. A week later I addressed the Franco-English Guild of Women on the India Lectureship and its connection with the Religious Parliament.

But the crowning expression of interest, unless I except a conference held at the house of Madame Siegfried, was the banquet given me last week at the Palais Royal. At this love-feast there were present, among others: Abbé Charbonnel; Professors Albert and Jean Réville; Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu; George Poignant, formerly tutor of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; Frank Puaux, editor of the "Revue Chrétienne;" Quesnerie, Professor of English at the Lycée St. Louis; Gaufres, President of the League for the Improvement of Public Morals; a Russian philanthropist, N. Nepluyeff, of Moscow; Theodore Reinach; Planchon,

Director of one of the chief scientific schools of the university; Roberty, of the Oratoire; the Reverend Charles Wagner, the author of "Youth" and of several other books which have had a wide circulation in English and other languages; the Reverend E. Fontanès; the Reverend M. Soderblöm, a Swedish pastor; and Professor Bonet-Maury.

In my remarks I endeavored to show that the wonderful hopefulness and national vigor which had carried France through her recent troubles indicated a temper which was adequate to the highest achievements of the spirit. After my remarks Anatole Beaulieu proposed a toast to the Congress of Religions of 1900. Reinach, the liberal-minded and scholarly Jew, declared his sympathy with the Christian remarks which had been made, and said that the word "Christian," broadly interpreted, had no terrors for him. Albert Réville said with feeling that the meeting so harmonious and so loving of men of such various faiths and nations was a splendid prophecy of the death of intolerance; and with great eloquence he cried out: "We may not be many, but we are in the stream of the world's greater and better future." Fontanès expressed with much beauty of language the gratitude which France felt to the American Republic, because that Republic, through its recent spiritual triumphs, had breathed over the older nation a new and better hope. Frank Puaux affirmed that all that is best in France will respond to a religion of aspiration, of hope, and of brotherhood.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

PARIS is not France. Such is the heretical opinion with which I begin an account of two most interesting days. It is impossible for any city, however splendid and comprehensive, however national and unique, to reproduce all the features and to symbolize the total life of a great people. The French kings Louis XII., Francis I., Henry III., Henry of Navarre, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., never acted on the theory that Paris was France. They loved to leave the brilliant and troubled life of the capital, to build palace after palace amid the forests, vineyards, and wheat-fields of the pleasant land over which they ruled. American travellers find Paris so fascinating that they rob themselves of many quiet pleasures, of many days of purer air and sweeter sunshine which might be easily enjoyed within a few hours of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de Rivoli.

I shall always be grateful for the invitation of some cultivated American friends, who have an aptitude for finding the selecter pleasures of life — that called me into Touraine, to the banks of the Loire, and to the delightful discoveries — to me they were such — of the châteaux of Chambord and Blois. Henry James has made the few foreigners knowing enough to seek the Loire region his debtors by describing his "Little Tour in France," which, though lacking the pungent and peculiar wit of Heine and the exuberant imagination and sentiment of some other travellers, possesses a multitude of charms that make it a

useful and pleasant companion. It is a book, however, which I would advise my friends to read after they have completed their journeys. Otherwise they may be in peril of looking at landscapes and châteaux almost constantly through Henry James's spectacles. I shall not moderate my enthusiasm for the beauty and varied attractions of my much briefer tour in France on account of any fear lest this letter should be deemed extravagant in its praise. My only fear is, rather, lest my strongest statements will be unable to drag any of my readers who are yet to be travellers out of the charmed circle of Paris.

The fast train took me in two hours to Blois The line passes through Orléans, a name calling to the imagination a form which, next to Napoleon's, is still the most magical and potent before the mind of France. I may have been misled by the fresh verdure of the fields, the delicious coolness of the soft May breezes, and the splendor of the spring sunshine; but the country through which I passed in the first part of this brief journey seemed almost as beautiful as England. Arriving in Blois, a picturesque little city of twenty-five thousand people, built upon a hill, with its crooked and narrow streets, its old houses, many of them curiously sculptured, inviting every sketcher and photographer to pause before them, with its market filled with figures toward which Millet has made us feel friendly and fraternal; with its lofty churches and dominating cathedral, and, above all, with the almost unequalled attraction of its historic château, wherein you may follow the splendid and sanguinary history of France for three centuries, — one feels immediately that he has escaped from those modern glories with which Paris has hidden so much of her antiquity.

The Grand Hotel of Blois, which is small and antique, furnished, during my brief sojourn, that kind of familiar hospitality which, as Henry James says, "a few weeks spent in the French provinces teaches you to regard as the highest attainable form of accommodation." I am a man of spacious and not excessively fastidious appetite, but still I have

learned to appreciate those artistic and skilful touches by which the legitimate pleasures which come with the satisfaction of hunger may be considerably enhanced. The twelve o'clock breakfast, with its ten courses, ending with the delicious pots of sweetened cream, fit for the tables of Olympus, reminded me of that favorite after-dinner story in which we read that the post-prandial orator exclaimed: "I feel like Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms: 'God help me, I can take no other course.'" Such a breakfast was a beautiful preparation for a twelve-mile drive to the Château de Chambord, which my friends very judiciously decided to show me before I saw the richer and more interesting attractions of the Château de Blois.

We crossed the Loire, — a noble stream flowing down to the sea, which it reaches by the city of Nantes, that great red mark in the history of France. Nantes once meant to the Huguenots protection and toleration. It came to mean cruel oppression and exile from a land which has been more passionately loved than any other beneath the sun. A Catholic scholar of world-wide fame said to me the other day in Paris: "The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a great misfortune to France."

"Yes," I said, "but it gave much of the best blood of France to Holland, England, and America."

"To South Africa, also," he added, "where the best blood among the Boers is Huguenot."

The Loire lures the imagination down its broad stream to the great Castle of Amboise, where Mary Stuart of Scotland spent the early days of her first marriage, — a castle whose balcony was once grim with the heads of Huguenots, — to Tours, the charming centre of the garden of France, and one of the chief landmarks of human history, for near it Christendom was saved from the Moslem by the iron arm of Charles the Hammer; and it flows smilingly on through "the land of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Balzac." It is rather hard, as one looks at the placid and sun-kissed bosom of the Loire, to realize what dark secrets are hidden in its

depths. Crossing the river, I saw how picturesquely the temple-crowned Blois is seated on her gentle hills.

The drive to Chambord was delightful, partly because the company was spirited, and the horses good, and the air as brilliant as the life of the French Renaissance which made the atmosphere of our thoughts, and partly because the scenery was not too interesting. The region might have been Illinois. But what may have been lacking in the landscape was more than supplied by the strange magnificence of the wondrous building which lifts its many towers and spires and chimneys above the broad plain in the great park of Chambord. The château is enormous, and it suggests the almost Roman splendor and might of the French kings who could build such summer-houses. The present building was begun by Francis I., and the striking salamander of his coat of arms appears almost everywhere, a part of the innumerable ornaments which decorate the halls of the vast interior. We were conducted through the spacious and empty apartments; we mounted the celebrated grand staircase with its mysterious double flight, which permits people to ascend and descend at the same time without meeting; we kept company in imagination with the Emperor Charles V., whom his great rival, Francis I., once entertained here; we thought of the brilliant fêtes which Louis XIV. celebrated with his court in the four hundred and forty rooms of the château; we were reminded that Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" had its first representation here under the direction of the great dramatist; we remembered that the exiled King Stanislaus of Poland tried to comfort himself within these walls, and recalled that Maréchal Saxe, the great soldier, strove in vain to be happy with this splendid gift from his king.

One cannot walk for an hour in France without striking the French Revolution. That supreme event divided the land into convenient parcels for the peasants, and swept like a tornado through all the palaces of the kings. Chambord and Blois were despoiled. We ascended to the roof at the top of

the great staircase, and saw the lantern that has been called "the bristling crown of Chambord," still "tipped with a huge fleur-de-lis in stone," which the fierce hand of the Revolution did not reach. Napoleon established here one of the cohorts of the Legion of Honor, and the Corsican soldier tossed this miracle of the Bourbon kings as if it were a toy into the lap of his marshal, Berthier, Prince of Wagram. After much trouble and litigation the château came into the possession of the heir of Louis Philippe, who thereupon called himself Comte de Chambord. From this truly royal but dismantled barrack he sent out his proclamation to the French people, commanding them to become his loyal subjects under the white flag of the Bourbon lilies, surrendering forever the tricolor of the Revolution, the Empire, and of the Republic! But French kings are expensive luxuries of the past.

Bringing away a few souvenirs from this pathetic memorial of the old régime, we drove back to Blois, and found that the dinner at the little hotel fulfilled the brilliant promise of the breakfast. Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," has praised the inhabitants of Blois, whom he had come to know and appreciate. Perhaps the dinners were as good and the beds as comfortable in his day as in ours! The next morning we gave some time to the town, which was the birthplace of Louis XII., and of a still greater man, whose statue adorns the top of the monumental staircase, Denis Papin, the inventor of the first steam-engine. But I went to Blois to see the château, the most interesting non-ecclesiastical building which I have visited for many a day. It has been restored rigorously and splendidly, and is now a historical monument of the state, under the guardianship of the city of Blois. You may read its full and fascinating story, I believe, in Walter Larned's "Châteaux and Cathedrals of France."

He who knows the Château of Blois knows the brilliant and bloody course of French history from the thirteenth century, when was built the most ancient part now standing, which contains the Hall of the States General. It was

in this hall that the tricolor flag of France was made the national banner. The white represents royalty, the principle of secular authority; the blue symbolizes the Church, the sanctions of religion; the red stands for the Third Estate, the people, and for the principles of liberty and equality. Democracy, run mad and become lawless and atheistic, demands a red flag from which the white and blue have been removed. The tricolor of France is the flag of safe and noble progress, and it gained a new meaning for some of us as we stood within the Castle of Blois.

Through the portal of the beautiful façade of Louis XII., with its arches, pinnacles, and royal devices, we enter the court, and begin to understand the fascinations, not only of this wing of Louis XII., but also of the even more superb construction on our right, which bears the name of Francis I. Before we are conducted by our archæological guide through this part of the château, we enter the little chapel where Henry of Navarre was married to Marguerite of Valois. Every memorial of the Béarnese prince is interesting, and we are glad of anything to contrast with the horrors which darken the wing of the château built by Francis I., which, architecturally, "is the most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance." The celebrated winding staircase, covered over with delicate work of the chisel, has been copied in the court of the new Hôtel de Ville in Paris. Before we enter the wing of Francis I., and follow our guide through its many gilded rooms, we cast a rather contemptuous look on the western façade built for Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII., by the celebrated architect Mansard. It is lucky that the prince was unable to carry out his plan of demolishing the older and better parts of the castle, and replacing them with the stiffness — I feel like saying the stupidity — of Mansard.

The presiding genius of the wing of Francis I. is not that monarch, although we see his salamander in many a room, but the dark and bloody Catherine de Médicis, the wife of one king of France and the mother of three others.

Among the brilliant features of these not very spacious apartments are the decorated chimney-pieces, where the royal devices are plentiful. But if one is sensitive to the past, no brilliancy of decoration can make him forget that the dark spirits of cruel bigotry and murder have occupied these halls. In one of them Catherine de Médicis and her princely accomplices planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew. And here, after that most awful night in the history of France, far more awful than the most devilish scenes of the French Revolution, Henry III., many of the chief events of whose fifteen years of unworthy kingship occurred within this château, his favorite residence, ordered the assassination of the Duke of Guise and of his Cardinal brother. We could follow the footsteps of the assassins, the desperate struggle and flight of the great and prosperous Duke; we could see, with the mind's eye, the place where he died, and could watch Henry III. as he prayed while the assassination was going on, or as he peered through the door to see its consummation. We entered the chapel of Catherine de Médicis, and then, in a room near by, our guide touched a spring which opened a secret panel behind which the gentle Catherine kept and mixed her poisons! We saw the room where she died, not without remorse. Is it not one of the anomalies of history that Joan of Arc perished at the stake, while this she-wolf of Italy breathed her last in bed!

We walked out on Catherine's balcony, bright with color, through one of the deep-niched windows to the west façade of the château. It was good to get a breath of fresh air. Standing here and looking downward, we gain an idea of the massive foundations of this high and noble building. Here we look out over one part of the little historic city, and here we let our fancies fly swiftly back through the centuries to the time when the Roman soldiers planted their camp and the eagles of Rome on the site of this château. And then we see Joan of Arc, with her troops, leaving the town of Blois to rescue Orléans. We see the great Em-

peror Charles V. coming down yonder street to rest in the castle. Many a royal procession follows through the years. And at last a greater Emperor, returning from Spain, which he had made his province, comes hither, with the Empress Josephine, to look at these then desolated walls. And yonder, just before the downfall of the modern Charlemagne, the bravest of the brave marshals reviews the old Imperial Guard, which could die but never surrender.

As I took the swift train to Paris that afternoon, regretting that I could not accompany my kind friends to the Château of Amboise, my mind was filled with two thoughts. First, the infinite picturesqueness of French history, — a picturesqueness of which Conan Doyle has made such good use in his "Memoirs of Brigadier Gérard." The other thought is one which stabs the mind in Blois as deeply as anywhere else in Europe; namely, the horrible part which religion has sometimes played in the drama of human history. Out of the shadows, however, the world sweeps into a brighter day, and that evening at Mr. Clarence Eddy's brilliant dinner-table, on the Rue des Capucines in Paris, I realized the contrast between the fierce conflicts of the sixteenth century and the milder struggles of the nineteenth, as I heard an earnest American lady exclaiming in the ear of a sceptical British doctor, "I tell you, sir, prohibition in Iowa has been a grand success!"

At the close of my stay in Paris I was glad to climb six flights of stairs to the apartments overlooking the Place de Madeleine in order to get a glimpse of the Grand Old Man of France, — one of the chief founders of the Republic, one of the glories of the French Institute, — Jules Simon. He was, I believe, in his eighty-third year, but he still spoke on many public occasions. We found him very much depressed over the death, a few hours before, of his illustrious friend Léon Say. He had already committed himself in favor of the Paris Parliament of 1900, but he conversed with most interest in regard to my coming visit as a Christian preacher to India. After we had

talked together of the anxiety of Buddhists that Christians should be more humane to animals, he gave an account of a Catholic missionary from one of the French possessions in Africa, who had recently called upon him to enlist his interest in saving black babies from the cannibals. A fat baby boy in this missionary's parish is in extreme peril. Whenever the missionary heard that such a tidbit was about to be eaten, he would endeavor to save the child by the offer of money, and now fifty francs are needed to rescue each black child. Jules Simon and his wife had helped in this good work, and it seemed to the venerable statesman that he might postpone any deep anxiety over the animals and confine his attentions to the sorrows and perils of black humanity exposed to cannibalism !

As I walked out of the rooms of his library, warmly walled with books, he accompanied me to the door, pausing for a few moments to look at the bust of his great friend Thiers. Then, still thinking and speaking of my journey around the world, which to a Frenchman and to an old man, seemed quite as much of an undertaking as the adventure of Columbus, he said, with the pleasantest of smiles, implying however that he was hoping for the almost impossible, —

" Bon voyage ! "

And among the many happy recollections of Paris there is scarcely one which I value so much as the memory of the old man's benediction. I little thought that within so short a time he was to enter upon that longer and more mysterious voyage where —

> " On a vaster sea his sail
> Drifts beyond our beck and hail."

Paris has splendidly honored her greatest citizen, and on the bier of the savior of France rested the wreath of the German Emperor. Would that the old antagonisms might be buried beneath that laurelled sepulchre !

CHAPTER VII.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

GÖTTINGEN has recently been honored by a visit from the Kultus Minister of Berlin. He occupies high rank in the imperial cabinet, — a fact which shows how much more dignity belongs to learning and its institutions in Germany than belongs to it in Great Britain or America. The new laboratory of Physical Chemistry was dedicated during the ministerial visit, and the annual prizes for the best theses in the various departments of the university were announced in the Aula, the old university headquarters, a sort of monument to King William IV. of England, whose statue adorns the square before the building, and whose portrait appears with the old Emperor William's and several others in the audience hall within. Here I saw for the first time the members of all the faculties in their official robes and caps. They impressed me as a body of big-brained men, while their gowns, and in many cases their honorary decorations, made a scene of academic splendor to which we are not accustomed in America. This splendor, too, was greatly enhanced by the picturesque costumes of the various Verbindungen, or student societies.

When the Pro-rector was ready to announce the prize, in each case one of the red-robed "pedells," or university policemen, received from the head of the special department a sealed letter, which the Pro-rector cut open with a knife, and learned what no one in the world knew up to that moment, — the name of the prize-winner. As soon as each name was announced a blast of music followed from the orchestra, but there was no demonstration of applause

from the audience. There is an immense deal of phlegmatic solidity in the German spirit, and when later the Prorector proposed three cheers for the present Emperor, and when all arose and the swords of the society students were lifted in air, the cheers were given in unison, with military precision and without a particle of that wild enthusiasm which, while I write, greets the names of favorite political leaders in the Convention at St. Louis.

Nearly a hundred of my fellow-countrymen are now here, and three thousand Americans are pursuing higher studies in German universities. Göttingen has for nearly a century been a favorite seat of learning for American students. Undoubtedly the foremost German university to-day is Berlin, with its three hundred and seventy-seven instructors and ninety-two hundred and three students, but many come hither from Berlin on account of the smaller numbers and the more available libraries. Four months of observation and conferences with American students in nearly all the departments of university life have not only given me many interesting impressions, but have also raised still higher my estimate of that peculiar national institution the German University. It is, on the whole, the best organization now in existence for enlarging the bounds of systematized knowledge. It furnishes opportunity and incentive to the student to learn from libraries, laboratories, and living teachers the last results of investigation, and, in some respects more important still, it gives to instructors golden opportunities for continued and successful research. The German professor is not the drudge of the class-room. Perhaps his main business is to furnish to other scholars, through books and reviews, the best results of his investigation or his speculation.

The German professor, while a man of wide general culture, is primarily a specialist, and the supreme achievements in the advancing of human knowledge are partly due to the narrowing of the field of particular study. In great departments, like chemistry, no one man covers the whole

field. It is the specialists that gain celebrity and draw students. For example, here in Göttingen, Professor Nernst has become so famous in Physical Chemistry that he was loudly called to the University of Munich, but was persuaded to remain here on the condition that he might have built for him a well-equipped laboratory, which has been recently dedicated, and is the only building in the world, I believe, devoted exclusively to Physical Chemistry. An examination of the German university calendar furnishes almost numberless examples of the present subdivision of departments.

While I compare, in certain particulars, the German university and the American college, my readers should remember that the two do not occupy the same field, and are not intended to serve exactly the same ends. The German Gymnasium, with its many years of well-directed instruction and thorough drill, corresponds in considerable measure with the college. The university gathers hundreds or thousands of these carefully drilled young men, all graduates from the Gymnasium, and affords them the opportunity of pursuing special studies under celebrated professors, usually as a preparation for professional or official life. Of course there are universities in America which are worthy of the name. But they are usually linked with colleges, and lack that unity of system which prevails here. The first two or three semesters of a German university student's life, especially if he is a member of a corps, are usually spent, to a very large degree, in drinking, duelling, and "bummelling." This may be his first full taste of liberty. He has worked very hard, perhaps too hard, during his years in the gymnasium. He probably has seen little of life, has not travelled so much as the American student, and now, associated with young men of various minds, of different ranks, and from different parts of the empire and of the world, he finds his opportunity of learning much that lies outside the domain of books. He of course drinks beer, and to excess. But it is the universal testimony of men coming hither from our richer Eastern colleges that there is more real

drunken dissipation in these American institutions than in the German universities. But it must be said that dissipation in the three hundred and fifty American colleges, taken all together, East and West, is, after all, confined to the few; that the mass of American students, especially in the Western and in the smaller colleges, are above grave reproach, and are devoted to their work, and that in most of our colleges one gets an impression of moral earnestness which is not equally discoverable here in Germany. "The 'Bursch' is free," is the song of the German student. It is a hilarious liberty which he enjoys, and with all the advantages which one discovers in the German system, and with all the lovable traits of the German character, one comes to value more highly than ever some of the results of the grand Puritan discipline, of the noble Christian training, generally prevalent in the American colleges. On the eastern side of the Atlantic the main purpose is to fit the student to become a useful servant of the state. On the western side of the Atlantic I find the general purpose to fit the student for the service of the Kingdom of God. In Germany the student is very rarely seen in church. The American student is usually a church-goer.

Another striking contrast between German and American institutions of learning is this, that in Germany one can discover no rivalry between the various universities. There is none of that intense and sometimes excessive devotion to one seat of learning, mingled with a hostile and depreciatory spirit toward others. The twenty-three universities of the Fatherland, from Königsberg in the northeast to Strasbourg in the southwest, from Berlin, organized early in the present century, to Heidelberg, founded in the latter part of the fourteenth century, all are parts of one great governmental system, and in large measure are considered to be equal. It is often the ambition of the German student to take his six semesters in as many different universities as possible. He passes freely from one to the other, attracted by a variety of considerations, desire for change, the advantages

of some special department, the fame of some great professor. For example, men are drawn to Göttingen from older and larger universities, by the celebrity of Professor Orth, who is deemed, after Virchow, the foremost pathologist in the world, and on account of the advantages offered by the immense and costly hospital, with laboratories, generally called the "Clinics," which is famous throughout Europe. Generally speaking, it may be said that there are no athletics in German universities. The duellists, of course, have their drill in fencing, and there are Turnvereine, societies for indoor gymnastics; but boating, base-ball, foot-ball, foot-racing and all the varieties of athletic contest which absorb the energies of American students and sometimes foolishly imbitter the rivalries of American colleges, are unknown here.

But the most characteristic German institution is the students' duel, a prominent feature in the university life of Göttingen, Jena, and Heidelberg, far more so than in Berlin, whose metropolitan character has a tendency to reduce the importance of this form of athletic sport. Duelling is an institution of student life which Germany finds it hard to get rid of. In a pamphlet published this year in Munich it is stated that among the forty thousand students in the German higher institutions there occur yearly at least eight thousand Schlagermensuren, or duels, with the light, sharp sword, where the duellist is protected in arms, breast, neck, and eyes, and which is a trivial affair compared with the sabre duel, which is serious business, and wherein the fighters are usually protected around the neck and under the arms.

A few days ago I was invited by an American student to accompany him to the Mensur, which occurs every Wednesday at a meeting-place three miles out in the country, beyond Burg Grona. Of the twelve duels fought that day we saw three. Beyond a small garden, fitted up with beer-tables, was a hall, perhaps forty by forty feet, with an anteroom where the wounded were cared for. About seventy-five students of various societies were present. The corps

students have their contests elsewhere. We were very politely received and entertained during the short time of our stay. About the hall are big boxes containing the implements used in these sports, and plenty of surgeons and assistants were on hand. Two duels had already occurred, and the combatants for the third were almost ready when we arrived.

The fighters, representing different societies, having no malice against each other, but appointed to their tasks, looked rather serious as they faced one another, but certainly they were also grotesque, with big eye-protectors strapped behind their ears, with their left hands tied behind their backs, with a large stuffed breast-plate like those used by baseball catchers covering the whole front of the body, and with the right arm of each so swathed with heavy bandages that a friend had to support it in a horizontal position during the intervals of the fight. Each combatant has by him a guard, who, with a sword, keeps off the more dangerous blows. The men wore their caps until the last moment. Then these were taken off, their arms were raised above their heads, the signals were given, the swords, moved only by the wrists, began to strike down, and soon the fur, or, rather, the hair, began to fly, as one of the swords found its way to the scalp of the less successful combatant. The surgeons frequently interfered to examine the wounds. Each Gang, or round, lasts but a few seconds, and the duel is over in ten minutes. One man suffered most in his cheeks, and the other on his scalp. The fight ended with neither duellist rejoicing in a clean victory. A good deal of blood was spilled, and the young men did not look very beautiful. They shake hands, the bandages are removed, and the surgeons and assistants begin diligently their tasks of sewing up the many gashes. This work takes about an hour, while other duels are in progress. There was no excitement, and there was no cheering in these contests.

In the second fight which I witnessed, two tall, fine-look-

ing young fellows, with fresh faces, unmarred by any sword-cuts, were mated against each other. One of the contestants, a law student recently from Berlin, did not receive a scratch, while in five minutes he carved the top of his opponent's head into a bloody checker-board, and the surgeons ordered the blood-letting to stop.

In the third duel a small man was matched against a tall, eagle-nosed fellow. The contest lasted but a few minutes. The taller man began to weaken at once. He looked pale, and was not fortified even by the glass of cognac which was administered. The surgeons discovered that his heart was acting badly, and the fight was stopped.

I had seen enough to satisfy my curiosity and to enable me to form a fair judgment on the relative merits of German duelling and American foot-ball. The Mensur is an old and popular institution, dear to the students, and strongly championed by Prince Bismarck and Emperor William. It is supposed to be useful for the German university man to receive the training in nerve, courage, and fortitude afforded by the Mensur. Plucky, indeed, and never wincing for a moment, were the young fellows whose heads I saw sewed up by the surgeons. Had they quailed under the needle, they would have lost caste with their societies. It appears to me a shocking thing for young men to allow their faces to be marred, not in actual battle and not in just quarrels, but in these conventional and artificial fights. Still, the student is proud of his gashes, and they commend him to German men and particularly to German women.

These sword duels, as distinguished from the rare and terrible sabre duels, are not so dangerous to life and health as foot-ball in the way it is often played. But foot-ball requires a better and fuller physical training. It develops swiftness, strength, patience, pluck, obedience, and intelligence, and thus can accomplish more for the player than does the duel for those who prepare for it and practise it. Besides, foot-ball is played out of doors, and gives wholesome pleasure to thousands of spectators.

The question of athletics is not yet fully settled, but, in what goes toward the best physical development, the British and American universities appear to me to surpass the German. Duelling here is contrary to law, but its practice is winked at by the authorities. The Germans cling so pertinaciously to what is national that they may be slow in adopting any of the athletic features of foreign schools. The student who now dearly loves his Mensur, and doubtless finds in it some little preparation for the battlefield, will yet surrender his mediæval sword, don the ugly habit of the foot-ball player, and revel in the exhilaration of all outdoors. The time will come when, among this great people, men will no longer be willing to disfigure the "human face divine." Very slowly, but ultimately, some features of the English and American athletic life will, I think, be introduced with considerable advantages into the German universities.

Almost every one knows that the system of teaching here is through lectures, and in the scientific departments also through individual laboratory work. Seminars supplement the lecture system. But here everything leads to and depends upon the examination. Regular attendance upon lectures is far from general, and is not always necessary. The student must be in residence, and his book is signed by the professor at the beginning and end of the semester, though his face may be quite unfamiliar to his teacher. The story is told of a young man in Jena who handed his book to the professor for signature at the close of the half year, and when the professor remarked, "I have not seen your face before," the student replied, "Oh, I sat behind the pillar!" "You are the twenty-third student," said the professor, as he signed his name, "who sat behind that pillar!" Under this system, where all depends on one examination, it is inevitable that there should be much cramming. The candidates for degrees, especially perhaps the non-German students, who have the disadvantage of working in a foreign language, look upon the examination as the critical experi-

ence of student life. Some of the Americans here toil prodigiously in the months preceding the two hours during which a committee of learned German professors test, with conscientious thoroughness, the variety and accuracy of the technical knowledge which has been acquired. The Arbeit, or thesis, which every candidate is required to submit, must be an original piece of work, and itself a valuable contribution to knowledge. I have known students here who have worked for months over an Arbeit, and then have discovered that some other thesis had been published covering the same ground. In a few cases this disappointment has been repeated several times.

The German student does not usually appear to be so hard a worker as his American contemporary. But he has the advantage of the best preliminary drill in the world. He begins his Latin early, say at eight years, and through the long, constant discipline of his preparatory training, he comes to know well the chief subjects of study. His memory is not impaired, as with us, by the excessive reading of ten thousand things, like newspapers, which he has no thought of remembering, and by the fatal system of requiring the study of a great many topics at the same time. What gets into the German mind, thus disciplined, is apt to stay there. Of course in the German university, as more and more with the higher American colleges, large use is made of the library, and the one in Göttingen contains nearly half a million books. Supplementing all that I have heretofore described, are the various student societies, which enroll those, for example, who are studying Chemistry, Theology, Mathematics, Philology, Physics, Greek, Roman Law, or Philosophy. They meet perhaps once a week for conference, and the professor in the department is a welcome visitor, taking part in the discussion and also in the long hours of sociable drinking which follow.

To me the most impressive thing in a German university is the German professor. He may be spoken of in general as a man of single purpose, high aims, lifelong devotion to

his specialty, large and sometimes extraordinary acquirements, hating superficiality, narrowly confined to the scientific side of truth, a man who digs very deeply his well or shaft, and who is apt to underrate the work of those who simply sow the surface of our earth with those grains o truth by which humanity is kept alive. Göttingen has had its full share of renowned professors. This Georgia-Augusta University, begun in 1737, under the patronage of George II., Prince of Hanover, who was also King of England, has numbered among its celebrities Bürger the poet; the historian Gervinus; the chemist Wöhler, who discovered aluminum; the physicist W. Weber, who invented the electric telegraph before Morse; the Hebraist Ewald; the theologian Ritschl, and the lexicographer Jacob Grimm. Great men are still here to support the old renown. Students are attracted hither from almost all the world by the fame of Professor Klein, one of the foremost mathematicians now living, whose face became familiar to many Americans during the year of the World's Fair. Professor Heyne, who continues the editorship of Grimm's great German dictionary, the editor of the best editions of Ulfilas and of Beowulf, is one of the leading philologists of the world. Professor von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff is deemed by many the greatest Greek scholar in Europe. He is now lecturing several hours a week, in Latin, on Aristophanes. Professor Schurer is here, whose "History of the Jewish People in the Times of Jesus Christ" is one of the indispensable books to the modern student. Of course one of the world-famous names of Göttingen is Julius Wellhausen, now lecturing on Jewish History from Cyrus to Vespasian. For a moment let us follow a little company of German, Scotch, Irish, and American students into his lecture-room in the Auditorium. We pass through quite a crowd of young men, with a few young women, who are coming out of the various lecture-rooms, or who linger for a moment on the steps. From seven o'clock in the morning to seven and eight in the evening, groups representing

the eleven hundred students who are studying in the university are seen passing in and out of this building. It is now a little after twelve o'clock, and we enter the lecture-room and seat ourselves on the dark wooden benches, which have been plentifully carved with names by several generations of most honorable youths. At a quarter past the hour Professor Wellhausen enters, stands behind his desk, and in a rapid voice begins at once his lecture. He is a short, strong, heavy man, with a large, firm, good-natured face, an immense, somewhat retreating forehead, dark hair, and gray beard. He speaks with increasing rapidity and indistinctness, is absorbed in his subject, never once looks at his hearers, has only a few notes, very often turns nearly around, and with one hand in his pocket talks with earnest volubility to the ceiling. With immense brilliancy, with great dogmatism, with profound learning, he proceeds with his task of reconstructing ancient Jewish history. Occasionally he cracks a German joke, which sets the lecture-room in a roar. Quite different from Wellhausen is Professor Schultz, whose lectures on Christian Apologetics are now drawing a larger number of hearers. Professor Schultz sits during his lecture, and frequently looks at his eager listeners. He speaks somewhat rapidly, but very distinctly, glancing every few minutes at his notes, speaking earnestly and with great freedom, from a mind filled with wise and carefully digested thought. Professor Schultz may be called a specialist in several departments. He is now reading on Apologetics, Isaiah, and Homiletics — and sometimes he reads on Dogmatics. His work on Old Testament Theology is regarded as one of the best books of our time. He is one of the rare men greatly needed in these days of reconstruction, who know thoroughly several great departments of theological and philosophical thought.

The advantages of German university life to an American are great, but are easily overrated. They are far less important than they were twenty years ago. True American universities, where men and women may study almost every-

thing under competent professors — universities like Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Chicago — are making it less necessary for the students of the higher learning to come to Germany. Still, residence here is the swiftest course to a knowledge of the German language.

Only about a hundred American students are found in the magnificent University of France, and I am convinced that if more of our countrymen seeking educational advantages abroad were to resort to Paris, it would result in greater variety and in more flexibility and grace in the culture found in our higher seats of learning. Education in Europe should usually begin with mature years. American parents make a mistake in keeping their young children a long time in French or German schools, for this course often results in partially de-Americanizing them, and in unfitting them for the happiest and most useful life in their own country. English parents have the advantage of being able to send their children to the Continent for shorter periods.

But in Germany great honor is put upon university training. The university is the gate through which all must pass who enter into professional life or serve the state in the more important offices. Probably no country, on the whole, is so well administered in its governmental departments, as Germany. America might well sit for a decade in humble docility at the feet of a nation where integrity, conscientious thoroughness, and long and careful preparation for official life are a part of the national self-respect. Again, it should be remembered that though the area of freedom is much narrower here than with us, still the intellectual liberty accorded to the German professor is larger. He is free from ecclesiastical and every other kind of dictation and control. This is undoubtedly in many respects an advantage. Germany's contributions to new knowledge in every line have been prodigious. Even the sceptical scholarship which has attacked Christian supernaturalism in the Scriptures, has removed many errors,

widened the boundaries of ascertained truth, and shown, sometimes unwittingly and unwillingly, the impregnability of the Christian citadel. The sceptical speculations of one school have been attacked and disproved by new schools of theorists. There is doubtless often a good deal of inflation and unreality in the dogmatic conclusions of German theological scholars. Much of their enormous labor is vitiated by preconceived philosophical theories, and the deeper religious earnestness and the grand common-sense of the Anglo-Saxon mind afford correction to a learning which sometimes pursues its way under the guidance of anti-supernaturalistic theories. I am not sorry that so many Americans are now pursuing their advanced studies in Europe. They get a new outlook, a new insight into the older civilization, and oftentimes, what is quite as important, a new conviction that America, true to her own best ideals, and appropriating the best which the Old World still has to teach her, may be destined to lead the march of human progress, even in the domain of education.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY IN CASSEL AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

IT was nine o'clock in the morning when we took our places in the train which was to take us to Cassel in an hour and a half. My companions had earned their holiday, and were keenly interested in everything, from historic memorials of the Thirty Years' War to the delights of a table d'hôte dinner at the Hôtel du Nord; from the flower-bespangled fields to the masterpieces of Dutch art; from the curiosities of the German regulations and warnings inside our car to the fountains, cascades, and monuments of the Wilhelmshöhe Park. Much study is a weariness to the flesh, but much study is a good preparation for a brief journey through a land of art and history, partly for the reason that a little play affords a fine exhilaration after faithful toil. Continual sight seeing and pleasure-seeking with people who have no vocation and no habits of serious work almost destroy the power of enjoyment. I have known rich young American girls and boys, too, to be so surfeited and so badly trained that the best things in Europe no longer gave them pleasure. So that I sympathize with a friend, now spending a short time in Paris, who feels a growing contempt for Americans who loll about that city and call it "living abroad." As he listens to their recitals of how they kill time, he feels that time must have an easy death compared with the living which its murderers enjoy!

The strikingly beautiful region through which we passed presents many suggestions of that most frightful of all fierce contentions in civilized lands, the wasting Thirty

Years' Religious War in Germany, that reduced sixteen millions of people to a population of only four millions. The town of Göttingen, which we left, endured a three months' siege from the terrible Tilly in 1624. A pestilence added its horrors to the savagery of war, and the mountains and forests which looked to us so beautiful as our train climbed the slope toward Münden, were once filled with dead bodies, the victims of battle and plague.

At Münden, a delightful old town at the junction of the Fulda and Werra, which was captured by Tilly, is a memorial tower with a museum containing relics and representations of that horrible struggle of the seventeenth century. The two streams meeting here make the Weser, the river which we first saw at Bremerhaven, and which flows through "Hamelin town," where "deep and wide," it "washes its wall on the southern side," as Browning sings in the story of the Pied Piper.

Cassel is now a prosperous and lovely city, with large squares, fine streets, several interesting monuments, two or three good museums, one church dating from the fourteenth century, a magnificent picture gallery, and, by all odds, the grandest park in Europe. It was once the capital of the Electorate of Hesse, and in the Friedrichsplatz, we saw the marble statue of the landgrave, Frederic II., who during our Revolutionary struggle loaned to George III., in consideration of twenty-two million dollars, twelve thousand of his soldiers. The monument stands near the museum which bears his name, a museum containing a large and interesting library, where the famous brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm served as librarians.

First of all, with "a Saxon's pious care," we provided for dinner, an important feature of a day's pleasure to a pair of escaped school-girls, and then we spent two happy hours in the picture-gallery on the Bellevue-strasse, opposite the Bellevue palace, where Napoleon's brother Jerome lived during the three years of his brief reign. The great Emperor carved up old Germany about as he pleased; and the

Kingdom of Westphalia, which he gave to his brother, included not only Westphalia proper, but also Hesse and Hanover. The Napoleonic dominion in Germany was not protracted, but the modern Charlemagne gave to the Rhine provinces one boon, one memorial, that has been lasting. One-fifth of the present population of Germany lives under the Code Napoleon.

In the early part of the eighteenth century William VIII., Landgrave of Hesse, was Governor of Friesland, and began that collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures which has made the Cassel gallery famous. In the gallery of this small German city are found, besides good examples of Ruysdael, Snyders, Paul Potter, Ostade, and Gerard Douy, seven portraits by Frans Hals, ten fine specimens each of the pencils of Rubens and Jordaens, ten excellent pictures by Teniers, and, to crown all, twenty-three Wouvermans, thirteen Van Dycks, and twenty-one Rembrandts.

I was never so much charmed before with the work of Wouverman, who painted as delicately almost as Meissonier, and with far more feeling. Frans Hals's "Singing Boys" is a work of great charm, and here are some of the most famous of Rembrandt's portraits, — among them that of his father, that of the writing-master Coppenol, of the poet Jan Krul, and the striking face of the old man with a gold chain. Here also we see several of Rembrandt's autobiographic portraits. These are among the most interesting memorials of the Dutch master. Were they all gathered together, they would show him in almost every dress and character and with every expression. There are the odd and sumptuous costumes, the leonine mane, the fierce moustache, and the bold and penetrating eye of earlier years; and then, at a later period, under sombre velvet and within his tufts of thin white hair there are many traces, not of feebleness, but of the sorrow and disappointment of one who had lost the brightness of his home in the death of the beloved Saskia, who had seen

his fortune swept away, and who had found the drift of the times more and more adverse to the spirit and method of his art. But the supreme pictures are "Saskia," decked out in every splendor which her lord's brush could command, and the marvellous and fascinating "Jacob blessing the Children of Joseph."

Perhaps there is nothing in all art fuller of deep human interest than this last-named picture, one of the chief landmarks in the artist's development. The dying Jacob, half risen from his bed, supported by cushions, his venerable face covered by a long white beard, is stretching his arm toward the two sons of Joseph and his wife Asenath. The wife stands with clasped hands, and Joseph is seeking to direct his father's benediction to the head of his first-born son, Manasseh, a black-haired, curious, and irreverent boy; but the patriarch gives the first blessing to Ephraim, the younger son, who receives it in a beautiful spirit of meekness, with bowed head and hands folded on his breast — Ephraim, who was to be a "fruitful branch," a "multitude of nations," whose blessings were to extend to the "utmost bound of the everlasting hills." Does not Jacob think of that other deathbed scene one hundred years before, when he, the younger son, wrested from Esau the benediction of Isaac?

The head of the dying prophet, painted with that love with which Rembrandt has glorified the wrinkled beauty of old age, is illumined by light from behind, which leaves the face in shadow. He has thrown into this work not only the poetry of tones and half-tones of inexpressible fineness, but also the charm of a deathless human interest which commends this canvas to the mind of every generation, like the sculptures of the Parthenon and the stories of the Bible. Rembrandt is rightly considered the greatest genius in art which the non-Latin or Gothic races have given to the world. I hope that in 1907, the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, Holland will arrange for a loan exhibition of all the works of her greatest master

which may be gathered from the galleries of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, and America.

Leaving the realms of high art, we entered the cheerful domain of the hotel dining-room, and then boarded the steam tram for the chief of all the attractions of Cassel, — the great park, a few miles out, called the Wilhelmshöhe, formerly the residence in summer-time of the proud and pompous electors of Hessen. The shaded avenue along which the road leads us to the spacious palace and beautiful grounds of the great hilly park is bordered by hundreds of fine and noble houses, with that shaded, secluded, aristocratic, and yet very comfortable appearance which the well-to-do Germans so successfully give to their homes.

A ten minutes' walk from the terminus of the tramway takes us through lines of stately beeches, oaks, larches, and limes to the Schloss, a sumptuous semicircular palace, which is now occupied by the family of Kaiser Wilhelm II., and which was the temporary residence of the Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., after the dismal collapse of his empire at Sedan.

From the broad greensward in front of the Schloss the stately park, with its glorious trees and numberless cascades and geyser-like fountains, sweeps broadly upward to picturesque and wooded heights for nearly one thousand feet. And directly in line with the Schloss and the wooded way to the city is probably the longest and largest artificial cascade in the world, — a colossal piece of rockwork, climbing between tall, slim, dense fir-trees to an immense octagonal structure, the Giants' Castle, on the tower of which stands a gigantic bronze figure of the Farnese Hercules, so large that eight persons may stand inside his heroic club. Within the park is a fountain of equal strength with some of the most famous geysers of the Yellowstone, sending up for two hundred feet a stream of water a foot in thickness. Besides the cascades, which are allowed to descend from this great octagonal tower only on Sundays, is the new waterfall. There are also other cascades, for this is the paradise

of the water spirits. As we were climbing toward the Giant's Castle a musical, thunderous noise suddenly greeted us. One of the cascades had been set in motion. It soon filled the basin at the foot of it, and in five minutes a second cascade tumbled into another basin. The visitors followed this moving spectacle downward until the lessening volume was carried over an aqueduct supported by a dozen great arches, and finally down the rocks, which the daily baptism of water, lasting an hour, transformed into such an Eden of ferns and other greenery as one rarely sees.

You must drive for several hours in Wilhelmshöhe to reach all the chief points of interest. But my heroic companions determined on one great climb to the club of Hercules. The ascent of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, or the Cologne Cathedral is a childish feat compared with this; but we made it, and our eyes took in one of the finest prospects of the Fatherland. Right below us was the cascade, whose eight hundred and thirty-four steps we had climbed. Below that were the steep paths which lead to the foot of the waterfall. Then came the Schloss, home of the Electors, the imprisoned Emperor, and now of the Kaiserin and her merry boys. Beyond lay embowered in trees the proud old city of Cassel, and farther still were great leagues of brilliant green, on whose pastures and wheat-fields rested broad squares of summer sunshine. As during the days of his imprisonment, Napoleon III. looked out of the windows of yonder Schloss and up toward the heights on which we stood, all this beauty was doubtless a weariness to his spirit. He may have thought of the gardens and fountains of the Tuileries and of the broader but less picturesque glories of Versailles, and he doubtless felt keenly his perpetual foredoomed exclusion from France.

But what do we know of an exiled emperor's dream? This park and palace come closer to Americans than any thoughts of Napoleon can bring them to us. We may rightly say that these costly splendors were given to the world by the heroism of our revolutionary sires. Great

Britain could not conquer our fathers, and she called in the aid of Hessian mercenaries. And the millions which the Elector received for the services of his soldiers he lavished on the great palace and these fair and wonderful grounds. So we took leave of Hercules and the Hessians, of Wilhelmshöhe and Napoleon, with grateful thoughts of those who fought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and made the Declaration of Independence the Magna Charta of freedom and the death-warrant of despotism on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Declaration of Independence reminds me of the demonstration of pure, patriotic loyalty and pride that the Americans in Göttingen have given this year, in the celebration of the Fourth of July. We felt it to be our duty and our high honor to uphold the banner, although we were not allowed to fling the flag to the breeze until we got outside the gates of the town. The village of Bremke has for several years been the favorite Fourth of July resort of the American Colony, and it was chosen this year by Mr. Edward Fitch, — now Dr. Fitch, for he has recently taken his Ph. D., — the amiable Patriarch of the American contingent here.

The committees appointed to make arrangements for the celebration, and to provide a generous American spread for nearly one hundred hungry souls who were eager for an American taste in the banquet, worked with a diligence and zeal worthy of so good and great a cause. They reminded me of the spirit in which, during the war, our women labored for the comfort of the boys in blue. The skies did not smile upon us in the morning. We could not say, in the words of Emerson's Fourth of July ode, —

> "Oh, tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire;
> One morn is in the mighty heaven,
> And one in our desire."

But the afternoon beamed upon us, although the temperature made sealskin sacks and winter overcoats articles of

comfort. A fine delegation of Americans from Hanover, where the American Colony is mostly English, rode up to join our patriotic ranks, and one fervent youth came from Berlin.

The eight barges and carriages which were to transport us to Bremker Thal assembled at the Geismar gate for the start. One of the barracks of the German soldiers is here, and, as we were now outside the town, up went the banner of the American Colony and a dozen other silken and starry flags. The Kaiser's soldiers paused in their drill to gaze at the strange spectacle. The workmen and the small boys gathered around us, and the singing and cheering from this company of chemists, doctors, theologians, physicists, philologists, and philosophers — hailing from a dozen different institutions and as many States, but now simply Americans — became so tumultuous that doubtless some of the townspeople thought that we were starting for the neighboring insane asylum. But one German who had been eleven years in America was wild with joy to see the old flag again and to hear us sing "Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom."

About half-past two o'clock the bannered procession moved out, and the patriotic singing, in which the women joined as heartily as did the rest, scarcely ceased during the ten miles' drive through several villages, one of which, Rheinhausen, is very picturesque. The carriages were plentifully provided with fire-crackers, which were dropped in the road, and kept up a rather unsatisfactory fusillade, for the reason that many of them would not go off. It was the general impression that most of the bunches, which here cost five times what they do at home, were brought back from America by the Hessian soldiers who had been hired to put down the Declaration of Independence. But what was lacking in the crackers was made up by pistols, horns, and stentorian human lungs. Peasants and villagers, staring good-naturedly at the cavalcade, were greeted with the unintelligible inquiry, "Are you Democrats or Republicans?"

Why are Americans so patriotic abroad? I answer by saying that not all of them are, although the educated ones are apt to be so. Unfortunately, some Americans come to Europe too young, and, worse still, others are trained under semi-European influences at home. Besides this, the old parable of the sower explains most of the phenomena of human life. There are those who in their natures "have no deepness of earth," and the blighting sun of the English newspapers withers speedily the Americanism of a few of our people who are ignorant of the real meaning of our country. Lacking profound convictions, knowing but little of the higher life of the great Republic, listening to the detractions and the contemptuous tone with which a genuine Americanism is treated by the English papers,— they have nothing with which to withstand the influences besetting them. But with sturdier natures these influences work precisely in the other way.

The general ignorance here about America, except among the few, is profound. English girls in German schools usually rank America with Africa and Australia. The commonplaces in regard to our great men, our wealth, history, population, chief cities, and institutions, are unfamiliar to many, although I have been recently surprised that two humble German servants knew the geographical fact that the water-surface in the United States is equal to the area of the whole German Empire. American boys in school here are told by their school-fellows, "You 're Americans!" meaning thereby to insult them. I know one boy, however, who was proud of the insult; and when he was told, "You have no army in America," he astonished his critics by informing them that the United States soldiers in our Civil War numbered over two million six hundred thousand. He told them that this number did not include the soldiers in the Confederate army, and that our population then was less than fifty million. But the recent triumphs of the American athletes in Athens have impressed these German boys even more than did the vast armies of the Civil War.

There is a good deal of misinformation about America prevailing in Europe. A German student said to a member of the American colony, "I understand that in your country only Republicans celebrate the Fourth of July." But one thing American does make its impression here, I mean our popular tunes. Walking with my daughters and meeting university students, they have from time to time conveyed to us the information that they knew our nationality by whistling "Daisy Bell," "The Bowery," "Sweet Marie," and "After the Ball."

The Bremke valley is exceedingly lovely. Passing from fields where we saw millions of red poppies, white daisies, and blue corn-flowers, and rejoicing that our national colors were sprinkled so bountifully over these old plains of Germany, we entered the long, narrow valley where the road — a part of the way — is hewn through the rock, and where the wooded heights on either side tempt the feet of climbers. Where the vale is somewhat wider the small village of Bremke lies in peaceful isolation.

Here were the hall and the Gasthaus, that received us. Here was the picturesque amphitheatre, where a game of American base-ball was soon organized and under way, and where the side led by a son of an eminent Professor of Therapeutics in Philadelphia, and assisted by various basemen and fielders from several American colleges, knocked out a game of nine to eight over an equally eminent body of students representing most sections of the great Republic. Here the colony got itself together and was photographed by one of its own members, — formerly an instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And here was a well-enclosed yard, covered with greensward, where boys of all ages began to set off their noisy fireworks. The German Kanonenschläger, or cannon-crackers, have a detonating power which would delight the soul of any youthful patriot dwelling in America.

The tables at which the hungry hearts of men and women were to be satisfied were spread by American

fingers fair and strong, the men faithfully assisting, and about seven o'clock the American colony sat down to a divine feast. At the close of it the Patriarch, who is the fifty-fifth in the succession, read a letter of greeting from a club in Philadelphia, seventeen gentlemen, our predecessors here, who, as George Canning sung, thought

> "Of those companions true,
> Who studied with them at the U—
> —niversity of Göttingen—
> —niversity of Göttingen!"

Then Dr. Fitch, who is soon to return, resigned the patriarchate into the hands of Mr. Ruete, the next oldest among resident American students, and he introduced me as the orator of the evening. I told them the story of the deaf old gentleman who went into an Episcopal church in New York, and was seated rather far from the lectern, which was a brazen eagle upholding the volume of the Scriptures. Beckoning to an usher, he said, "Please take me a little nearer to the fowl!" I endeavored to strike the patriotic chord and to bring my friends a little closer to the American eagle, that bird which is growing more humane and less rapacious, but which has of late been righteously impatient with the Spanish vulture, preying pitilessly on the fair island of Cuba. I expressed the hope that this eagle might one day spread his wings over the whole North American continent, and I am sure that fifty years from now the feature of the St. Louis platform which will seem then most significant and prophetic is the now almost unheeded declaration in favor of the union, under one government, of the English-speaking peoples of America.

I think that one step toward the Americanizing of the New World will be the destruction of Spanish domination in Cuba. Everybody in Germany favors the Spanish side of the present contention, but if, unfortunately, the peace shall ever be broken between the American Republic and the Spanish Monarchy, the issue will probably recall to

some of us the story of what occurred a few years after the Civil War to some American sailors on the coast of Mexico. These sailors were marines belonging to a ship in our navy. They amused themselves and lost their money in cock-fights with the Mexicans. The birds on which they wagered were invariably defeated. At last they said they would send for a genuine American rooster, which was to be obtained in a few weeks. There was on board their ship an eagle, whose wings had been clipped. The marines pulled out his tail feathers, tied on a rooster's tail, manufactured a comb, and gave what was left a suitable coat of paint. For four days before the fight they starved the eagle until he was fiercer than any hungry aquiline bird in the mountains. Great stakes were set up on the coming contest. The Mexicans scoured the country for the bravest fighting cock to be had. They were somewhat surprised at the strange-looking, wobbling creature which was brought out as the Yankee cock, and felt sure of an easy victory. The marines assured them that that was the way a genuine American rooster always looked! When the Mexican cock appeared and his eagleship caught sight of him, the sailors could hardly hold him. When the signal was given, the American bird went like lightning for his prey, and, with one stroke of his terrible beak, he ripped open the Mexican bird from end to end. The American marines regained more than all that they had lost, and, even to this day, the Mexicans are said to retain an exalted opinion of the American fighting cock.

But my oration was not conceived in any aggressive spirit, but, fully recognizing and appreciating the worth and many-sided glories of other great nationalities, I endeavored to set forth the peculiar and divine significance of America's present and future. It is certainly the duty of educated Americans to resist every influence which would degrade or belittle the Republic, to contribute to every higher element of the national life, and, above all, not to despair of our country.

After the banquet there came the dancing and the fireworks, both of which are thought to have lifted the American spirit still higher. In the midst of the festivities there appeared the pale face of a popular young Englishman, the son of Professor Lockyer, the great astronomer. He is an adopted member of the American colony, and usually joins in their patriotic celebrations. But this Fourth of July was set apart for his "Ph. D." examination. If he passed he was to make his appearance among the joyful Americans, and when they caught sight of him the dancing instantly ceased, and all rushed forward to give him their hearty congratulations. In the republic of letters, as in the kingdom of heaven, there are no national divisions.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

THE peculiar charm of the Hartz, as it seems to me, is in the perpetual blending of historic and legendary interest with natural beauty. If one has seen much of mountain scenery and looked at these works of God with reverent and loving eyes, he will not be contemptuous of the Hartz because they are surpassed by the Alps, nor of the Highlands of Scotland because they are overtopped by the Rockies. And in these German heights which seem very small, not only to one who measures them by the glories of Switzerland, but also to him who is fresh from the White Hills of New Hampshire, sympathetic souls will discover and feel the pleasures of spiritual company as rare and radiant as men often enjoy. The Brocken — "Brocken's sovran height," as Coleridge calls it — rises about thirty-four hundred feet. This is slightly lower than Greylock in the Berkshire Hills, but from the lower mountain here one looks "over field, forest, and city and spire and mist-tracked stream of the wide, wide German land" — from Hanover, Brunswick, and Magdeburg, to Leipsic, Gotha, Erfurt, and Cassel — that is, if he has escaped the experience of those who, as the English say, have "missed the view and viewed the mist." And in this hilly domain the traveller has looked down on the homes of more fairies than ever flocked to the Alps, the Andes, or the Himalayas. The gnomes and witches have rarely been partial to the highest mountains. They love to make their homes nearer to the common abodes of men.

But our gratitude goes forth, not merely to the elves and to their friends the poets, but also to the "Hartz Club," which has mapped out this whole region of over one thousand square miles, posted innumerable guide-boards, built picturesque shelters, and made convenient platforms and resting-places where one may drink in the beauties of many a valley while he listens to the most delicious music that man ever hears, — a blending of the whispering of the pines with the tinkling of distant herd-bells and the delicate murmur of the falling rivulet. We may not be in love with paternal government in all its manifestations, but we should be thankful for good roads and footpaths, and especially for the care which wise, economical old Germany takes of her forest lands. We looked on miles of straight and stalwart fir-trees that had been planted and were now

> "Warming their heads in the sun,
> Checkering the grass with their shade,"

because savagery does not reign here in the treatment of forests, as it appears to rule over wide tracts of once equally noble woods in northern Michigan and Wisconsin. We saw thousands of tiny trees planted where the old firs had been removed; and thus in this and other ways the mountains bewitched us "by the glamour of the human past," even as "the green pastures and golden slopes of England," as Lowell has said, "are sweeter both to the outward and to the inward eye that the hand of man has immemorially cared for and caressed them."

"Far over Elfland poets stretch their sway," little dreaming, many of them, how wide and sweet and perennial their dominion often is. A new charm hovers over the Highlands of Scotland since the Wizard of the North furnished his rhymed itinerary in the "Lady of the Lake," and it is reported that a mention of any place by Sir Walter has added substantial value to the adjacent Scottish acres. Men journeying to the Hebrides think of old Sam Johnson's famous tour; and those who follow the Appian Way to

Brundusium sometimes drink grateful bumpers to the memory of Horace. The Adirondacks have gained a new human interest to many of us since Emerson pitched his philosophers' camp amid those "centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk." And the Hartz region proudly claims the impalpable treasure of five nineteenth-century poets, — Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Heine, and Matthew Arnold, — while also bathed in a weird light from legends old as the times of the Saxon kaisers. I found the city of Goslar, at the foot of the Rammelsberg, — a favorite residence of the German emperors in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, — so interesting as to absorb two golden days and two small golden pieces. I left Göttingen late in the afternoon, driven out of the town by the entreaties of my family, and not, as Heine was, by his weary disgust with the university life and his longings to escape from the "black coats and silken stockings" to the mountain heights, where the "dark fir-trees tower and the brooks roar, the birds are singing and the proud clouds are hunting." My closest companion during these days was a young professor of Greek from the Northwestern University, who had spent four years at Johns Hopkins and had recently returned from a tour in Greece with Professor Gildersleeve. For his classical learning I might almost call him a youthful Scaliger, and for his western wit and humor a Dick Oglesby. We followed Heine through Weende, Bovenden, Nörten, and Nordheim, not on foot, however; the train was quicker and more convenient, and our walking and climbing were to come later, when the scenery grew more picturesque. But even on the train I could not get rid of Heine, and in imagination I saw him strolling in the bright morning air along the Chaussée, joyful over his release from the thraldom of the Corpus Juris and his other legal studies, and encountering at Bovenden the much-satirized university "Pedell," or policeman, whose business was to prevent students from duelling and to see that no new ideas, which must always halt for several decades before the Göttingen quarantine, were smuggled in by any speculative

Privat Docent! What unexpected back-blows he was always striking, as when, describing the coming and going of the student generations at the university, where one semester wave follows another, he adds that only the old professors remain, undisturbed, like the pyramids of Egypt, except that in these university pyramids no wisdom is hidden away!

After reaching Nordheim we let Heine go on alone to Osterode and Clausthal and to the mines, — go on alone, and yet accompanied with visions that have made us all the richer. His wit and his poetry even Germany is coming to appreciate, but poor Heine is allowed no statue in the Fatherland. The Germany of his day was bruised and blinded and blundering, and yet groped after that deliverance and imperial rehabilitation which have since come. And Heine was irreverent and merciless in his satire of the Germany which he seems to have only half loved. Then he worshipped Napoleon, and he died in Paris; and over the grave of the expatriated poet in Montmartre the "Heinrich" of his name is changed to "Henri."

We made the two hours' trip to Goslar with only one change. On our return to Göttingen from Ilsenburg, a little longer journey, the German government carried us on five different trains. There seemed to be on the average from fifteen to twenty railroad officials at each of the stations where we stopped. The Empire deems it best to provide employment for the greatest possible number of its subjects. At Goslar, beautifully situated at the feet of several of the Hartz mountains, we felt ourselves, on alighting from the train, in the presence of old imperial Germany; for right before us was one of the ancient and mighty towers strengthening the wall, which has now nearly disappeared, a tower which has been transformed into part of a hotel. Walking through the narrow streets, which we found greatly improved since Heine's day, and not as "jagged as a Berlin hexameter," we noted the many decorated and ancient houses and the two-towered Romanesque churches which

recalled the former magnificence, when more than fifty spires sprung up within the imperial town. As we neared the old market, we met two American friends who had expected us, one of whom had made the whole journey thus far literally in Heine's footsteps. With me the pleasure of the Hartz journey was largely due to good companions.

At the Römischer Kaiser on the old market we found our lodgings. The name of the inn is enough to cast a historic spell over an imaginative spirit. The German emperors, ten of whom inhabited the imperial palace in Goslar, were at the head of the Holy Roman Empire, that empire whose relics the great Napoleon blew to the winds. And what a stretch it gives to the fancy to remember that this empire, which had such a varied history, long linked in friendly or hostile relations with the Roman ecclesiastical pontiffs, an empire in whose majestic line are such names as Charles V., Maximilian I., Frederick Barbarossa, Charlemagne, Justinian, Theodosius, Constantine, Marcus Aurelius, Hadrian, — that this empire which died only in our own century and has been succeeded by something worthier and grander, giving to the German Fatherland a genuine unity and separating it from fierce and ambitious struggles with the popes beyond the Alps, was, as Professor Bryce has written, "the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself against the powers of the East beneath the cliffs of Actium."

During our first night at the Römischer Kaiser, one of the party, oppressed with too much history or too much supper, was seized with a nightmare, and his screams terrorized his neighbors. A room-mate declared that he probably dreamed that he had voted for Bryan. But the dreamer was relieved from this imputation when the morning mail brought him a pleasant letter from Major McKinley. America does find its way even to this quiet old town, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, which few of my countrymen ever see. On the hotel register of last year we found the names of three Philadelphians who signed themselves

"Coxeyites." Is there a German professor living who could explain that name? At table-d'hôte one of my friends, a professor of Germanics, was drawn into a temperate discussion of America by the remarks of a middle-aged German gentleman, who expressed the opinion that our people were lacking in culture. He learned, however, that in the opinion of his table companion, who has visited Germany seven times, and who appreciates the learning, literature, order, and municipal decency of the Fatherland, Americans do not find themselves awed or overwhelmed by the superior civilization of this empire. On the contrary, in what makes for general enlightenment and social progress, and in all the comforts and conveniences of life, America is far in advance. To well-to-do Americans, living here seems rather primitive, though perhaps not so much so as in England. It was pleasant to hear these facts stated in fine German. To talk American politics in this difficult language appeared to me a noble accomplishment, and it was almost as interesting as the experience of an American girl who received a proposal from a German student, and, while she kindly refused him, carried on a delicate and complicated conversation, remembering all the time her genders, prepositions, endings, and separable verbs.

The sights of Goslar may well hold the attention of those who love the picturesque and the old. One of the most curious houses, if not one of the most ancient, is the Brusttuch, now a place of entertainment, built as a gentleman's residence early in the sixteenth century, and adorned with the most elaborate and humorous wood-carvings that I have seen on a house in Germany, representing monks, eagles, devils, apes, witches, and Greek divinities. The old market and Rathhaus drew our attention on the very first stroll. The huge copper water-basin in the centre of the market is familiar to all the readers of Heine. He reports the legend that the devil brought this gift to the town in the night-time in some unknown antiquity. "Then the people were

stupid, and the devil was also stupid, and they exchanged gifts." In the Rathhaus we saw a fine collection of old books, charters, thumb-screws, and other instruments of torture, and also a wooden cage called the Beisskatze, where shrews were formerly imprisoned. Do not the feminine biting-cats of to-day meet much more lenient treatment? Beyond the Rathhaus are the towers of the Marktkirche, where on Sunday morning we, with one hundred soldiers, fifty men, and five hundred women, heard a loud and earnest evangelic sermon from a minister whose face, beard, black robe, and great white ruff made him look like a portrait of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts. We noted with much interest the Guild House on the left of the market, old as Columbus. It is now an inn. As we saw the statues of the eight German emperors which adorn it, we thought of Heine's irreverent remark that they looked like roasted university "Pedells."

Of course we visited what is left of the old cathedral, which was founded in the eleventh century and taken down early in the nineteenth. It is now an ecclesiastical museum, where we saw, among other things, the horrible wooden crucifix of which Heine speaks, "whose proper place is in an anatomical lecture-room, rather than in the house of God." There, too, is a famous oblong reliquary of brass, supported by four squat figures and once adorned with precious stones. It was carried off to Paris in the Napoleonic wars, and when it was returned the jewels had mysteriously disappeared! We walked along what is left of the old wall, and marked the mighty round towers which remain, one of which is now a restaurant, another a stable, another a fine residence, surrounded by gardens, and the fourth, as I have already said, part of a modern hotel. We saw the rather interesting Romanesque churches of the town; we entered what remains of an old convent, full of antiquities, and now very appropriately a home for aged women. We took our refreshment in the Stadt Park, and noted there a remarkable sign in six lines, which records

the present faith of Germany, or, at least, one indubitable article of her popular creed, showing that agnosticism is not universal. Rather literally translated, it reads as follows: "Whether I shall be alive on the morrow, I verily do not know. But if I am living on the morrow, I am altogether certain that I shall take another drink."

Some of us late on a glorious afternoon climbed to the tower on the Steinberg, passing on the way the largest flock of goats we had ever seen; and from the summit we gained a superb view of the compact, red and gray roofed little city, with such a long history. Beyond on the mountain sides we saw the debris of the famous silver and gold mines, which drew the emperors hither nearly a thousand years ago. The mines are still worked for these and other valuable products. But the amounts uncovered, at least of the precious metals, are small, and the ratio of the silver to gold is about four hundred to one.

But the crown of all interest in Goslar is the Kaiserhaus, the oldest historical secular building of Germany, recently restored. It was begun by the Emperor Henry III. before the Norman conquest; and ten successive, and not always successful, kaisers lived here. In this palace was born Henry IV., whose checkered career is one of the chief romances of German history. It was he who stood in the snows of Canossa, and who afterward banished the refractory pontiff. It was he who was imprisoned by his son at Bingen on the Rhine, and who, on his deathbed, sent word to his heir: "Thine inheritance is but small, for thou hast left me nothing." And here was seen the form of Frederick Barbarossa, who for thirty-eight years lorded it over the German Empire, from the borders of Denmark to the banks of the Po. It was he who, having fought bravely in his youth in the Holy Land, in his old age defeated the infidels at Iconium, and died near Tarsus without seeing the Holy City. His gigantic equestrian statue, with that of the Emperor William I., will soon stand before the Kaiserhaus.

The main attraction of this impressive building is the great hall, where we saw not only the famous old Kaiserstuhl, but also the magnificent historical paintings which decorate its walls. The chief among these is the allegorical representation of the resurrection of the empire. The first, however, in the series is the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, and the last is the awakening of Barbarossa out of his magic slumber in the subterranean heart of the mountain. It was the national tradition, of which more than one poet has sung, that Barbarossa did not die, but that, plunged into sleep beneath Mount Kyffhäuser, he would yet reappear and bring back a day of golden glory to the German nation. The legend has proved to be history. The brazen doors have opened, and Barbarossa's true successor, girded by his loyal knights, is crowned amid uplifted and flashing swords, — if not in Aix, according to the prophecy, at Versailles, where the foundations of the Holy German Empire were laid anew. Had Heine lived in our time, perhaps he would have been a patriot.

From Goslar we sent most of our baggage by packet-post back to Göttingen, and set off late one perfect afternoon on the beginning of our tramp together. Fine were the views we gained of the old imperial town, as we climbed the slopes east of it. Probably no man ever had more cheerful and congenial companions in a mountain trip than were mine in the walk from Goslar to Harzburg, and from Harzburg the next day to the top of the Brocken and down the beautiful valley of the Ilse to Ilsenburg. The Bodethal, which I have not seen, is usually regarded as the finest and most striking feature of the Hartz mountains, but parts of the Okerthal, which we did see, were wild and picturesque enough as we looked down from the lofty road through openings in the forest.

Heine says that nature, like a poet, knows how to produce the greatest effects with the smallest means. These are only sun, trees, flowers, water, and love. "And, truly,

if the last is lacking in the heart of the spectator," he goes on to say, "everything is spoiled; the sun is only a body so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for fire-wood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet." One of the curious things which we noticed in our conversation was this, that Heine so often quoted from us! Many a little village, with its red roofs peeping out of the surrounding green of the fir forests, appeared to us like a moss rose; but Heine had seen the same picture and used the same language, and the musical bells, sounding up from far-away paths and from invisible herds, that delighted us, are tinkling all through the Harzreise.

Coming down to the level of the Chaussée that leads from Oker to Harzburg, we refreshed ourselves, with a large company of fellow mortals, at one of those convenient places, half hotel and half garden, where the German seems to be able to get more contentment and happiness out of a few pfennigs than many of our rich American families at Saratoga and Newport extract from fabulous fortunes. The Chaussée which I have just mentioned is a glorious track for the wheelmen, but we made our way to Harzburg by another road, either on foot or, as one of my companions became foot-sore, by a convenient carriage. The night was spent at the Zur Linde, a very modest hotel, which for more than a hundred years has belonged to the same family.

We were out of bed, through breakfast, and on the road by seven o'clock the next morning, with bodies "rested by slumber and hearts freshened and light," for the climb

> "Up through the tall dark firs,
> Up by the stream with its huge
> Moss-hung boulders and thin
> Musical water, half hid,
> Up o'er the rock-strewn slope,"

not to Heine's stone-roofed hut at the top of the Brocken, — that is now gone, — but to a rather spacious caravansary,

where nearly five hundred souls were that day to enjoy good dinners and fine, far views.

With our light luggage strapped upon our backs or held in our hands, we made our way out of the long straggling town with its numerous hotels and attractive villas, a town whose suburbs reminded us somewhat of the play-grounds at Saratoga. Above us rose the fine Burgberg, where once stood a castle of Henry IV., and where now stands, in honor of Bismarck, a white obelisk on which are the words which the chancellor uttered in the German parliament twenty-four years ago: "We will not go to Canossa."

It is a four hours' climb to the summit of the Brocken from Harzburg, but we gave ourselves five and a half hours in which to make it, and even then we beat some English people who started ahead of us. The leisure gave us opportunities of enjoying here and there views of valley or village or wide, sunny fields dashed with cloud shadows, — views really more beautiful than is the huge panorama which one gets from the tall stone tower on the summit.

But our progress upward, to tell the whole truth, was somewhat delayed by the frequent fierce battles between the philologists of our party, Professors Hatfield and Scott, men who are able to trace the "panting syllable" through German, Greek, and Sanscrit hiding-places back to Noah's ark. One sad result of these wordy strifes was a growing disposition to play with language. I try hard to forget that even the flowers served ignoble uses. We saw the sides of the hills covered with the red bells of the digitalis, so useful in stimulating the action of the human heart. Think of any one daring to say, —

"We have seen digitalis enough this morning to keep the Hartz beating forever!"

At Goslar our shoes had received a "shine" such as we had never before seen in Germany. We were grateful to the Römischer Kaiser for this; but why should one of

my companions venture the explanation that some remnants of the old imperial polish were still left ?

Even this, however, does not fully account for our slow climb. There are many wayside resorts on this famous path, and hunger summoned us to three more breakfasts before the morning was over. And who can forget or pass by the chocolate disgorgers (ten pfennigs in a slot) with which Germany is continually tempting the traveller? One learned member of our party, who sought this sweet food for himself, usually dropped his ten-pfennig piece in vain; but the president of the club, who was buying chocolate for his absent children, was always successful. And finally the photographer, whom all parties now have with them, made us sit by some shining brook, or on the warm, sunny edge of the forest, while he captured his companions for future home consumption. One of the photographs and one of the breakfasts were taken near a cool wayside spring. We sat beneath a silken American flag, fastened to the limb of a fir-tree, and had much earnest talk of the fate of our dear Fatherland far, far away, and now passing through one of the great crises of its history.

We saw no deer in our morning's climb and no Hartz canaries, but we passed a few foresters and not a few fellow-climbers toward the summit. Thankful that the day was a fine mixture of sunshine and shadow, we gave ourselves up to the simple pleasures of out-of-doors existence and exercise. The pure, bracing air, the blue heaven flecked with clouds, and the waving green sea of the forest gave us some of the delights which Heine enjoyed. I have rarely seen such noble beeches, alternating with the pine and fir forests, which here and there clasped their great roots around enormous boulders, or thrust them beneath these huge and mossy stones. A good part of the region through which we passed might be well described as the wooded area of the island of Mackinac, set on edge.

But trees disappeared, and we at last reached the twenty acres or more of stony pasture which make the top of the

Brocken. There lay Ilsenburg at our feet, and farther away, Wernigerode and the lofty Schloss of the count of that name, to whom belongs this mountain, or at least the summit of it, whose crowded hotel yields him ample revenues. At Wernigerode, as well as on the Brocken, is a Witches' Dancing Place. We sat down, with a great number, to a table-d'hôte dinner, in which nothing — least of all, appetite — was lacking. After this repast two of us climbed upon the Devil's Pulpit, composed of several huge blocks of granite, which mark the meeting-place of the witches who assemble here on the evening of May day. This evening is called Walpurgis night. Walpurgis, the female saint of German legend, is believed to have led the Saxons to embrace Christianity; and on the evening of her festival the witches keep Sabbath on the Brocken height, dancing wildly and making weird music on the ribs of the old crag. It is to this spot that Mephistopheles, in Goethe's drama, transports Faust in the night-time to witness strange and awful scenes. The fires rising from the mines in the hills around illuminate the palace of Mammon gloriously, and then the tempest crashes through the forest and the trunks are shattered. The owls fly out in affright when the columns of the evergreen castles of the hills are split, and the crags are shaken and voices neither of fountains nor of midnight wolves break upon his startled ear.

"Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard's song
Streams the whole mountain along."

We saw and heard no witches, perhaps because we did not remain until darkness covered the summit. After resting two or three hours, we walked down the mountain by another path, through the beautiful Ilsenthal to Ilsenburg, where the party divided. But the finest part of our outing was the walk through the Ilsenthal. Before reaching it, we

had plunged down a very rough path and had come in sight of some remarkable natural formations, which to our stalwart young Greek looked like massive cyclopean walls. The valley of the Ilse is a pleasant haunt for the fairies, who love its forest shades, its picturesque waterfalls, and its huge moss-covered stones. Our tramp led us for several miles along the legend-haunted brook, and the scene at times was so beautiful that garrulousness was soothed into silence, — that deep, reverent silence whose peace and joy are not far from tears. Heine, pausing and peering down between the great stones into some glassy pool, felt that he could hear the heart-beat of the mountain.

Many centuries have passed since the noble lover of the Princess Ilse was foully enchanted, and, according to one legend, the beautiful desolate maiden betook herself to this rushing mountain rivulet with which the poet's fancy now identifies her, and within which she still awaits her beloved. At the foot of the valley we saw the splendid crag of Ilsenstein, where once her palace stood, and where, as Heine sings, her heart yearns for love, wooing with words like these : —

> " With ever-flowing fountains
> I 'll cool thy weary brow ;
> Thou 'lt lose amid the rippling
> The cares that grieve thee now.
> As round the Emperor Henry,
> My arms round thee shall fall ;
> I held his ears — he heard not
> The trumpet 's warning call."

But the spell of all such enchantments and superstitions is broken by the huge iron cross surmounting the Ilsenstein, raised to the honor of German soldiers who fell in the Napoleonic wars. One of our company climbed five hundred feet to stand where this memorial gleamed before our eyes in the setting sun. And so I close these pictures of our Hartz journey, with a vision of the Ilse, gliding down " among oaks and beechen coverts and copse of hazels green," pouring her petulant and immortal youth in a thou-

sand white water-jets that seem the counterpart of human life and gladness, while above the shining stream rises the shining crag with the cross, bold type of the divine love which, while transfiguring earth with a new beauty, lifts the thought and hope to unwasting spheres beyond.

CHAPTER X.

IN CLASSIC GERMANY — EISENACH.

THE lecture-rooms are closed in Göttingen. The summer semester is over. The students, amid much frolicking and beer-drinking, have left the town. The American Colony is dissolving; some of its members with Doctors' degrees attained are off for America. Others are tramping in Switzerland, England, or the Hartz.

I have left the quiet and studious shades of Göttingen for an eighteen days' ramble with three of my children through some of the chief historic towns and cities of Germany. Our trip is to include a visit to Eisenach, Weimar, Jena, Leipsic, Dresden, Wittenberg, Berlin, and Hanover, and I have purchased for this journey four Rundreise, or round-trip tickets, good for forty-five days, available on fast trains, and allowing us to stop over where we please. It may interest my readers to learn that the rates of travel on the German railways, which are owned and wisely conducted by the government, are for each kilometer travelled — and a kilometer is about three-fifths of a mile — two pfennigs for fourth-class, four pfennigs for third-class, six pfennigs for second-class, and eight pfennigs for first-class. A pfennig is about a quarter of a cent. I have come to have a feeling of great security on German railways, and I learn that this well-conducted system is very profitable to the Prussian government, yielding an annual net income of more than twenty million dollars. Availing themselves of these cheap rates, the Germans are coming to be great travellers in their own country, and this travel is an important element in the

national culture and a very considerable force in fostering the national spirit. Rundreise tickets are twenty-five per cent less than are the usual rates.

The very slow train in which we crept for two hours towards Bebra gave us time to see every bundle of wheat which the women were harvesting in the golden fields, to admire every forest and hill and winding stream and moss-rose of a village which the bright day flashed in through the car-windows. After changing trains at Bebra we soon came in sight of the famous Thuringian forest, and then gained our first glimpse of the Wartburg, which for eight hundred and seventy years has crowned the noblest of Thuringian heights. Its founder, Lewis the Springer, who got his name from the bold leap which he made from the window of his prison, exclaimed, when he came in sight of this eminence, "This is Wart Berg, I will make it my Wart Burg!" Our hearts gave a genuine German throb as we saw the two towers and long walls on this famous height, associated not only with the exploits of the old Landgraves, a race now extinct, men whose bands had fought with the Moslem in the Holy Land, but also with the strifes of the Minnesingers, with the Christly deeds of St. Elizabeth, and with the heroic solitude and prodigious toils of Martin Luther.

The little city of Eisenach, with more than twenty thousand inhabitants, now belongs to the Grand Duke of Weimar, the venerable Carl Alexander, who has signalized his life by the restoration and adornment of the Wartburg. Among other claims to consideration, Eisenach is known as the birthplace of Sebastian Bach, whose bronze statue now stands in front of the Marktkirche. As we visited the house where this amazing genius was born, I could but remember the hours in which I had listened to his Passion music in America, and I felt that there was a spiritual connection between Luther's gift of the gospel to the German Fatherland and the great music which the composer has wrought into the story of Redemption.

We spent the night at the inn, which lies snugly alongside of the famous Wartburg, looking down

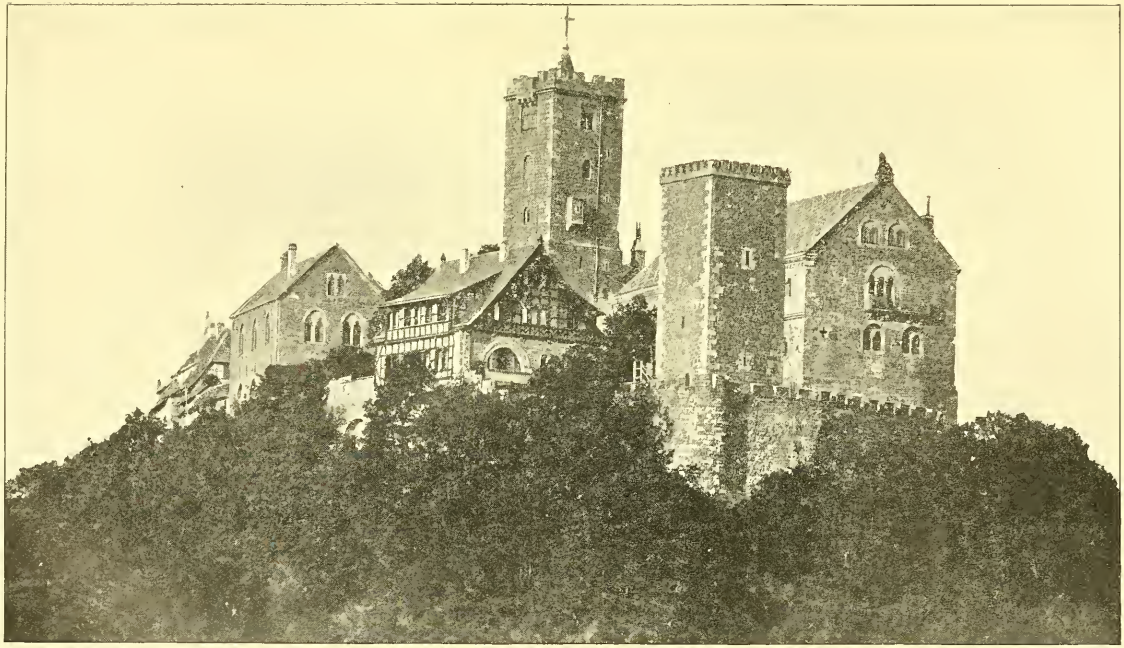
> "Over the pleasant neighborhoods,
> Over the vast Thuringian woods,
> With flash of river and gloom of trees,
> With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
> And farms and pastoral delights,
> And the morning pouring everywhere
> Its golden glory on the air."

I could imagine Luther, as he climbed this noble hill and laid his hand on its granite sides, and finally found himself safe within the castle walls at the summit, exclaiming over and over again, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott!" As one murmurs Martin Luther's sublime hymn, and thinks of the work which he wrought during his temporary seclusion from his enemies, he realizes anew the strength and moral majesty of the man, and the mighty hold which he retains on the heart of a great people. The Germans always speak of the Wartburg with patriotic enthusiasm, and more than sixty thousand visitors last year found their way to this oldest and dearest of German fortresses and mountain castles. They summon before their minds the national hero who, in the annals of universal history, "closed up the Middle Ages and ushered in the new time."

The Grand Duke of Weimar lives here only now and then; but when he receives the German Emperor, it is always at the Wartburg. Between walls of rock, now covered with moss, we walked the road that leads to the castle entrance, where German soldiers keep watch and ward. A few harmless cannon are placed on the terrace in front of the gate, and, standing by them, we look down into some of the most beautiful of wooded valleys. Entering the fortress, which is also a palace, we discover that it is of considerable extent, and was built at various times, in such an elongated form that no one picture can possibly give its entire construction. The sacred place — for so it seems to the followers of Luther and to the devotees of St. Elizabeth

— is beautifully kept. Flowers, vines, arbors, picturesque iron gargoyles, and various sculptures here and there attract the eye. Above the taller tower gleams the golden cross, a gift from the Austrian Emperor in memory of St. Elizabeth, — Elizabeth of Hungary, a real woman and a real saint, wife of the Landgrave Ludwig the Clement, to whom she was married early in the thirteenth century.

We were first shown, in what was called the Landgrave's House, the halls and rooms which have been restored and elaborately decorated. We were conducted by the guide, whose German was far more intelligible than the mumbled English that one hears in Windsor Castle, to the Elizabeth gallery, where the frescos recall the Seven Works of Mercy associated with the lustrous saint, who died in her twenty-fourth year, and was very soon canonized by the Pope. Many will recall the legend, which Story has told in verse, of how the pious Elizabeth, forbidden by her lord to carry bread to the starving poor, was discovered by him with her mantle filled with loaves, and how she in that hour of bitter pain prayed that the loaves might be changed into roses, and how her prayer was answered. In the Landgrave's room we saw the frescos which called back the stirring scenes in the lives of the old lords of this palace. One of the pictures brings before us Ludwig the Iron, hearing from the blacksmith how oppressive of the people were the masters the Landgrave had set over them. And this discovery led Ludwig to yoke those oppressors four at a time to the plough, teaching them as they dragged it through the field how the poor had suffered, whom they had unmercifully crushed. Of this same Ludwig the story is told that, when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa had admired his castle, but expressed the opinion that it needed more walls around the inhabited part of it, the Landgrave answered that he could have walls built when he needed them, — indeed, in less than three days. Sending out a secret embassy to all his vassals in Thuringia to hasten to the Wartburg in the night-time wearing their best armor, he had the pleasure



THE WARTBURG.

the next morning to inform the Emperor that the wall was already finished. Barbarossa crossed himself, expecting some miracle of the black art; but when he saw a solid phalanx of knights, with the glancing of their swords and the splendor of their armor, he exclaimed: "In my whole life have I never seen a better or a dearer wall. Verily, trusty men form the best bulwark!"

More interesting than the memorials of the Landgraves is the hall in which took place, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the contests between the Minnesingers, noble German minstrels, who sang of love and beauty, — a strife made familiar to millions by the scenes in "Tannhäuser" and by Walter's prize song in Wagner's "Meistersinger," where the scene, however, is placed in Nuremberg. Sentences from these old-time songs are written upon the walls, where one may also see the modern painting which reproduces this mediæval event, making use, in German fashion, of portraits of Kaulbach, Wagner, Liszt, and others. It would be interesting to estimate how large an influence over Germany's unparalleled musical genius and development came from the traditions of those old minstrel contests. The Wartburg, which is now a symbol of German unity, was also in reality a not inconsiderable means of attaining it. In 1817, two years after the Napoleonic wars, students from every part of Germany gathered here for an enthusiastic festival; and the university students had no small influence in that national movement, which culminated amid flashing swords at the imperial coronation in Versailles.

But we found ourselves closer still to the heart of Germany when we entered the Luther room, in that part of the castle called the Ritterhaus. After visiting a splendid collection of mediæval armor, containing several fine historical pieces, we were taken into the small apartment where the reformer did perhaps the greatest work of his life. All remember that, returning from the Imperial Diet at Worms, where in the presence of Charles V. he refused to retract and deny his conscience and convictions,

he was intercepted by his friend the Elector Frederick the Wise, and conducted on the fourth of May, 1521, to the Wartburg, where he remained till the sixth of March of the following year. Here he was known as "Junker Georg," and as a young nobleman he wore the armor which is exhibited in the Luther room. Now and then he went hunting, with the other dwellers in the castle; but his mighty spirit found no joy or relief in the killing of hares. He felt that there was bigger and worthier game waiting destruction from that sword of the Spirit which he was then sharpening. We saw the table at which he sat toiling over his translation of the Scriptures, the footstool — a huge vertebra from a mammoth — on which his feet rested, the bed on which he lay down, his book-case, letters that he had written, his portrait by his friend Lucas Cranach, portraits of his father, mother, and wife, and the famous ink-stains on the plaster of the wall (faithfuliy renewed) to show where he had hurled his ink-bottle at the tempting devil! Luther put his ink to better use than that. With it he made "God talk German." He gave a great people the whole Bible, which they read to-day, the standard of the German tongue, the book which preserved the only unity which they kept for many years, — the unity of language, literature, and thought. We looked out of the windows from which he so often saw the stars and the green hills, and standing by which his strong heart often yearned for companionship with friends and battles with enemies in the great world of his time. When at last he did go forth, it was with a weapon in his hand invincible for the pulling down of strongholds. After leaving Luther's room we climbed the south tower, from which one may see the Hörselberg, holding Tannhäuser's Grotto of Venus, and we lingered for a long while, enraptured by the wondrous scene, touching every noblest fibre of sentiment, faith, imagination, and memory, a scene over which the light of closing day flung a magic glory. Reluctantly we left our Mount of Vision, and descended to the St. Nicolas Church. Near it

is the great Luther monument, erected last year, in commemoration of the historic imprisonment at the Wartburg. The Augustinian monk, looking himself like a mighty castle in his strength, holds in his hands the Bible, and seems to say in proud defiance, "Here is something mightier than Pope and Church and Emperor." One of the bas-reliefs represents him translating the Scriptures; another shows "Junker Georg," a bearded young nobleman with his cross-bow, resting from his hunting, and buried in profound thought. And still another shows him as a little boy leaving Frau Ursula Cotta's home for the Eisenach school. We visited the house of the Cotta family, and the little room where young Martin once slept, never dreaming that one day it would be filled with memorials of him and become a pilgrim-shrine to the nations. In the St. Nicolas Church, which has been splendidly restored, and is decorated with the forms of prophets, apostles, and evangelists, the figure of Martin Luther looks at us from a window in the apse, and we felt his presence very near when with the large congregation we sang the hymn which says, "Thy Word makes soul and body strong."

As from the train I caught a last glimpse of the Wartburg, it seemed to me to be a mountain which wonderfully symbolized the three abiding virtues, faith, hope, and love. There the Minnesingers had sung of earthly love. There had been shaped the forces which had created the expectation, or at least had furnished the ground of hope, for national unity and regeneration. There the great battle of faith had been fought out in one man's soul, and the victory of faith made possible. There the beautiful ministries of the saintly Elizabeth had revealed the spirit of that charity which towers over all, like the cross on the highest summit of the Wartburg, that charity dear alike to Catholic and Reformer, so that the old castle, full of such inspirations and noble memories to the Protestant, appeared to me also a prophecy, both of the triumph of the pure Gospel and of the ultimate reunion of Christendom.

CHAPTER XI.

IN CLASSIC GERMANY — WEIMAR, JENA, LEIPSIC, DRESDEN, WITTENBERG.

THE train carried us eastward through Erfurt, in whose university, now consumed, Luther found the light of the Gospel, and reached Weimar, the Athens of Germany, in time for table d'hôte at the Erbprinz Hotel.

You feel at once that the little city of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander has a proud, aristocratic appearance and atmosphere. That a town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants should possess such museums, palaces, libraries, and monuments, was evidently made possible only by the concentration of power and wealth in the Grand Ducal hands. In the Museum I became acquainted for the first time with the artistic work of Preller, a name with which we shall become familiar in the galleries which we are to explore. His scenes from the "Odyssey," which decorate the chief room of the Museum, are so admirable in design and delightful in color that one would enjoy a frequent vision of such creations as make more real the most delightful of all the longer poems of the world. The old Stadtkirche of Weimar was a revelation and a surprise. Near it is the monument to Herder, "A classic among the Theologians and a Theologian among the classics," and within it this famous preacher — whose motto was "Light, love, life," and who said, "Love, that you may understand" — offered his large gospel from a pulpit in which Martin Luther himself had spoken.

The interior of the church stirred those deep and peculiar feelings which I frequently have in England, and which I

rarely experience in Germany. The sympathetic visitor is brought through his historic imagination into close proximity with the mighty ones of old, — "the dead but sceptred sovereigns who rule our spirits from their urns." The most impressive of all the pictures of Luther's artist friend Cranach is in this church, — a crucifixion, and by the way of supplement, on the same canvas, a resurrection. Luther once said, "We have taken Christ off the crucifix." The artist, with no regard for chronology, wherein he resembles the older masters, brings Luther, Melanchthon, and himself into the picture; and the attendant called our attention, for the light was dim, to a tiny stream of blood issuing from the Redeemer's side, which, after forming an arc, like a rainbow, falls upon the artist's head. We were shown the very elaborate sculptured monuments to the princes of Weimar, the "box" where the Grand Duke Carl Augustus sat, and the smaller place of state reserved for Goethe. I asked the privilege of ascending to the pulpit where Luther had preached, and I even pronounced a brief sermon in Luther's words: "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." The next afternoon, in the Stadtkirche of Jena, we saw another pulpit in which the reformer once stood, and I must confess a perhaps juvenile interest in such memorials.

The Grand Ducal Palace in Weimar was rich in interest beyond our expectations, not only because of its various art treasures, representing portraits of illustrious personages and many drawings from famous masters; not only because of its splendid treasures of malachite and buhl and lapis-lazuli, of Roman and Florentine mosaics, but also, and chiefly, from its intimate associations with the great poets of Germany. Here was the lovely chapel which Goethe devised; here was the winter-garden, with the chairs still standing, in which Goethe and Carl Augustus sat during their long conferences; here was the chess-table, of semi-precious stones, which Goethe brought back from his Italian journey; here was the Goethe room, adorned with scenes from "Iphigenia," "Egmont," and "Faust;" here was

the Schiller room, with scenes from Schiller's plays; here were the Wieland and Herder rooms: all of them helping to redeem the palace from that air of merely princely splendor of which one grows weary in Europe. These are great forms, are they not, which haunt the Grand Ducal chambers? And as we stepped upon the stairway at the head of which Napoleon was received after the battle of Jena, we felt the presence of a still greater shade, as if Jupiter himself had come down among the lesser gods.

Weimar abounds in statues, some of them, like the equestrian figure of Carl Augustus, quite impressive, and one of them, which the Fatherland has erected to the glory of Goethe and Schiller, world-famous.

We took our supper at the Werther restaurant, opposite the theatre which stands on the ground of the Hof Theater, burned down in 1825, wherein operas and plays from Mozart, Kotzebue, Schiller, Shakespeare, and Goethe had notable representations in the days when Weimar was the centre of German culture. In the theatre which now stands, Liszt was Kapellmeister; and here, in 1859, under his direction, Wagner's "Lohengrin" was for the first time given to the world. Here, too, "Tannhäuser," first heard in Dresden, had its second representation. Liszt is one of the celebrities of Weimar, having lived here fourteen years; and his house has become a Liszt museum. The Werther restaurant is a thoroughly German place, and has been frequented by all the famous men of Weimar. In the house, of which it is a part, there once dwelt also a famous woman, Johanna Schopenhauer, author of novels and romances, whose cleverness drew to her the company of Goethe and his great contemporaries. While the rain was pouring without, we breathed the smoky air and enjoyed the hospitalities of this memory-haunted place.

But the next day we came far closer to Goethe's life by visiting his two homes,—the little summer house beyond the park, and rising above the meadows on the banks of the Ilm, and his stately city residence, which has now be-

come a Goethe National Museum. The summer house is unpretentious in the extreme. It is kept nearly as it was in the poet's life. We visited all the rooms, saw where he studied and where he slept, and the bed, that could be folded into small compass, and which he took with him on his Italian journey. In the glade back of the house is his favorite seat, and by it the stone, with a poetical inscription to his friend Frau Stein, which he himself had carved upon it.

The prosperous Goethe, classic in his own lifetime, was consciously posing for posterity, and arranging things for the convenience of those who were to visit the shrines associated with his life. The Schiller house, which we visited, is simple enough, but the Goethe house was an almost palatial home of the Muses. The room in which he died and the bed on which he lay asking for "more light," his study, and his books are preserved nearly as he left them. But the house has been turned into a Goethe museum. It is filled also with the poet's own treasures, which were costly and splendid. Busts, statues, portraits, and sketches of Goethe abound. Here are drawings by his own hand, and scientific collections which he made. He seemed to have an eye and a mind for everything rich, curious, and beautiful. The intellectual and æsthetic culture which he centred in himself was prodigious; but the ego in this man was enormously large.

To me, however, the central shrine of Goethe is the Grand Ducal Library, which the poet himself transformed into its present shape. A most intelligent and interested librarian was our guide among the two hundred thousand volumes and innumerable busts and pictures. Here occurred rehearsals by the court gentlemen and ladies of some of Goethe's and Schiller's plays. Here are the books which the poet gathered and consulted. We looked with admiration upon Trippel's famous bust of Goethe, one of the most beautiful things in the world. It shows the young poet at twenty-seven, fairer than a Greek Apollo. But one

does not see any heavenly fire latent in the young soul. The light that streamed over the marbles and academic groves of Athens is there, but no flame from Pentecost. The world's intellectual indebtedness to Goethe is great and growing. He was not lacking in fine traits of character. But his "ideals were Hellenic, not Hebrew," and he found a thousand pages written by both ancient and modern men, graciously endowed of God, "quite as beautiful and useful and necessary to mankind" as the Gospels. He says of himself that he tried life under all of its varied aspects: the pleasures of sense, of pride, of intellectual power, of æsthetic culture, he knew to the full, and he discovered their hollowness. The Sahara Desert is the image to which an American critic likens Goethe's continental selfishness. From his working-room in the Grand Ducal Library he could look upon the windows behind which lived three of the women who most deeply admired him. One cannot visit the Goethe house and museum in Weimar without realizing that the poet was determined to possess everything that might give any joy or satisfaction in life. "A great man in a silk coat," Heine calls him. The moral results of his many years of refined selfishness seem to me indicated by another famous bust of Goethe exhibited in the Library. It represents him in extreme old age. The Apollo has disappeared, but Jupiter is there, and, alas! Mephistopheles also.

On a table in this library were placed the bones of Schiller, and here Goethe arranged them for their new sepulture in the Grand Ducal vault. Here are some of the most famous maps of the sixteenth century. Here is the monk's gown in which Luther stood before the Emperor at the Diet of Worms. Here is the leather doublet which Gustavus Adolphus wore at the fatal battle of Lützen, and, putting his finger into the bullet-hole, the young gentleman of our party naturally felt that he was very close to history. And here we saw a bust of Napoleon, made while he was in Weimar, which greatly pleased the Emperor, because the

German sculptor had not flattered him, as the French artists always did.

And I have come to feel that with all the sincere devotion which the German people give to Martin Luther, a large portion of the population have more sympathy with the intellectual temper, the many-sided culture, and — shall I add, the non-spiritual life — of Goethe, greatest of German poets. In Weimar and out of it we confront, on canvas and in marble and bronze, the imposing face and figure of this marvellous man. The German classics are few in number and German literature of the higher order is soon exhausted. Those who know Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Heine, Richter, Körner, Uhland, and a few besides, need not look further. The classics cover a limited time, and, compared with the indescribable wealth of English literature, the great German literature is meagre indeed. But no English poet was ever honored like Goethe. In his lifetime and since his death, the regard for him has been worship, confined to no one class of his countrymen. How little honor was given to Shakespeare in his lifetime! And how few and paltry are the outward memorials with which England honors glorious John Milton! Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz, Sumner, Whittier, Motley — the octet who gave lustre, during the last generation, to Boston and its neighborhood — I think are likely to fare better at the hands of a grateful republic. But if I should continue much longer this account of the treasures we discovered in Weimar, I should have no space for what we have seen since. Reluctantly we left the city, which Goethe described as "like Bethlehem in Judah, small and great."

We spent five hours in Jena, and found the old university town, with its students all gone, as quiet as death. There is not much to draw one to Jena except a desire to become familiar with the external features of a famous seat of learning. Schiller once held a professorship in the gray and venerable university, and we saw the Schloss where

Goethe wrote his "Hermann and Dorothea." We walked through the library; we saw the statue of John Frederick the Generous, who founded the university; we walked on the Philosophers' Way, and thought of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, who have given Jena a great name in the history of speculation, and we looked upon the monument to the naturalist Oken, who was one of the teachers of Agassiz; we admired the beautiful unwooded hills that surround the little city, and, on leaving it to come hither, we passed not far from the battlefield where Napoleon brought such humiliation upon the Prussians.

Leipsic we found interesting enough to hold us a full day. Its university stands next to Berlin, and the new university building, with its columns and rich sculptures, is second only to the new Sorbonne in Paris. The Supreme Law Courts of the German Empire are here, housed in one of the grandest secular buildings of Germany. When I think also of the new Gewandhaus, or Drapers' Hall, containing the libraries of both the university and the city, of the Conservatory and the Museum, I am compelled to regard Leipsic as architecturally second to scarcely any city of the Fatherland. It is famous also for its annual fairs, to which buyers and sellers come from the Orient, and for its printing-offices and booksellers' shops, which make it a centre of the book-trade almost equal to Chicago, although its population is not more than one-eighth of that city's inhabitants.

Leipsic, the birthplace of Wagner, is celebrated likewise for its music. We have had a happy hour or two in the Rosenthal, the city's beautiful park, where in the zoölogical garden we photographed the zebras and saw the performances of a fine group of Samoans, perhaps the same whom we met in the Midway Plaisance. On the tower of the Pleissenburg we have seen where raged in 1813 the bloody Battle of the Nations, so disastrous to Napoleon. And from the same point of view we have caught a glimpse of Lützen, where Gustavus died. In the city we have visited the monument commemorating the premature ex-

plosion by which the bridge across the river was blown up and so many French soldiers were destroyed. We have also seen the house where Schiller lived and wrote his "Hymn to Joy." We have heard a Russian orchestra at a restaurant, and in the picture-gallery have feasted our eyes on the superb landscapes of Calame, and have seen Napoleon at Fontainebleau, as portrayed by Paul Delaroche.

But our hearts were turning toward Dresden. We arrived at the Saxon capital by a fast train from Leipsic, one dark and rainy evening, and, with a strong porter carrying our luggage on his shoulders, we entered our pension, in the Lüttechaustrasse, a street given up to pensions, in the English and American quarter, and not far from the new station.

This was my first experience in a large city of that peculiar European institution which in America is called a boarding-house. As a substitute for a hotel, this pension was by no means a failure. For comfortable rooms, fair service, the usual light breakfast and good dinners and suppers, we paid daily four marks apiece. And then the company at the dinner-table was worth all we paid. Two brothers and two sisters, talkers in many languages, had charge of us in the absence of their mother. That gentleman at the end of the table is a German who has lived many years in Chile. His Spanish wife and their children sit next to him. Nearly opposite me is an ancient maiden lady from England, who talks a dialect which my son does not understand. Opposite her is an Englishman who receives a great deal of effusive attention from two American young women. Toward the end of the table is a large, good-natured opera-singer, himself a Dane. His very handsome Austrian wife sits next him. Their beautiful baby is in charge of an Italian nurse. With some reason our pension is called "International."

Sight-seeing of the tremendously earnest and serious kind which we carry on, demands more food than is furnished by three meals a day. After two hours in a picture-

gallery or museum the quartet always clamored for a café, and Dresden abounds in such benevolent institutions. The chocolate and the "Kuchen" which can be obtained at several places near the old market, or at Pollender's beyond the old bridge, are a good supplement to the joy of seeing the "Sistine Madonna." The variety of pleasures which can be crowded into a day in Dresden is surprising.

The pictures which one can see and the music which one can hear combine to give the capital of Saxony a potent and enduring charm. Great improvements have occurred since my last visit here. The fine residence portion has been considerably enlarged. The shops which we used to haunt about the old market show a new splendor along the Pragerstrasse. English signs are distressingly numerous, and evidences of American and English occupation are nearly everywhere apparent. The tramway system in Dresden is an immense convenience, after you learn that the cars stop only at the "Halte-Stellen," which are signs by the street, placed rather far apart and marked by those words. And then what fun and physical recreation for weary sight-seers are long rides on the spacious tops of these comfortable street cars!

Four of our evenings in Dresden were given up to music. There were the two concerts at the Belvedere on the Bruhl Terrace by the river, and there were "Mignon" and "Tannhäuser" at the Royal Opera House. Our visits to the Wartburg and to Weimar were a real preparation for the keen enjoyment of these finely rendered operas. The present King of Saxony, the richest ruler in Germany, outranking the emperor himself in personal possessions, contributes five hundred thousand marks annually out of his private purse to maintain the high character and repute of the Dresden opera.

From before the days of Augustus the Strong Saxon kings have been famous collectors, and their success in bringing together the rarest and finest results of artistic workmanship is the wonder of all who examine the treasures of the royal

green vault, of the Historical Museum, the collection of porcelain, and the almost unequalled picture-gallery. The pictures, however, now belong to the city of Dresden, excepting the "Sistine Madonna," the most precious and celebrated of them all, which is the king's private property. England's display of armor, weapons, and crown jewels in the Tower of London appears rather cheap and small after one has spent a few mornings in the King of Saxony's museums. There is no other collection of porcelain to be mentioned beside that which forms a part of the Museum Johanneum. And who will ever forget his dazzled bewilderment amid the treasures of the Green Vaults, — treasures of bronze, buhl, and ivory, enamels, mosaics, corals, mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, and crystal, agate, jasper, and onyx, cameos, chalcedony and lapis lazuli, carved woods, serpentine and jade, with a display of jewels, diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, reminding one of Milton's picture of Satan's throne outshining —

> "The wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Saxony is a Protestant kingdom, but from the day when Augustus the Strong became ruler of the Catholic kingdom of Poland the Saxon monarchs have been Roman Catholics. The connection with Poland has brought to these museums many Polish jewels and other treasures, some of them of historic interest, like John Sobieski's coat of mail and the tent of the grand vizier Mustapha, captured at the siege of Vienna. Sir Walter Scott gathered into Abbotsford a marvellous number of historical curios. But the King of Saxony shows you, and you can hardly overestimate the interest of imaginative young people in seeing them, such treasures as Napoleon's gift of splendid Sèvres pottery to the Saxon ruler; the swords of Peter the Great of Russia and Charles XII. of Sweden; jewels belonging to many emperors, electors, and archbishops; sapphires given by the Russian czar; rings once worn by Dr. Martin Luther; suits

of armor used by earlier Saxon princes or by King Gustavus Adolphus; and costumes, some of them belonging to Napoleon.

But I suppose that for every visitor to the royal museums to which I have referred a hundred enter the picture gallery, housed in one part of the Zwinger, the six pavilions of which contain an immense variety of scientific and other collections. The Louvre in Paris is much larger, and is, of course, far richer in the masterpieces of French art. The galleries of Florence occupy no second place among the treasuries of beauty. But Dresden is in one respect supreme. It holds Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," whose tender and magnificent loveliness has won many millions of hearts. Is there any other little room in Europe which has drawn to it the feet of so many of the great and wise and famous of the earth as that room which is sacred to Raphael's most famous picture? Men usually wear their hats before the other works in the immense gallery, but they nearly always remove them when they enter the sanctuary set apart to the Mother and Child. I think the prodigious expectations with which people come to this picture usually are more than realized, and this is all the more remarkable because everybody is perfectly familiar with Raphael's masterpiece through photographs, engravings, and attempted copies. But even the best copies fail to catch the surpassing loveliness of color, which is one of the chief surprises of the picture.

I come back to the Dresden gallery after a long absence, and am glad to find that my appreciative enthusiasm for its chief works has been greatly augmented. It would be a sad experience were it otherwise. What is best in art, nature, literature, should not only preserve for us an eternal youth, but should help to keep in us an immortal freshness of appreciation and a deepening insight into the world of the true, the beautiful, and the good. If I were giving counsel to any who are planning a visit to this gallery, or even dreaming of it, I would say: Learn all

you can before coming here, expect much, and then be happy in having your expectations surpassed. In pictures, as in music and poetry, do not limit your admiration to one master. Enter sympathetically into the spiritual idealism of Raphael and also into the intellectual and imaginative realism of Rembrandt. The great Dutch magician's "Jewish Rabbi," the "Breakfast Scene," the "Saskia," the "Eagle and Ganymede," the "Portrait of an Old Man," in one of the rooms of this gallery, lost for me none of their peculiar attraction, even after the "Sistine Madonna" and Correggio's "Holy Night." We found it a rest to the mind to leave the rooms, rich with the great canvases of Raphael, Rubens, and Correggio, Paul Veronese and Palma Vecchio, to enter the smaller rooms with the smaller canvases, among which Titian's "Tribute-Money" is probably pre-eminent. But these cabinets are almost equally notable for the wealth of Netherlandish painting, for the pictures of Wouverman and Ruysdael, Van Eyck and Teniers, Ostade and Terburg. In German art Holbein's "Madonna" and Dürer's "Crucifixion," marvellous though tiny, hold the supreme place.

The classics of other centuries weary the spectator sooner than modern pictures. It is often with considerable effort, like that required in reading old English or translating from a foreign language, that one enters into acquaintance and sympathy with their meaning. Therefore, if I may add one more word of counsel, I should advise my readers visiting the Dresden gallery to escape now and then to the upper floor, where they may see Gerard's "Napoleon in his Coronation Robes," some good specimens of Defregger, and Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, and where, best of all, they may linger before Professor Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple." After the "Sistine Madonna" this appears to be the most popular picture in Dresden. Through photographs it has become familiar to almost everybody. To some of us it is a sacred picture, indeed, and the figure of the young Jesus,

with the radiant beauty of His face, is like a vision out of heaven. We had the pleasure of calling upon Professor Hofmann in his studio in the Bismarck-strasse, and there we saw the original of "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler," so well known to Americans. No other modern has given the Christians of to-day such satisfactory representations of Christ. His "Jesus Blessing Little Children" is becoming a favorite picture upon church windows. Professor Hofmann is a gracious and sweet-hearted old gentleman, whose soul seems to have been made beautiful by his beautiful thoughts of the Man Divine. And who else among modern painters has put upon the canvas such fascinating colors? The delight of the eye in color which I had in seeing his "Christ in the Temple" and "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler" suggested to me the similar pleasure which one feels before the "Sistine Madonna." Professor Hofmann is very happy that Americans are so fond of his work; but he hardly expects that "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler" will be bought by any of our American millionaires. I told him, however, that there were many thoroughly Christian men among them, who were using their riches for others and who would not be troubled by the prophet's testing words issuing from this canvas: "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor."

Nearly every one who goes to Dresden is eager to make a little trip to the old town of Meissen, where the royal porcelain is manufactured. The quartet spent an afternoon of great interest in visiting not only the manufactory, one of the many properties of the Saxon king, but also the imposing castle of the old margraves, nobly situated and nobly built, giving wide views of the valley of the Elbe. For one hundred and fifty years the thrifty Saxon kings utilized this extensive building for the manufacture of Dresden porcelain. But the present king has had the old Schloss thoroughly restored and superbly decorated with frescos which illustrate its great history from the days of the

Emperor Henry I. down to the time when the chemist Boettger, the inventor of the famous porcelain, was imprisoned here and compelled by Augustus the Strong to give up his secret.

The castle is far more imposing than even the Wartburg, and we were delighted to wander through its banqueting-halls, its chapel, the women's apartments, and the judgment hall, where the artistic and historical interests are constantly blended. Judging from the painted wooden figures which stand in the large banqueting-hall, by which modern art has endeavored to reproduce the Saxon princes, they were masterful men, "with Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies." But what fearful graspers and absorbers these old and modern rulers have shown themselves to be!

On the same high platform with the castle is the fine cathedral, containing splendid monuments and the dust of many a warlike prince. There was a good deal of stir and excitement among the attendants in the Schloss, as the King of Saxony was expected within a few weeks to entertain the young Kaiser during a three hours' visit within its historic walls. But the peculiar interest of Meissen centres in the porcelain factory, where such artistic work is done. We saw all the processes, from the kneading of the white clay to the burnishing of the gold on the finished work. Those among the seven hundred and fifty workmen whose labors we watched appeared to be skilful, certain, and strong in their various manipulations. It gave us a renewed interest in the Dresden ware to be assured by ocular demonstration that every plate and cup is the product of many educated hands. It was interesting to see the familiar "onion pattern," from which we have eaten for years, and which I saw last summer in Professor Max Müller's home in Oxford, here being fashioned and decorated, not only in blue, but also in red and gilt. Several burnings, varying in number, are required in the manufacture, and we were surprised to see what a tremendous shrinkage these

fiery trials and hardenings made in the original size of the plates. The young people were reluctant to leave the factory, even though they knew that on their return to Dresden they were to go immediately to the opera.

After leaving Dresden we were tempted to break our journey across the great Saxon plains by a few hours' halt in Wittenberg. I never realized before what a wealth of memorials, visible to the eye, Martin Luther has bequeathed to his country, as I have on this little journey in classic Germany. And Wittenberg, his own dear city, whose people he loved and who stood by him during the stormiest years of his great life, seemed to us like one immense Luther museum. We photographed the oak which marks the place where he burned the papal bull. In the Stadtkirche, where the elements of the communion were first administered in both kinds to the laity, we stood where Luther's voice had so often roused, enlightened, and comforted the people. In the Market Place we saw the well-known statue, bearing the more famous inscription: "If it be God's work, it will endure; if man's work, it will perish." In the Schlosskirche we walked through the sacred archway on whose wooden portals Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against the errors of the Roman church, and looked with more than a curious interest upon the bronze doors, which have taken their place, inscribed with the original Latin text of Luther's propositions. In the arch of the portal is a modern picture of the Crucifixion, with Luther and Melanchthon kneeling before the Christ. Over the doors the statues of the Electors Frederick and John appear still to guard the Reformed Doctrine. Within the church we stood by the graves of the hero and of the scholar of the Reformation, and saw in the windows the escutcheons of the brave German cities that championed the cause of the gospel. In the remodelled and splendid interior are statues of the reformers before the Reformation, Savonarola's among them, giving one a new impression of Luther's personal and historic greatness.

But Luther's house, contained in the old Augustinian monastery, which likewise was the university building where he lectured from the chair of Philosophy, brought us to the inmost sanctuary of his public and domestic life. We sat in the window-chairs once occupied by him and the beloved Catherine. In this room are his table where he wrote, and the enormous German stove decorated with tiles and bas-reliefs of the Evangelists, designed by Luther himself. The apartments are spacious and numerous. One of them is adorned with paintings representing great scenes in Luther's life, together with a striking picture of Charles the Fifth and the Duke of Alva at Luther's grave. The literary treasures include autographs, historical documents, the first editions of Luther's works, old translations of the Bible, and Luther's library of ponderous books. One of Luther's pulpits is exhibited here, and in the Lecture Room I had the pleasure of standing in the ancient cathedra, adorned with the arms of the Wittenberg faculties, from which the great preacher expounded the divine philosophy.

CHAPTER XII.

GERMANY'S CAPITAL.

OUR seven days in the Kaiser's splendid city gave us in many respects the crowning interest of our trip. Berlin has greatly improved since 1886, when I last saw it. The population to-day is about that of Chicago, and a comparison between the German city on the Spree and the queen of the American lakes would be interesting, if not altogether flattering to our pride. In 1833, when the town of Chicago was organized, Berlin had a population of about three hundred thousand, with an uneventful history of six centuries stretching behind it. It was the capital of the strong military kingdom of Prussia, the nucleus of the coming German Empire. As an achievement of the energy, pluck and enterprise which belong to American character and seem natural to American institutions, Chicago is a much more wonderful product than Berlin. The German city has been fostered into strength by the pride and power of the Prussian kings and the rulers of the new German Empire. Its virtues and achievements are such as naturally spring from a wisely administered, centralized government. The cleanness of its streets, the perfect municipal order, the universal obedience to law, and the absence of all slums and evidences of degrading poverty are most admirable. The Berlin police, appointed and controlled by the royal government, is military in its character, and is made up largely of soldiers who were non-commissioned officers. They are not dependent on ward bosses for their positions, and they appear to have no other business than to see that the laws and municipal regulations are enforced. Republi-

can institutions are superior to the monarchical, and sometimes indicate a higher stage of civilization; still, for the government of great cities kingly rule in the hands of wise administrators has some very positive, if only temporary, advantages.

One striking feature of German life is the omnipresence of the soldier. The barracks stand everywhere, in proximity to gymnasium, church, palace, university. The German army is the people's pride and the whole world's admiration. The Empire, with Russia on the one hand and France on the other, is possible only on the basis of the present strong militarism. I write on Sedan Day, when bells have been ringing in the church towers in harmony with the people's proud and joyous memories. At a great price Germany has achieved her unity, and at a great price she maintains her glory. In spite of the discontent represented by the growing power of socialism, the people generally acquiesce in the present imperialism. Multitudes applaud it as the safest and most beneficent form of government. When the other day we saw the young Kaiser in his military uniform, driven down the Unter den Linden, he was warmly received, more warmly than he was wont to be a few years ago. The national idea is here joined to the imperial, and has taken possession of the people's minds.

Of course the task of creating and governing such a city as Chicago, where everything had to be built from the foundations, has been something prodigious. It has no homogeneity of population like Berlin, but is only a half-Americanized mixture of twenty nationalities. It cannot achieve Berlin's success in municipal government in even a decade of civic federation enthusiasm and activity. But if it approximates it, there must be a wide education of the people, the teaching of municipal patriotism in the schools, a biennial regeneration of the common council, strict non-partisanship in city politics, invincible opposition to grasping corporations, and the consecration of the lives of many

of our more prosperous, educated, and leisurely people to the work of city reform.

The contrast between the forces which have made the two cities becomes evident by comparison of their universities. In Berlin the university, now the greatest in Germany, was a royal foundation at the beginning of the century. It is fostered by the central government, and is as much a part of the national administration as the army or the law courts. In Chicago the university sprang from the gifts of American citizens. Zeal for Christian education, enthusiasm for advancing knowledge and municipal pride and hope are some of the potent forces behind it.

On the continent of Europe almost everything seems to depend on government initiative, in which respect Germany resembles China. But the American people are literally uncrowned kings. From their creative minds and their strong, brave, generous hearts our best achievements immediately spring. I must say that in the matter of buildings our young university makes a better showing than the older and more famous institution. One feels something of awe, however, as he stands on the Unter den Linden by the marble statues of William and Alexander von Humboldt and looks at the rather plain and sombre walls of the German institution. The great names associated with the past and present of the Berlin University are among the chief in the annals of learning. The Humboldts, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Neander, Mommsen, Ranke, Curtius, Virchow, Helmholtz, Harnack, Pfleiderer, — these are among the giants of the century.

When I speak of Berlin as a "splendid capital," I do not mean to rank it with Paris, although large sections of it are quite as well built and as fine as that city by the Seine, which everybody may visit — excepting the German Kaiser! Nor do I wish to claim that Berlin has streets and business houses equal to the best that can be seen in New York and Chicago. But the Leipzigerstrasse, the Wilhelmstrasse and others are noble streets, and the same may be said of

the Unter den Linden, which, however, is always a disappointment on account of the comparative insignificance of the linden-trees. Berlin makes a brave appearance, with its many impressive monuments, its numerous palaces, its really fine museums, its brilliant arcades, its new and imposing Parliament House, — the architecture of which, however, the Emperor strongly disapproves, — and its magnificent park, very accessible, adorned with many statues and enlivened with wild animals and plenty of good music. The means of transportation are unusually satisfactory, and I used there for the first time the "taxometer," a four-wheeled cab where a clockwork arrangement is set in motion when you begin your drive and you see on its face precisely the amount which you must pay at any moment. It is set for one, two, three, or more than three persons, the index finger, of course, moving faster with the larger number. It always begins with fifty pfennigs; and four of us riding one morning from near the new Parliament House, in the Thiergarten, through the Brandenburger Thor down the whole length of Unter den Linden, the distance of a mile, to the Old Museum, we saw the index finger creep up to only ninety pfennigs, or twenty-two cents. Cheap cabs, over which there can be no quarrelling, are among the traveller's greatest boons.

This is, of all lands, the land of music and of out-door eating and drinking. An American student of Political Economy escorted me one afternoon to the Hasenheide, to get a glimpse of the poorer populations of the city in the region where they take their cheap enjoyments. Here was exhibited one of the principal facts in the social economy of Germany. One hundred and fifty thousand Berliners, on many Sunday afternoons, resort to these groves and meadows, where scores of bands of various excellence, hundreds of little shows, and thousands of beer-tables help to provide that sort of recreation which is universally popular among the Germans. This people must have their music, the lowliest as well as the others, and with the music usually

something to eat and drink. In Dresden, on the beautiful Terrace overlooking the Elbe, we heard Trenkler's well-known orchestra play the finest music, for fifty pfennigs apiece. In Berlin, in the superb gardens outside the Kunst Austellung, devoted to modern paintings, we took our supper one evening, seated between two military bands, one of which began a selection as soon as the other had ceased playing. This sort of double concert delighted us also at the Berlin Fair, and again in the spacious Zoölogical Garden. For seventy-five pfennigs' admission, one evening, at the Berlin Exposition, we listened to the orchestra which has bewitched many nations, under the magical leadership of Edouard Strauss. I never realized the hunger which seems to accompany the German's enjoyment of music, so fully as after the second act of the opera of "Carmen," performed at Kroll's, in the Berlin Thiergarten. The immense refreshment room was crowded during the intermission by many hundreds, who besieged the tables like newsboys at a Christmas dinner. But our highest musical pleasures were reached in Dresden, in the operas of "Tannhäuser" and "Mignon," given at the new Court Opera House. The Dresden opera is one of the finest in Europe; the orchestra is unsurpassed, the scenery and choruses superb, and the enthusiasm awakened by Wedekind and Scheidemantel was fervent and continuous. We had excellent seats for hearing and seeing, for fifty cents each, and the operas began at the merciful hours of seven and half-past seven.

The out-door life and delight in music to which I have been referring, however unfamiliar, and it may be distasteful, some phases of this life may seem to most Americans, have a large influence on the German character, helping toward that placidity, good-nature, and general contentment which distinguish them from us. Contentment like this among an educated people, who have very limited opportunities and very meagre incomes, is surely a wonderful thing in this closing decade of the nineteenth century. I scarcely know what the poor German would do without

his favorite amusements; and the Germans are a poor people compared with the French and English, and especially with the Americans. Prussia, the most prosperous part of Germany, has a population of thirty-eight millions. Last year only twenty-eight and four-fifths per cent of all the families in Prussia (reckoning five and twenty-nine hundredths persons to a family) had an income of over nine hundred marks (two hundred and twenty-five dollars). Consequently seventy-one and one-fifth per cent of all the Prussian families had incomes of less than two hundred and twenty-five dollars, making thus for the latter class, if all reached this maximum, an income per person of forty-three dollars. Ponder this fact, that, roughly speaking, twenty-eight million five hundred thousand people, in the best educated country in the world, exist on an income of not more than forty-three dollars a year. But it must be remembered that the Germans are extremely economical and provident, and can often get as much out of a mark as we get out of a dollar, and they give one the appearance of a happy and prosperous people.

Any one who attempts to see the art treasures in the old and new museums and in the various palaces; the modern pictures in the Kunst-Ausstellung (which, by the way, is almost equal in interest to the Paris salons); the military and other exhibits in the arsenal; the vast store of historical curiosities in the Hohenzollern Museum, including the household paraphernalia of all the Prussian rulers; the exhibition of fine industrial art, not to mention the various scientific museums connected with the university, — will discover, in the weariness of his feet and the confusion of his brain, that Berlin has shown a noble rage for collecting almost equal to that of Dresden or Paris.

In going to galleries sensible people must make selections of what they care most to see. Thus they may get some satisfaction, and not be merely stupefied by miles of canvases. In the old museum in Berlin you may study Frans Hals as nowhere else, and find in Murillo's St. Anthony one

of the masterpieces of art. I never have seen another gallery with seventeen fine Rembrandts in one room.

The Old Palace has a series of rooms rich and dazzling in crystal, gold, and silver, and containing some immense canvases which ought not to be passed over. The great Jewish synagogue, the finest in the world, is worthy of a visit, as is also the neighboring Stock Exchange and Board of Trade, both together, where we saw two thousand Berliners trying to buy and sell things. If you lunch at the Café Bauer, do not fail to call for ham and eggs, said by good judges to be the best in Europe. And if you hear that the Emperor is to drive down the Unter den Linden, wait for him to pass, for he is not wont to disappoint the people. We saw him driven behind two white horses to the Old Palace, — driven rapidly, too, but not too rapidly to be caught in the camera which a member of our quartet aimed at him.

We spent a half-day at Charlottenburg, the beautiful suburb which is now really a part of the city. The royal palace, a quarter of a mile in length, is barely worth the time it takes to slide on big felt slippers over its polished floors; but the mausoleum near by, in which are buried Frederick William III. and Queen Louise and the old Emperor William and the Empress Augusta, should be visited. It seems to be the most attractive place in Germany, judging from the reverent crowds constantly passing in and out of it.

But Potsdam, the Prussian Versailles, deserved the busy and happy day we gave to it. A fast train took us out in about twenty minutes. We found the city, so dear to Frederick the Great, charming in the extreme. The lakes, which are the expansion of the river Havel, and the hills, covered with forests, give to Potsdam a beauty which, from its situation, does not belong to Berlin. We could not enter the new palace, as the Kaiser was then in residence. But we saw the palace of an earlier date crowded with interesting memorials of the great Frederick, less interesting to me, however, than a little bronze statue of Thomas Carlyle. We visited Frederick's grave, in the Garrison Church, a very

plain and cellar-like sepulchral chamber, where the great Napoleon had been before us. In the Church of Peace we saw the tomb and monument to the present Emperor's unfortunate father, Frederick the Noble. But almost every one knows that the chief interest of Potsdam centres in the great park and the picturesque palace of Sans Souci. The palace is of only one story, but its situation at the head of a succession of terraces is so fine that one is not surprised that Frederick the Great lived there most of his royal life. Here it was that Voltaire kept company with the great soldier and king, the real founder of the German Empire, who had so little regard for Germany that he always spoke and wrote in French. You really get close both to Voltaire and to Frederick, the shrewd man of iron will, as the intelligent guide leads you through the rooms of Sans Souci. A visit to the extensive and interesting orangery, and a drive by several royal and princely villas to the Château of Babelsberg, a favorite residence of William the Great, as they are now beginning to call the old Kaiser, ended our visit in Potsdam, although, after our return, the indefatigables felt that some music in the Thiergarten was the only proper ending of the day.

But comparatively few Americans appear to care much for Berlin. The great tides of travel flow to London, across the channel to Paris, and up the Rhine to Switzerland. It must be said of Berlin that it lacks interesting history. The English and French capitals, like Rome and Athens, are haunted by the great forms of the past. The religious wars of France and the series of French revolutions have given to the streets of Paris a kind of interest which does not belong to Berlin. But as nations grow more prosperous, as the world sweeps into the ampler day, one kind of history dwindles. The world's new capitals, whether on the shores of the Spree or the banks of Lake Michigan, must find their glory in the things of the spirit.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL TO GERMANY.

THE other day I took my little children to see the famous Carcer, in which university offenders are imprisoned, and also to visit the Museum of Göttingen Antiquities. On the door of the prison some wag has painted the words, "The Lord bless thy going in." There are four small rooms, each furnished with bed, chair, and table for the accommodation of the brave student who has appeared on the street with his duelling wounds unhealed, or who has disturbed the quiet of the night with his drunken pranks. Arrested by the police, the offender shows his student's card, and is handed over to the university Pedells. It is considered no disgrace, but almost an honor, to have spent a few nights, or perhaps a week, in the Carcer. In Jena the student is sometimes driven in a carriage and escorted by his friends to his dungeon, and the mothers supply as many good things to eat as an American murderer would be apt to receive. While it is no disgrace to have been in the Carcer, it is a disgrace and a lasting injury to have been on the records of the state police. Those thus offending must serve an extra year in the army. The walls of the Carcer are covered with the artistic work of the prisoners, — immense profile heads of themselves, the caps and coats of arms of the various student societies, grotesque forms of animals, and plenty of comic doggerel. The coat of arms of the United States is not lacking in the midst of these mural decorations. Such imprisonments do not justify any interference by the State Department at Washing-

ton. The Carcer is a German institution, and nothing like it could probably be domesticated in America.

More interesting still is the neighboring Museum of Göttingen Antiquities, where the German Frau exhibits the doors of the old Carcer, on one of which the young Count von Bismarck carved his name during his hours of solitary meditation. Here you may see a picture of the walled town of Göttingen besieged by Tilly, during the Thirty Years' War, his red artillery flashing fire from the adjacent hills, but all in vain. Here are many relics of mediævalism, the iron frames in which the bodies of criminals were suspended, immense stocks where the feet of four men could be held fast at one time, models of some of the castles, strange old rusted cannon and cannon-balls, from the religious wars of the seventeenth century, coins bearing the head of Marcus Aurelius and dug up in this vicinity, carved beams from the old houses, the Poor Sinners' Bell, that tolled at the execution of criminals, covered sedan-chairs, in which professors used to be carried, portraits of the learned teachers of the last century, with their heavy white wigs, some splendid spoils from the old Catholic churches, and many costumes of former times. Such a museum is extremely valuable to the local antiquary, and I should counsel students to become familiar with it early in their residence here. It will help the imagination to people the streets with the men and women of former generations, and to bring back the figures and military costumes of the strong cruel men who once held the neighboring castles, Plesse, Hardenberg, Hanstein, and the Gleichen. There is a strange attractive power about these ruins. The towers of Plesse, two leagues to the north, are monuments of a semi-barbarous feudalism which has forever vanished. Plesse is the queen of the Leine valley, and a most delightful and picturesque point for excursionists.

> "On a wooded comely mount
> Stands the Plesse, old and gray;
> Proudly rise the lonely towers,
> In the landscape, far away."

The strong castle has had a long and stormy history. It was besieged and taken in the Thirty Years' War, but it had six hundred years of history before that terrible time. The spirit which ruled in the castle was the spirit of the robber. The haughty old barons were fierce birds of prey, perched on a crag which gave them wide observation of the merchants who pursued their journeys up and down the valley. The names of these baronial thieves have vanished from the earth, —

> "Save that these two ruined towers,
> Grim memorials of the past,
> Stand yet in gloomy pride
> On the mountain, strong and fast."

The honest traders of peaceful Göttingen and the outraged peasant-folk became weary of submission to the galling yoke of the robber-tyrant, and so they stormed the castle, hanged the baron from his own tower, put firebrands into his stronghold, tumbled down his cruel walls and gloomy prisons, and "rooted out the robber nest." And here comes in the story of how Lady Maria Plesse, unwilling to be captured, mounted her horse, and, clasping her infant to her breast, sped away toward the neighboring castle of Hardenberg. But, beset by armed men on every hand, and determined not to commit herself and her boy to the mob, she turns her steed toward a lofty precipice, and with whip and spur urges the courser to spring thirty feet into the air and down to the rocky road beneath. Mother, child, and horse, marvellous to relate, are not crushed to death, but escape; and the pursuers give many a brave hurrah for the brave deed nobly done. The place of this adventure is the famous Maria Spring, where on every Wednesday afternoon of the summer the students and young women of Göttingen assemble for the merry dance in the open air and beneath the spreading trees. Who shall say that the picturesqueness of German history does not rival the picturesqueness of German scenery?

Not long ago I spent a morning with my son in walking

through the immense Göttingen library. Its half-million books gave the boy an overwhelming impression of the amount of thinking and writing that has been done in the world. Here is a room crowded with dictionaries; here is a collection of thousands of bound newspaper volumes; that alcove is given up to German hymn-books; here are immense alcoves devoted to American history, with larger ones given to English and German history; here is a room sacred to manuscripts. One immense section is given up to romances in many languages. Here is the great room where the poet Goethe studied for six months. It contains marble busts of many eminent scholars. Standing before the bust of Ritschl, the guide said to us: "He had many friends; he had many enemies." We were shown the alphabetical catalogue, in six hundred folio volumes. Perhaps the library, next to the university professor, is the most characteristic feature, in the whole higher life of Germany.

People come here to increase their knowledge of the German language, a key to some of the chief intellectual treasures of mankind. I have heard much talk about learning German. It is a wide field for earnest and humorous discussion. There are some Americans here who have really made great progress in mastering one of the most difficult and unnatural of languages. The ease with which Germans learn to speak English fluently is in vivid contrast with the wearisome slowness with which most mature Americans learn to speak German. But some of my countrymen of youthful years are speedily initiated into the mysteries of German conversation. My two older children adopted one of the best methods of accomplishing good results. For six months they were persistent students in a small family school where no word of English was permitted. Learning several lessons a day, reciting passages given for memorization, writing grammatical exercises, hearing only German lectures and sermons, talking at the table and in the afternoon walks with the teachers, receiving German callers, playing

German games, reading German story-books, — they gained a ready and accurate use of conversational speech in a much shorter time than those who subject themselves to a less severe discipline. Many students come here chiefly to learn the technical vocabulary of some one department of knowledge, and they are quickly surpassed, in the facile use of ordinary speech, by young children. My son Arthur, twelve years old, has been for six months in the Realschule, and for two months has had two hours a day with a young German woman, walking and talking. Little Eleanor, six years old, has had this same teacher, and has had about five months in a German kindergarten. Both of them now speak German fluently, and understand ordinary conversation easily. They even dream and talk in their sleep in the new language. What they have learned they have gained without the painful effort necessary to older people. We were amused to hear Eleanor remark, "I thought German was hard at first, but now it 's just as easy!" In learning languages, as in the Kingdom of Heaven, a little child shall lead them. Germans themselves rarely realize how difficult their tongue is. A young Englishman was engaged to a German girl, and he confided to her that he never could tell when he should use "mich" and when "mir." "Oh, both are right!" said she, "but 'mir' is a little more *comme il faut!*" A young American woman in Göttingen having a cold in her chest wished to consult a doctor; but first she consulted her dictionary, and discovered that one word for chest is "Schrank," which means a chest of drawers or wardrobe. Imagine the surprise of the physician when the young lady said to him, "I have a bad pain in my wardrobe!"

One of the experiences, both annoying and amusing, which we have had in Germany, rose from the difficulty in getting shop-keepers and dressmakers to send in their bills. In one case we have for three months and as many as a dozen times urgently, earnestly, pleadingly asked for the account, but in vain. We have spent days and travelled miles in the

endeavor to pay our bills before leaving Göttingen. The theory is that the sending of a bill implies distrust, and the longer the delay, the greater the honor done the purchaser. I feel that I am held in high esteem in this community! Students' bills in this university have been known to run for forty-five years. Americans are not pleased with the unbusinesslike habits, the wearisome slowness, the frequent shiftlessness, and the almost unvarying failure to fulfil promises, in the making of clothes and the delivery of goods, discoverable among this people.

Physicians here do not render any bills. It is not consistent with their ideas of dignity. One must inquire diligently of the initiated as to the amount that should be sent. The whole system appears to me unworthy. This "What you please, Sir," business is unmanly. It seems almost like part of the "tipping" system. If the medical laborer is worthy of his hire, he ought to be willing to indicate the amount he expects to receive. Some strange performances occur under this way of doing things. I know a young American over here, whose wife during a severe illness had been faithfully and skilfully attended by an eminent physician in a great city. This American, Mr. K., calling on the doctor, thanked him for his services, and asked him what he should pay. "I could n't think of taking anything," was the answer. Mr. K. insisted that he could not receive such services gratuitously, and finally the physician said that he might be willing to receive a gift. Mr. K. expressed his satisfaction, and asked if books or curios would be acceptable. The doctor said he had a passion for Persian rugs, and the two went off together to a shop to find a rug costing the eighty thalers which Mr. K. said that he would be glad to give. The doctor consulted the rug-dealer privately, and then four beautiful rugs, each costing, however, eighty-five thalers, were shown to the American. He with difficulty beat the man down to eighty thalers, and then the physician departed with his rug. Mr. K. was delighted with the Persian fabrics, and said he would take the remaining

three at eighty-five thalers each. The dealer was direfully distressed, and was compelled to confess that the rugs were worth one hundred and thirty thalers, and that the physician had arranged with him to pay the difference between that sum and whatever the American was willing to offer. Mr. K. did not buy, and he realized that in beating down the price he had compelled the high-toned, benevolent doctor to pay five thalers more than he had schemed to give!

One of our great surprises in Germany has been the rough discipline to which the boys in the Realschule, where my son attends, are subjected. I do not wonder that visitors, unless provided with a permit from the Cultus-Minister in Berlin, are excluded from this school. The teachers cuffing the boys' heads and using heavy rattans with great vigor on their shoulders, punishing in these ways for the lightest offences, display their own cruel and domineering tempers, and promote those habits of subjection to authority everywhere taught in Germany. My son reports that half his class are sometimes in tears during a morning. He gave us the names and offences of sixteen whom he saw castigated during a two hours' session. Some of the offences were, failure to hold a pen correctly, looking at the book while the teacher was talking, handling the objects on the desk, making a wrong answer in the written paper, and other school crimes equally grave. Only the German boys, I should add, are beaten in this rude way. These things in regard to German school-life are worth mentioning as another illustration of the fact that we have here the reign of physical force. The army is omnipotent; officers of the army outrank socially even the professors of the universities, and we are sometimes told that when America equals Germany in civilization, she too will have a great military force. Judged by most of the tests of civilization given by Lord Russell in his Saratoga address, I have no hesitation in saying that our republic already outranks this military empire.

The American Colony gave its departing members a cordial send-off at the Göttingen station. The day was bright,

apparently in cheerful augury of our long travels. The happiest people at the station seemed to be the baggagemen, when they discovered an overweight of four hundred kilos in our luggage. It is not easy for all of my countrymen to distinguish the weights and measures of the decimal system. One of our colony always reports her weight as seventy-one kilometers, and another seriously informed a friend that it was six liters to the summit of the Brocken! But he must have stopped at all the restaurants. Bremen, the free and prosperous, afforded us in Hillman's Hotel almost American comfort.

Two of my family, of whom I was one, did not let the late hour of arrival prevent a visit to the famous Rathskeller, the smoky paradise of the wine-bibbers. Here we saw the Twelve Apostles, as the twelve wine-casks are named, filled with vintages, some of them dating back more than two hundred years. The guide informed us that they did not draw wine from the cask named Judas, making an exception, however, by special request in the case of the late Emperor Frederick. We saw the wine-room called the Rose, celebrated in one of Heine's poems, so named from the immense red rose painted upon the ceiling. As we stood beneath this queen of flowers, the omniscient etymological guide informed us that we now understood the origin of the expression "sub rosa"! In one of the cellars a great wine-cask, with its carved and gilded end, preaches a good temperance sermon, for on it are four most disreputable faces, cut in wood, one of which represents the wine-devil, quite as ugly as any whiskey fiend, while three others show us the wine-drinker before midnight, at midnight, and the next morning.

A ride of nearly two hours on the tender took us from Bremerhaven down the Weser channel, to where our good ship, the "Trave," lay at anchor. Our experience on this neat and well-managed boat of the North German Lloyd Company renewed all my enthusiasm for this splendid line of steamers. The Lloyd can give lessons to some of the

English ships in the art of making American travellers comfortable and happy.

In bidding Germany good-by, I wish to record a few conclusions which I have reached in regard to the comparative merits of German and American civilization. At the outset let me say that I am convinced that the use of alcohol as a beverage is in certain respects a far more serious evil in America than here. The universal drink in Germany is a mild beer. The sale of beer and the drinking of it are precisely as respectable as the sale and drinking of tea and coffee with Americans. It must be truly said of this drink that the use of it is often connected with the quiet delights of outdoor recreation. Its intoxicating power is very small compared with that of American beers. It is cheaper than tea and coffee, and takes their place in the humble repasts of the poor. Such an institution as the American saloon, the ally and tool of corrupt politics, the haunt of criminals, the destroyer of homes, is not found here. So far as I can discover, lawlessness is no more associated with the sale of beer than with the sale of sugar and tobacco. The pernicious habit of "treating" does not exist in Germany.

On the other hand, it must be said that the excessive use of beer leads to drunkenness. I have seen nearly a dozen intoxicated persons on the streets of this town. People have told me that at the time of the Schuetzenfest large numbers were seen mildly drunk. The horrible forms of intoxication leading so frequently in England and America to brutal crimes, apparently are rare in Germany. But the excessive use of beer, which is not uncommon, has a stupefying and sometimes a brutalizing effect. It is pitiful and shocking to see so many young men, some of them students, who have manifestly coarsened their natures by the plentiful use of this beverage. I believe it to be one of the enemies of the happiest family life. Although families drink together in the cafés and gardens, still, to a large extent, the men do not spend their evenings in the household, but in social circles where much beer is taken, a few words are spoken,

and some songs are sung. It is also an enemy of the best Christian life. A nation that finds one of its chief pleasures in beer is not apt to be particularly responsive to the spirit and appeals of the Gospel. The pastor of the Reformed Church in Göttingen told me that it is almost impossible to get his young people together for an evening meeting of any kind. The young men, following the example of university life, have their "Kneipen," or drinking-parties. Americans who have been in Germany a long time have seen ample evidences of evil from the prevalent drinking customs. The amount of money wasted is immense, although the average consumption in Germany is less than in England. Certain diseases doubtless are produced by this favorite drink.

I have sometimes intimated that Germany is the best governed country that I know. Paternal government here shows its most favorable aspects. To a large degree the people are cared for. Slums are not found, even in Berlin. Darkest London and darkest New York would be impossible here. There is no marked separation of classes in their places of residence. Rich and poor occupy the same block and different parts of the same building. The streets in the various quarters of the great and small cities have seemed to me equally clean. I have looked in vain, for the last seven months, to see people whose clothes were ragged. There are plenty of poor and patched garments, but they are carefully mended. Sewing is taught in the schools.

But, acknowledging all the good results of paternal government, I must confess that the evils of it are also apparent. The Germans are governed, and they expect to be governed, and like to be governed, and they would now be at a great loss if, to any large extent, they were asked to govern themselves. There is, of course, an imperial parliament, but some years ago Bismarck bluntly told its members, who were slow in consenting to the imperial policy, that they were there for counsel and not for dictation. The nation has a horror of disorder. It has now attained

to unity. It believes that a strong central government is its only protection from powerful enemies, and seems to imagine that constant restriction of individual liberty and individual initiative is essential to permanent order. The nightmares of the Thirty Years' War and the various French revolutions appear to be still hanging over this German land. Police surveillance, universal restriction of freedom in the expression of opinion, and imperial initiative, — these, with a ubiquitous standing army and heavy taxes, are leading features of German national life. At one time during the last summer more than forty persons were in German prisons for the crime of *lèse-majesté*. I am told that these crimes against the sovereign power were usually petty offences. Two professors of German universities are now in jail for teaching in their lecture-rooms a history not pleasing to the powers that be. Few Germans would dare to say in a public meeting that they believed Bismarck to be a greater man than the present Kaiser. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" must here be sacredly respected.

Yet Bismarck doubtless is the popular hero of Germany. Pictures of him are almost as common as of the old Emperor William. Memorials of him are everywhere cherished. He is the supreme embodiment of German force and shrewd far-seeing intelligence, and he accomplished the great work which was the prime necessity of his generation. But in regard for liberty, in the passion for righteousness, in sympathy for the oppressed, in true humanity, he is one hundred years behind the Christian statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone. By his stony disregard for the suffering Christians of Armenia and Crete, he evidences one of the limitations of his nature. In saying, as he is reported to have done, that the children of Germany — who are very numerous indeed — would furnish food for cannon, he shows the temper of the First Napoleon rather than of Gladstone and Lincoln.

Socialism thrives in Germany as nowhere else, partly on account of taxes and petty tyrannies, but also in part be-

cause of severe governmental restrictions. The police are present at socialistic meetings, and when the talking reaches a certain point, the meetings are dispersed. Yet more than forty socialists are in the German parliament. In England, however, where the chasm between the rich and the poor is wider than here, and where the people have more liberty of speech, assembly, and remonstrance, socialism does not flourish. I am told that there is scarcely a socialist in the British Parliament. A German professor in Berlin remarked to an American friend that he had attended socialist meetings in London where half the speeches were in German. Experience has shown that it is much safer to give those who think they have a grievance the full liberty of airing it. That is not the theory or practice, however, in Germany. Force, force! — one gets tired of this worship of might.

I have intimated previously that the range of intellectual liberty is wider here than in America. Men may think, speak, and print what they please on every scientific, philosophical, and religious question, up to the point where the speaking and printing touch anything that concerns the political or national life. Nothing must be done that might disturb the present order. Agitation, the "marshalling of the conscience of the nation for the making of its laws," is practically unknown. So tremendously is the average German disposed to take the side of the established government that oppressed populations uttering any cry of pain receive from him but little sympathy. The instinct of Germany is to side with Spain and not Cuba, with Turkey and not with Crete and Armenia. I do not mean to say that many Germans excuse the Armenian massacres, but I have heard some of them, people of high intelligence, do so on account of the alleged habit of Armenians of making themselves rich at the expense of others. I have even heard them say that the German peasants of Hesse, who believe that they have been oppressed by Jewish money-lenders, would, if the government permitted them, butcher the

whole Jewish population, men, women, and children; and such a procedure was vehemently justified in my presence. Of course I put no faith in this slander of German peasants, and other Germans to whom I have submitted the case repudiate it with the utmost scorn.

Under the present condition of things there cannot be any wide, active interest in political affairs. While Germany stands in the foremost rank in administration, in real political development she seems to me to be one hundred years behind England, France, and America. A lack of the highest self-respect, of the ability of self-government, a lack of the power of initiative and the spirit of enterprise and of independence, — such are some of the evils occasioned by an excess of government from above. The Germans know comparatively little of the better side of American life; they are taught by learned professors that republics are, and must be, short-lived, and they hate England, "a democracy under the form of monarchy." The omnipresence of the soldier, and devotion to militarism, while they have some good effects, produce also demoralizing consequences. The prevalence of illegitimacy in cities where great masses of soldiers are stationed is very well known. The children in the schools are taught such reverence for the government and the army that there is real peril lest the coming generation identify right with might. Even now it is apparent that the people are too apt to believe a thing wrong simply because it is forbidden, and to teach for divine doctrines the commandments of men.

In the conclusions to which I have been led, and which I have just expressed, I do not mean to cancel any of the more favorable opinions of German life heretofore given. This is a great people, recently come to its own, standing in conscious and continual danger, and hence inclined to the undue worship of order and government. Would that America might catch a due portion of the German spirit in this regard! Added to our enterprise, splendid independence, and faith in freedom, the German respect for law

would vastly aid the right development of our people. I think that the true German spirit is not patient under oppression. There are plenty of ruined castles all about Göttingen, which show what destruction was dealt out by the honest burghers to their lordly tyrants. It is said that when the corner-stone of any German castle was laid, a little child who never had spoken was buried alive beneath it, on account of the superstition that thus the castle would become impregnable. But the lordly structures built on buried innocency and broken hearts have been tumbled down. One has the feeling that there are a good many other castles of blood standing in the world to-day which are doomed to the fate of Plesse and Drachenfels.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word."

But the word of justice and humanity is bound to get the better of old systems in Russia and Turkey, in Germany and America, if they have not the enduring texture of righteousness.

We have much to learn from Germany. Germany has even more to learn from us. Both must learn their lessons. Our entire American life is vitiated or endangered by rank, and it sometimes seems growing, lawlessness. If sectional lines are drawn wide and deep between East and West, North and South; if the divisions between capital and labor, the rich and the poor, are embittered by the harangues of demagogues; and if the rights of the national government to enforce its own laws are challenged successfully by the very spirit that fired on Fort Sumter, — the pessimistic predictions of German professors in regard to our future may be in the way of incipient fulfilment.

Few things strike an American so unfavorably in Germany as the general attitude of mind in regard to women. Whatever may be justly said of the great and wholesome influence of German women — and the case of the present Empress is in point — I do not find that women are as highly

esteemed here as in America. The outward forms of politeness are more demonstrative; but men look upon women as so much inferior to themselves intellectually that true companionship, real mental fellowship between men and women, appears to me less common than with us. From the beginning of the school-life there is a separation between boys and girls; they are not treated in the same way during any part of their mental history. The lesson-book for the boy is not always the lesson-book for the girl. The young German women are in some respects more accomplished than their American sisters. They know more music, and they learn, and learn to speak, both English and French. But they are not treated to the more solid parts of learning to an equal degree with the American college girl. A few of the German universities now are partially open to women, but I have known German professors contemptuously to refuse the application of young women to enter their lecture-rooms. "Our lectures are for men," were their words, as they turned them away. There is the beginning of better things in Germany, but any such intellectual activity as we are familiar with in women's clubs in our great cities is not as yet found here.

The present Kaiser uttered his preference in saying that woman's sphere should be "Küche, Kinder, Kirche," — a very important sphere, no doubt. The Empress's devotion to the church is well known, and she is the mother of seven children, the youngest of whom is a daughter. The Emperor, however, was disappointed that the line of boys was broken, as he wanted twelve sons to command twelve regiments! It is quite impossible in a few words to describe what educated young American women feel in the atmosphere of a German university and in German society. They are more than ever grateful for the ideas prevailing and the opportunities opened on the western side of the Atlantic.

It seems to Americans looking at the peasant women carrying their huge bundles and heavy baskets, while the

men walk unburdened by their side, that true honor, which should be allied with helpful courtesy, is not here granted to women of the humble class. I know that the terrible wars of the past threw upon women the necessity of tilling the fields, and I am told that the peasant women to-day do not feel degraded by being made to do the work of beasts of burden. The time has come, however, for a change. German public sentiment ought not to approve what is witnessed every day, — sons and husbands loading the backs of their old mothers and wives with immense burdens, which the men do not share and would be ashamed to carry. Germany worships force, man represents physical strength, and are not the strong commanded to bear the burdens of the weak?

I have been deeply interested in the church-life of Germany, if that can be called life which, to those familiar with American Christianity, appears often as slow as the singing of a German hymn. But there is life here in the great established churches, and in the non-established. Religion is faithfully taught, officially taught, and taught in the public schools as geography and mathematics are taught. Religion is a part of the national régime. It is closely allied with the state. But this is not an element of real strength. The churches play a much less important part in German life than in ours. So far as I can discover, the church has no social part to play in Germany. The children are baptized, well instructed in the fundamentals of religion, and "confirmed." Much is made of the church holy days, but comparatively little of Sunday. Church attendance, especially on the part of men, is very limited and infrequent. With a membership of nineteen hundred, the Reformed church in Göttingen gathers an audience averaging perhaps two hundred. The sense of individual responsibility, of which we make so much in America, and to which we appeal in the Christian life, is not so keen and potent in German Christendom. The fundamental and all-pervading trouble here, in every department of life, is that the people

are governed. They wait for those who are placed over them, and depend on having things done for them.

I have had fairly good opportunities of knowing something of the German pulpit, having listened to German preaching every Sunday that I have spent here, excepting two Sundays, when I preached myself. I have also read a number of German sermons of the higher order. Great Britain, France, and America have some things to teach the German pulpit. One of its faults is monotony. Another is a lack of fresh, vital material in discourses. There is a faithful treading of the old round of evangelical thought, and from this round there are infrequent departures. The Lutheran church is too stereotyped. The pulpit does not get a strong hold of the life of to-day. The government instructs the ministers not to meddle with politics, but to attend strictly to religion, which means that religious matters touching the great life of the present generation are largely excluded. The proportion of men attending church is small. One who has listened in his youth to the usual round of pulpit instruction, would very likely expect in his middle life to hear about the same things repeated. Manuscripts are not used in the German pulpit, and this is more of a loss than a gain. If the preachers had the habit of writing elaborately, they would put more fresh thought into their discourses, and make them better worth hearing. Speaking without writing and without notes, they are apt to touch the surface of things and to repeat ideas most familiar to them and to their hearers. The best sermons of England and America are either written or are delivered by men who have had a long and careful training in writing sermons. Such preaching one does not hear or expect to hear in Germany. This grand old land of Luther needs many John Wesleys. It needs, too, a missionary revival. It needs to be shaken out of its old-time ruts.

The elements wherein America and England are, as I think, superior to Germany have come directly or indirectly from Puritanism, by which I mean the grand spiritual dis-

cipline which has blessed English-speaking peoples for the last two hundred and fifty years. Puritanism has dethroned kings, or taken from them all but the semblance of power; has developed personal responsibility, and hence manhood and womanhood; has exalted the individual above the state, and has inspired, as nothing else, the love of universal humanity. We go away from Germany with kindly and grateful feelings toward her people, with reverence for her greatness, with admiration of her scholarship, with confidence in her future; but we sing of America, in words that are not yet fully suited to the German spirit, —

> "Long may our land be bright
> With freedom's holy light;
> Protect us by thy might,
> Great God, our King!"

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD ENGLAND.

THE greatest event of our voyage was the sight of a rare phenomenon, which Captain Thalenhorst said he had not seen before for years. It was a gigantic waterspout, reaching to the clouds. At first we saw on the surface of the sea, perhaps a mile away, what looked like a whirling pillar of steam. From the dark sky above there reached down a strange, snake-like cloud-finger, which may have been half a mile in length. As the ship drew nearer, we saw that this cloud in the heavens was connected with the phenomenon on the sea. Had we struck it and the whirling vortex thus been broken, an immense quantity of water would have deluged our ship. A small vessel in a huge waterspout would have had no chance of escaping wreck. Three other smaller waterspouts came into view. The first and greatest soon disappeared, doing no damage and becoming only a strange memory. It reminded me of the clouds of popular delusion born of whirling and blind fury which sometimes overhang and threaten a nation's life and honor. God grant that the American ship of state may not be overwhelmed in any whirling cataract of popular ignorance and prejudice!

I never have seen a finer morning rise on the world of waters than dawned upon us as our ship passed between the chalky cliffs of Dover and the shores of France. Our hearts went out to Mother England, and we shared in the Englishman's pride as we looked on this precious island jewel set in the circlet of the northern seas. At Southampton we were taken up to the new docks, where we

found three friends waving us welcome. After the ordeal of bidding good-by to our four children, with no expectation of seeing them again until the world had been compassed, we saw the good ship bear them from our sight toward the American shores. The custom-house has no great terrors in England, and we were soon driving under the Norman arch of the Bar Gate, for more than eight centuries the north portal of Southampton. Before reaching the station, we had another fine view of the harbor, which has become an important entrance to England.

Southampton awakens memories of many ancient voyages. From its harbor Richard of the Lion Heart and his mail-clad crusaders sailed for the rescue of the Holy Land. This is the port from which brave Henry V. and his archers set out for the fateful fight of Agincourt. And here the Pilgrim Fathers found the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell," and went out, not knowing whither they went, but carrying in their brave hearts the future of America. If one of their ships had not proved unseaworthy, compelling them to sail to Plymouth, and to crowd the fathers and mothers of the coming nation into one little ship, they might have given another name than Plymouth to the community which they planted on the wild New England shore.

I found my old enthusiasm for England returning as we were whirled along, without a single stop, through Winchester, with its great cathedral; by Aldershot, with its busy encampment of soldiers, toward London, the great commercial heart of the world, — London, that stirs my imagination on this my seventh visit as deeply as at the first. What men have lived and wrought here by the thousand-masted Thames! It is the city that reaches back to Roman times, to the days of Cæsar and his imperial successors. It is the city of William the Conqueror and of Elizabeth, the city of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Milton, of Bacon and Cromwell, of Addison and Johnson, of Carlyle and Browning, Dickens and Macaulay, of Wellington, Pitt, Gladstone, of Wilberforce and Shaftesbury and General

Booth. It is the city of immeasurable wealth and immeasurable poverty. It is the city in whose Westminster Abbey you feel as nowhere else the glory and solidarity of English-speaking nations, but in whose darkest haunts of poverty and distress you feel as nowhere else the weight of woe which bears down one-tenth of the population in this nineteenth century of Christian humanity. Within two hours after my arrival I saw more evidences of suffering than I had seen during all my months in Germany, — ragged men following the cab and reaching out their hands for a few pennies before the opening and shutting of the cab door; others hurrying up to the vehicle, hoping to take some part in the removal of the luggage. These men are our own near kin, and one's heart goes out to them with a pity which Italian beggars rarely call forth.

England was bright with sunshine until we reached London. And here the sun is visible, a red ball of fire in the smoky air, shorn of his redundant beams. There is no such scrupulous cleanliness in the English capital as one finds in Paris and Berlin, nor is there that comparative unity — or shall I say orderliness — in architecture, which is possible in the streets of European cities, where the initiative and direction come from above. In London we have a glaring exhibition of that individualism which is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which goes with personal freedom, and which in a commercial people looks to so-called practical ends and cares little for symmetry and beauty. I love London, but the modern city seems uglier as well as greater on every visit, and this is especially noticeable when one comes to England from the Continent. I understand now why Taine and the other French writers have been so impressed with the gloom and unloveliness of London. This is the city of Colman's mustard, Venus soap, and Stephens's ink, and of unlimited advertisements. I have not yet seen the idol temples of India, but probably next to them in barbarous ugliness are the London omnibuses, covered all over with colossal, flaring announcements

of things to see and things to sell. But the omnibus is a great and useful friend, and there 's a hideous grandeur about long lines of these huge, clumsy vehicles, filled and covered with passengers, lumbering steadily up and down High Holborn and Oxford streets.

We soon found lodgings near the British Museum, and have been the envy of our friends, who are living in such great hostelries as the Hotel Royal and the Hotel Cecil. By the way, this latter hotel, on the Thames embankment, has recently been completed, and is almost as splendid as anything of the kind to be seen in New York. The brilliant Indian dining-room is worth a visit, and yesterday, as we lunched there, we looked out on one of the most impressive scenes in Europe. It included the Parliament Houses, the long, broad sweep of the Thames under three or four bridges, the beautiful gardens which once bordered the palaces of great English nobles, and the ever-interesting Cleopatra's Needle. This Egyptian obelisk has made a deep, though rather confused impression on the minds of cabmen, one of whom, an Irishman, said to an American lady: "This is St. Patrick's needle, dug from the Thames and erected up here in me own time. It is covered with inscriptions which no man can read, because they are written in the Latin language!"

Popular education has reached further in Germany than in England. The servant girl here, who brings up our coals and coffee, and who has lived all her life in Cambridge, informed us that she had cousins in America. I asked her where. "In Kane County." I told her that that was not very far from where I lived, in Chicago. And then came from her a question which should bring more shame to England than it brought to my municipal pride. She asked, "Is Chicago in America?"

Our ten days in England were most of them filled with sunshine. We purchased our India outfit; I secured the copying of my lectures in most satisfactory shape, and we took some fresh observations of English life, usually from

a semi-German standpoint. Soldiers seemed to us scarce, and their costumes, especially their caps, less sensible and becoming than those of the Kaiser's army. The English tradesman is much more prompt than the German, and, though I am fond of English cooking for a time, I know a little restaurant in Göttingen where you can get a better steak than in all London. Of course we found food dearer and clothes cheaper than in America. We saw everywhere evidences that England is becoming sensitive to German competition. We heard something of agricultural distress in Great Britain; but the chief distress is that of the sturdy English conscience over the atrocious, unspeakable, and — some of them, as Lord Rosebery has told us — unreadable and unprintable cruelties authorized by the Turkish government. Of that government Great Britain heretofore has been the main support; but all good Englishmen are practically united to-day in a holy desire to be unchained from that loathsome body of death and pollution. The mental and moral delirium tremens of a few journals, English and American, counts for nothing. A mighty breath of the highest Americanism swept over the great Armenian meeting which I attended, when Reverend Dr. Clifford, the eminent Baptist preacher, claimed that a concert of the peoples should take the place of the concert of the powers; a rousing cheer went up when he exclaimed that to allow the destinies of Europe at this time to be controlled by half a dozen men was barbarism. I have seen one ray of humor in this tremendous and solemn agitation, — the announcement which I read of a notice given by an English clergyman that two meetings in behalf of the Armenians would be held in his church, and that "a collection would be taken up for the sufferers at both these services." It seemed to me to be as glorious now as in John Milton's time to behold a noble and puissant nation rousing herself from slumber and shaking her invincible locks. At this demonstration the most unsparing denunciation of England's land-grabbing policy, the Cyprus convention, and the miserable support

to the Turkish tyranny pledged by Lord Beaconsfield, were vigorously applauded. That England ought to give up Cyprus, the price of oceans of Christian blood, was the general sense of this meeting. It is refreshing to know that private persons of distinction have sent back their decorations to the Great Assassin who gave them. The policy of unselfishness on England's part was urged by all the speakers. And I said to myself and to others, "If this is England, then it is glorious to be an Englishman." I am sure that the hearts of Americans have not for a twelve-month, perhaps not in this generation, been brought so close to the mother-island as during the progress of the present agitation. If it should be necessary, which God forbid, that England should raise her strong right arm in battle to protect outraged Armenia, every Christian heart in America will pray for her speedy and swift success. Such prayers would greatly help the moral and political alliance of the English-speaking nations, whose freedom, devotion to the Christian gospel, and powerful civilization are the main hope for mankind. If the war-ships must ever open fire on the treacherous tyrant of Constantinople, I, for one, should be glad, if above the smoke and thunder of the cannon were to be seen not only the red-cross flag of England, but also the stars and stripes of the great western Republic. Oh that the better England and the true America might find each other out! There is an England that every righteous man should be willing to die for. It is said that a revolution would occur in Bavaria if the price of beer were unduly raised. But England is a country where a political revolution is possible, not on account of the suffering of her own people, but by reason of the oppressions inflicted on hapless Armenia.

When in London I always make at least one visit to the National Gallery, and this year I found my way also to the new national portrait gallery, where one may look into the faces of the renowned men and women of Great Britain. Nor did I neglect my usual visit to Westminster Abbey, nor

to that part of it which Mr. Beecher deemed "the most impressive place in the world," the Jerusalem Chamber. Here the crown jewels are brought twenty-four hours before every English sovereign's coronation, and here the bodies of the monarchs lie in state before their burial. That heavy table is made of wood from the Spanish Armada, and the cedar which panels the room was brought from Mount Lebanon to decorate it at the time of the marriage of Charles I. Here assembled the men who translated our Bible in King James's time, and the English committee who helped revise the translation in the Victorian age; and here, for five years, sat the Puritan divines who gave us the Westminster Confession and Catechism, — grand men, in the days of the Long Parliament, who did for freedom and religion a service that is ever memorable.

Dr. George F. Pentecost, for whom I preached on Sunday morning, delivered a sermon two weeks ago, in which he strongly advocated an Anglo-American Alliance. I think that Dr. Pentecost's heart is in America. And it would be a great reinforcement to the Christian life of one of our chief American cities to secure the services of this stalwart and large-hearted preacher. I ought to modify the statement of Dr. Pentecost's yearning for America by saying that he thinks and dreams much of India, where he had expected to spend the coming winter till his plans were altered by his failure to secure for the Marylebone Presbyterian Church the pulpit supply that he had in mind. At his dinner-table and in his parlor, which is decorated with objects of interest from India, I had much profitable talk with him about Christian work in the great Hindu cities.

Sunday evening I lectured in Browning Hall for the Reverend F. Herbert Stead's Social Settlement. This is a new Christian movement in South London among the poorest non-criminal class. The work has a score of useful branches; and the members of the Settlement, with whom we supped at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stead, we found to be as bright-minded and happy-hearted friends of humanity

as one often sees. Mr. Stead, who is the very genius of Christian altruism, won my heart several years ago, and it was delightful to render even a slight service to his work and to listen to his penetrating and fair-minded comments on men and things. He is a loyal and hopeful friend of America, and has started a movement to make the Fourth of July a common holiday for English-speaking people, a festival in which they shall remember their unity rather than their divisions. One of Mr. Stead's assistants, Tom Bryan, a college man and a hosier, is busily fighting in a diphtheria crusade for his people, who are dying twenty times as fast from that scourge as they would if the sanitary arrangements of their houses were equally propitious with those of Londoners generally. The Tory papers are denouncing him as a "ranting radical," but he is in truth a brave, good-humored, and very practical enemy of disease and vice.

Americans will do well to find out Browning Hall. It was formerly a Congregational church, in which the great poet was christened, and of which his parents were members. He worshipped here almost up to the time when he wrote "Paracelsus." The Browning pew was in the gallery, and some of the richer families who had their seats in the body of the house sneeringly complained of the fuss made over the Brownings, who only sat upstairs! This whole region has been changed of late years so that it is said now to be absolutely the poorest quarter of London. But it gave me a new feeling of the vigor of the English race when I saw these workingmen listening appreciatively to the best which I had to offer, and I gave them an address which I had found serviceable in American universities.

I have had a golden day in Oxford, visiting with Professor J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester Free College, Professor Max Müller, and Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College. I was sorry to learn that Doctor Fairbairn had given up his plan for a volume on Comparative Religion for the International Theological Library. Still, he hopes later to prepare a more elaborate work on the same important

theme. Doctor Fairbairn is one of the foremost minds of Great Britain, and his services to theological scholarship have been large. What an admirable lecturer Principal Fairbairn would be before the educated minds of the Orient!

Professor Carpenter showed me Manchester New College, in which he is the leading instructor. This Unitarian foundation in Oxford seems to have been accepted without much pious grumbling. Professor Carpenter is far from being a destructive radical. His accurate and profound scholarship is joined to a sympathetic and vigorous religious nature which puts him into spiritual accord with a large variety of earnest souls. I have rarely met so manly and attractive a personality. He appeared to me to be the best type of an Englishman, and such men I find very friendly to what is highest in America. The library of Manchester College is worthy of Oxford on account of its beauty; and so is the chapel, with its windows designed by Burne Jones and executed by the late William Morris. Professor Carpenter's house is one of those English homes, embowered in roses, which tempt many an American city pastor or professor to break the tenth commandment!

Professor and Mrs. Max Müller were as charming and gracious as I found them to be on my first visit to them, last summer. They had invited Professor and Mrs. Carpenter to meet me at luncheon, and the Indian talk was of rare interest. Max Müller is a scholar on whom stars have been freely showered. He was recently made a member of the Queen's Privy Council, and is now a Right Honorable. As Dean of the foreign section of the French Academy, he was invited to Paris to meet the Czar. "I could not go," he said. "It was only an emperor!" They were expecting to see the next day the brother of the King of Siam. Max Müller does not like to travel. Last summer I carried him invitations to go to America and to India. "Oh, no," he said; "India and America come to me!" He greatly liked the gentle Dharmapala, who has

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just paid him a visit. As he took our Buddhist friend to the station, a lot of boys gathered around, attracted by Dharmapala's Oriental clothing. He stopped and said to the boys, "I would like to tell you a story," and they eagerly listened to an Eastern tale told by this son of Ceylon's Isle. And then Dharmapala said, "I want you all to make me a promise. It is this, — never to kill a fly." And most of the boys promised!

Wearing his weight of learning like a flower, never oppressive, full of wit and good stories, an excellent listener as well as a remarkable talker, with a wife — a niece of Charles Kingsley — who represents all that is finest in English womanhood, abounding in reminiscence and yet keenly alive to the passing hour, Max Müller is one of the most delightful of men. In my first visit he was full of talk about Lowell and Wendell Holmes, and especially about Dean Stanley.

"I am the only layman," he said, "who ever preached in Westminster Abbey. Stanley asked me many times to preach for him, but I replied: 'I will do anything for you, except to break the law!' Then the Dean laid the case before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who gave the opinion that the Dean had a legal right to determine who should speak in the Abbey; but he closed his letter by saying: 'While I do not doubt the legality of what you propose, I have said no word in favor of its expediency.' Whereupon the brave Stanley wrote to the Lord Chief Justice: 'I did not seek your opinion upon its expediency, but only upon its legality!'" Professor Max Müller's recently published musical recollections came up before us at the table, and his wife assured us that her husband used to play most beautifully; but she confessed that he never could master the London underground railway. On a visit to George Eliot he overshot the station in one direction, then in another, and finally took a cab.

He was particularly warm in his recollections of Charles Kingsley. After Kingsley's controversy with Newman, in

which, as Max Müller thought, he had the best of the cause and the worst of the argument, he lost some of his hold on the English people, regaining it, however, after his death. His publisher offered him only nine hundred pounds for the copyright of all his books. Fortunately Kingsley was induced to refuse the offer, and his wife received more than that amount from the sale of his works the first year after his death.

Professor Müller told us of the beautiful Greek girl Zoe, who used to come to his thinly attended lectures; and in a few days the lectures became so popular that some of the young gentlemen were compelled to stand, so great was the sudden interest in Sanscrit literature. This young woman afterward became the wife of the Archbishop of York. I was kindly shown the decorations which the learned professor has received from European sovereigns, which, however, as he cannot wear them in England without asking the Queen's consent, he never has worn. I saw a large portrait of the German Emperor, which the Kaiser had sent to him, and also a copy of the Emperor's song and music which that most accomplished of young men had given to his Oxford friend. The Kaiser had written upon it: "A Chip from another German workshop."

Professor Müller was full of pleasant reminiscences of his last visit to Paris in October, 1895, where he was called upon to make an address in French on very short notice. He appeared to envy me the month of preparation which was given my inexperience before a similar ordeal last April.

The most popular of German lyric poets is Wilhelm Müller, the father of Max Müller; and when I told the Oxford professor that my son had learned to recite his father's poem of "The Bell-founder of Breslau," he was much pleased, as he also was to hear that friends in Germany and in America as well were still reading with pleasure his early book, "German Love."

"My other books," he once said, "were written from the head, but this from the heart!"

In a delightful walk which I had with Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, we passed by a street named from the late Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College; and this reminds me of a story told me last summer by Dean Fremantle. Let me preface it by saying that Max Müller's English is pure, idiomatic, and perfect, and is uttered with such clearness that you do not need, as with some Englishmen, to ask him to repeat. Some one said to Jowett, "You have seen many classes of Englishmen in your lecture-room." "Yes," he replied, "I am like old Nestor; I have seen pass before me several generations of inarticulate-speaking men!" The Oxford term had not begun. There was some talk of inviting a famous Hindu to come down from London and deliver a lecture. Professor Carpenter said, "Lecturing would do no good now," and Max Müller humorously added, "It does no good in term time."

On Max Müller's piano lay a large colored poster, which had been sent him from California. It was an advertisement of Dr. A.'s Cough Medicine, and it contained a gigantic head of Professor Max Müller! The enterprising American probably chose the most benevolent face he could find, and put his own obscure name beneath it! The Oxford professor doubtless got as much pleasure out of this grotesque evidence of his fame, as out of the ample honors which kings and learned societies have bestowed upon this most famous of living scholars. Of all men he seems to be the most lenient and loving student of non-Christian religions, while declaring the immeasurable superiority of Christianity. As I bade him good-by, I said: "I may not be able to reflect all your ideas in India, but I hope to show your kindly and charitable spirit."

The next day we saw Cambridge, where the term had begun. And I must say that the young men, so stalwart, athletic, well-groomed, and manly, showed to good advantage contrasted with the mighty beer-drinkers whom I had seen in Göttingen. My motto in Oxford was that chosen for the World's Congress Auxiliary: "Not Things, but

Men." I did not even see the Indian Institute, the centre of Indian studies at Oxford, practically founded by Sir Monier Monier-Williams, and which he was anxious that I should visit. But our motto for Cambridge was: "Not Men, but Things." The libraries, chapels, refectories, portraits, quadrangles, towers, and those lovely lawns, with lime-tree avenues, sloping down to the stone and oaken bridges of the Cam, charmed us into that enthusiasm which makes nearly every Cambridge man exultant with a pride which no Oxford fellow can put down. We walked the golden acres which the English muses have most loved. What a gap would be made in our libraries of British song if the Cambridge poets were taken out of them, — Spenser and Sidney, Marlow and Milton, Cowley and Coleridge, Ben Jonson and Dryden, Fletcher and Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson! And think of the Cambridge statesmen, — Lord Burleigh and Cromwell, Pitt and Palmerston! Call the roll of her reformers, divines, missionaries, scholars, men of letters, scientists — Erasmus, Cranmer, Latimer, Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Ussher, Paley, Henry Martyn, John Harvard, Wilberforce, Cudworth, Bentley, Porson, Parr, Pepys, Chesterfield, Thackeray, Bulwer, Macaulay, Bacon, Newton, Isaac Barrow, Whewell, Darwin!

King's College Chapel, built by the "royal saint" Henry VI., of which we had great expectations, quite surpassed our dreams. We plucked some leaves from Milton's mulberry-tree in Christ College garden, saw Erasmus's tower and several rooms of famous Cambridge graduates, and looked at many portraits and busts of the mighty dead. We were directed to the date inscribed on one of the colleges by the celebrated Latin scholar, Professor Mayor, the vegetarian who lived for a long time on twopence a day, whose money has been expended in gathering one of the largest private libraries in the world; and we saw Hogarth's caricature of Dr. Parr, with a great cloud of smoke issuing from his mouth as he sat in the pulpit. This learned veteran had the habit of smoking in church, and sometimes would

ask the congregation to sing a hymn over again that he might have another pipe. Judged by this standard, the English church to-day is not up to Parr!

We had a few hours in Ely before returning to London. The cathedral is its sole attraction. It is the longest in England, excepting Winchester, and is one of the best pieces of Norman architecture. Other styles have been added to it; and the Gothic dome, the only one of the sort in the world, fills one with awe as he looks up into the mighty vault. On the following day we had an opportunity of contrasting Ely with Canterbury. The great cathedral, which stands near the site of the cradle of British Christianity, unlike Ely and like Winchester, is crowded with history. Here the Black Prince and Henry IV. are buried. Here Becket was murdered, and here was built his costly shrine, a shrine which Henry VIII. plundered of its jewels, one of which, the most precious ruby in the world, he made into a thumb-ring for himself. The Puritan iconoclasts show up to advantage beside the much-married and plundering Henry. Dean Farrar, who graciously acted as our guide through the deanery, its delightful gardens, and the interesting environments of the cathedral, is making preparations to celebrate next summer the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into England. Twenty thousand pounds are to be expended in repairing the historic cathedral, which, by the way, is a museum of heraldry. There are here eight hundred coats of arms. Families who were benefactors of the cathedral had the privilege of having their escutcheons carved on the sacred walls. They were also granted forty days' indulgence. Dean Farrar expressed humorously his regret that he could not accord to the benefactors of to-day a similar privilege. He called our attention to the history of architecture as embodied in this noble building with its various styles. We were deeply interested in the deanery, which is really the archbishop's house when he comes to Canterbury. Beneath its roof King William III. had slept. Here the great

Archbishop Tillotson lived for twenty-five years. We saw the portraits of all the deans. Some of his predecessors, as Dean Farrar told us, in the days of royal favoritism, held two bishoprics besides the deanery. When the revisers were at work over the New Testament, it was proposed to translate the word which has been rendered penny, where Jesus said, "Show me a penny," by an almost perfect transcription of the word "denarius," thus making a new word, "denary." The revisers, however, changed their minds, after a few days, when some one suggested that the proposed revision might embolden every canon in England to say to his bishop or to the prime minister, "Give me a deanery!" In the old times such a gift was worth while.

Probably no other living English divine has been read so widely as Dean Farrar. Some of his books are in the library of nearly every American minister, and a translation of his "Life of Christ" or "Life of St. Paul" is found, according to a Russian prince, on the bookshelves of almost every intelligent Russian priest. Dean Farrar is about publishing a book on the Bible. "I am afraid," he said, "that my views will give you a great shock." He is deeply interested in India, where he was born, and of which a former viceroy was his dear friend. Nothing in his library interested me more than a photograph he showed of Phillips Brooks and himself. He thought that if the great Boston preacher had refused to be a bishop he might still be alive. I shall carry with me through life a beautiful picture of Dean Farrar, with his black leggings, small clothes, and university cap, a bunch of keys in his hand, opening for us many a door, climbing the steps of the high garden wall, pointing out the leading architectural features of the great cathedral, and at last in the beautiful evening twilight bidding us a kindly good-by.

We parted from him under Christ Church Gate, beneath which, as he told us, Charles V., Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey had walked together. We had seen St. Martin's Church, the oldest church building in England, and in its

churchyard Dean Alford's tomb, on which I read, with peculiar emotion, an inscription which would be appropriate to me, resting here to-night: "The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem."

The next morning we left the hospitalities of "The Rose," and the precincts of the cathedral, and within an hour were driving along the sea-wall of Dover, where we looked up to the ancient castle and saw to the westward Shakespeare's Cliff. The seventy minutes' passage across the Channel was over a quiet and sun-kissed sea. It was with deep affection that I said good-by to old England, and I ask my readers to share with me that friendship for the better England, that prayerful hope that she may be delivered from calamity and dishonor, and that faith in her mighty, beneficent mission with which I now set my face toward her great Indian Empire.

CHAPTER XV.

LOWELL'S CATHEDRAL.

AS we crossed the Channel, I read through Lord Rosebery's speech given the night before in Edinburgh, and I said: "O England! thy problems and perils are so grave that all Christian hearts must pray for thee. Separated though thou art by these waters from the great European world, thou art still bound, both by duty and interest, to the armed and the suffering nations. God shield thee from war; but if a righteous war must come, may God give to thy delivering arm a noble victory!" At Calais we experienced the wonder, ever new, of striking another language and other modes of life. Sweeping by Boulogne, we saw the tall monument, crowned with the statue of Napoleon, marking the spot where the Corsican Cæsar encamped when he planned another conquest of Britain. In a few hours we were in Paris, and found the city still gay with the profuse and artistic decorations with which France had just greeted the Czar. The Russian eagles were everywhere close to the shields on which the letters R. F. tell all the world that France is a republic. Amazing were the festoons of white lamps on the Place de la Concorde and along the Champs Elysées; and how the Japanese spring-time, with its white and pink cherry-blossoms, appeared to have returned in the flower-decorated autumn trees of the Rond Point! The word "Pax" was inscribed a thousand times on the decorations. "Methinks she doth protest too much." The spirit which makes for peace is not ubiquitous nor omnipotent.

It was good to get away from national concerns and to find real peace for the spirit in the familiar American Church, of which Dr. Thurber is the pastor, but where we heard a tender and beautiful sermon on "Seeing God," by President Francis E. Clark of the Christian Endeavor movement. A union meeting of all the Paris societies of Christian Endeavor greeted him in the afternoon. It is always a joy to come into touch with this modest and devoted man, chosen of God to move the young Christian life of the world and to help make ready for the active, spiritual, and united church of the future. Of our three secular days in Paris, two were spent out of the city, and I realized a dream which I had been dreaming for twenty-five years, in a visit to Lowell's Cathedral in Chartres, two hours from Paris. Before I came abroad in 1873, I had made myself familiar with the now famous poem inspired by the great minster, of which Napoleon said, "How ill at ease would an atheist be here!" Lowell's "Cathedral" was my constant companion on my first being abroad, and I found it sympathetic with many moods. It contains much moralizing, and is full of high eloquence. But it was only yesterday that the way seemed open for a visit to Chartres.

> "A pretty burgh, and such as fancy loves
> For bygone grandeurs. . . .
> Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers' walks,
> Looked down unwatchful on the sliding Eure."

The hours that we spent in and about the cathedral, whose massiveness and splendor are associated with a history which reaches back to pre-Christian times, were among the most impressive and really exciting that we have known in Europe. We did not wonder that Lowell wrote, —

> "I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye,
> And give to fancy one clear holiday,
> Scarce saw the minster, for the thoughts it stirred,
> Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest."

Our thoughts, too, were busy, and were not altogether cheerful, for reasons which I will indicate at once. The great church is built to the glory of Our Lady of Chartres, and contains a miraculous Virgin, made of dark wood, often called the Black Virgin. It holds also a miraculous tunic or veil, and in the spacious crypt is a copy of the Druidical Virgin, worshipped in a heathen sanctuary here before the beginning of the Christian era. We spent a good deal of time before the splendid and richly decorated shrine of the Virgin, around which hundreds of golden hearts, the offerings of the faithful, are suspended, and where many candles are kept constantly burning. Chartres must have had a revival of piety since Lowell's first visit here. He says:

> "Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
> Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
> To call the worshippers who never came,
> Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes."

We heard the great bells again and again, but the town was not heedless. A thousand worshippers must have come during the afternoon, and a constant procession passed the shrine of the Black Virgin. Men, women, and children in arms kissed the stone pillar on which the image is placed. According to the official guide-book, sold in the cathedral, "forty days' indulgence may be gained by kissing the pillar of Notre Dame du Pilier." Scores of miracles are related as having been performed by Our Lady of Chartres. She is declared to have saved France from paganism, in the tenth century, by the defeat and conversion of the Norman Duke Rollo, and from Protestantism, in the sixteenth century, by the defeat of the Huguenots. The official guide says, "Our Lady raises to life dead children, brought to her by their mother." In the devotions offered within the cathedral, I strove with all sympathy to believe that there was present the spirit of true worship, and I do not doubt the sincerity, while I deplore the want of enlightenment. God, who sees the heart, doubtless brings many consolations to those who kneel at this shrine which His hand, as I have

come to believe, never erected. But I have written enough to show why the visit saddened me, although I was not unfamiliar with the acts of worship which are offered to the Virgin Mother of Our Lord. It seemed to me that they are not the best friends of the human soul who, to use Lowell's phrase,

> " obscure
> With painted saints and paraphrase of God
> The soul's east window of divine surprise."

What filled me with joy in the cathedral was the feeling that this glorious monument of human hands is in its entirety an altar of religion, and an offering, notwithstanding all superstitions, to Almighty God. Chartres has not the perfect symmetry nor the stupendous height of the double-spired Cologne; but it possesses a venerableness in which the newly finished Christian temple on the Rhine does not share. In historical associations it ranks with Winchester and Canterbury. English kings have contributed to its glory, and Edward III. paid his devotions at this shrine.

> " Here once there stood a homely wooden church,
> Which slow devotion nobly changed to this,
> That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.
> By suffrage universal it was built,
> As practised then, for all the country came
> From far as Rouen to give votes for God,
> Each vote a block of stone securely laid,
> Obedient to the master's deep-mused plan."

It is claimed that all the French kings excepting Louis XVI. have been devoted subjects of Our Lady of Chartres. Clovis received instruction from her bishop; the early Carlovingian monarchs were her friends; St. Louis walked barefoot to her altar; Louis XI. divided his time between Paris and Chartres; Henry of Navarre was here consecrated; Louis XIV. was a pilgrim to these crypts; popes have lowered their mitres before this image; St. Bernard, the mighty Abbot of Clairvaux, here comforted the crusading knights in their discouragement; the steps of the great Thomas à Becket of Canterbury have been heard among

these massive pillars; converted Huron Indians from the forests of North America have sent their offerings to this shrine, which Catholic missionaries have made famous in China and Japan and on the tropic shores of Ceylon.

Mr. Lowell describes himself as first brought face to face with "the minster's vast repose" at the "triple northern port,"

> "Where dedicated shapes of saints, and kings,
> Stern faces, bleared with immemorial watch,
> Looked down benignly grave."

We entered by the western gate, between the two lofty towers, high up around whose stony perches great flocks of birds were circling, as in the time when our American poet saw in them an image of us moderns,

> "Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful past,
> And twittering round the work of larger men,
> As we had builded what we but deface."

To me it is always a great moment when I first stand beneath the high-embowered roof of a vast cathedral aisle. And Chartres holds its own in any company of Christian churches. Mr. Lowell wonders if it were Faith or Fear which built thus nobly. And he also asks if our age, which is surely not one of cathedral-building, has achieved anything as worthy as this miracle in stone, which men were one hundred and sixty years in finishing. Readers of his poem will recall how despondent he seems in some of his meditations. Twenty-five years ago the wave of agnosticism was at its height, that wave which has since subsided. Lowell, though "the born disciple of an elder time" and never losing faith in God and prayer and immortality, was yet sympathetic with his own age, and cultured agnosticism touched his harp with many plaintive melodies. Later in life he drew closer to the ancestral faith, but even in this poem the spirit of doubt never really triumphs. Invincible hope asserts herself. God is not to be displaced. We know ourselves by knowing Him. The soul of man is His

best temple, and "fairer far than aught by artist feigned or pious ardor reared." And though Mr. Lowell welcomes the spirit of criticism which exposes all delusions, though he sees in true science the essence of religion, though he beholds the downfall of ancient superstitions, "while pale gods glance for help to gods as pale," yet man can never be permanently cheated out of heaven. The Divine comes back to him. With every child the angel-peopled paradise returns. The religion of self-sacrifice is enduring. This world is not made for mere enjoyment. Man needs and will get hold of the Divine consolation, and in the church of the future

> "The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
> Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
> Shall tower, as sovereign emblem, over all."

Among the great things of the cathedral are the spacious crypts, the most extensive that I have ever seen, surpassing, I think, those of Canterbury. A large, good-natured beldame, a believer in the miraculous powers of Our Lady, led us through subterranean chapel after chapel. One of these is very extensive, and from the ceiling lighted lamps depend. In Canterbury we were shown the hooks in the roof to which the silver lamps were once attached in those far-off days of which Chaucer sings, when pilgrims journeyed to the British shrine as they now journey to Chartres.

The screen around three sides of the great choir — colossal, elaborate, and yet delicate sculptures, representing scenes in the life of Mary and of our Lord — is the greatest piece of stone-carving in interior church architecture that I have ever looked at. The beautiful wood-carvings in the stalls of King's College Chapel, and of Ely and Canterbury cathedrals, seem child's play in comparison. But to me the heavenliest part of this Gothic wonder is the beauty of the ancient glass windows, before one of which pilgrims lighted candles in the twelfth century. There are more than one hundred and forty windows, letting in a dim religious light. But it is light, and calls our thoughts heaven-

ward. Before the art of printing was invented, the thirty-eight hundred figures in this beautiful glass and the many carved images within and without, depicting scenes of Biblical, legendary, and ecclesiastical history, formed the people's picturesque and magnificent prayer-book. Our poet recovers from his plaintive mood, as the heavenly light falls upon him through these painted kings and prophets.

> "I gaze round on the windows, pride of France,
> Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild,
> Who loved their city, and thought gold well spent,
> To make her beautiful with piety;
> I pause transfigured by some stripe of bloom,
> And my mind throngs with shining auguries,
> Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
> With golden trumpets, silent, that await
> The signal to blow news of good to men."

But, after all, to me what gives a perpetual charm to Lowell's "Cathedral" is its picturesque interpretation of the wonder, fascination, and heavenward-climbing spirit of Gothic architecture. It is good reading, not only at Chartres, but before and within many of the chief shrines of Northern Europe. It was early in the evening when we took our last look at that which had brought us thither. There it stood, and there it will stand,

> "Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff,
> Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat."

As our train took us back to busy and brilliant Paris, perhaps the centre of modern civilization, I felt that the spirit which achieved its greatest things in the building of cathedrals must now seek, and will now seek, to honor God best by serving men, by delivering the soul from ignorance and the life from brutalizing poverty, and by teaching that through brotherhood, through a faith which works by love, the kingdom of heaven is expanded and built up on the earth.

France is full of hope that her isolation and her peril have been removed or lessened, through the union with

Russia, which has been made more real and apparent by the visit of the Czar. But Europe remains an armed camp. The Prince of Peace would, I think, be far more honored by the cessation of European hatreds and antagonisms than by the building of a hundred cathedrals. If men would appropriate the real spirit of Christ's teachings, they should throw down their rifles and snap in two their swords. Christian nations, so called, seem to feed only on the husks of religion. The doctrine of God's fatherhood and human brotherhood, adopted into the lives of men, would usher in the commonwealth of love.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNDER ITALIAN SKIES — TURIN, MILAN, FLORENCE.

WE left the French capital at the Lyons station by the express train for Turin. It was with regret that we said good-by to a city that has always been kind to us. Shall we ever see Notre Dame and the Place de la Concorde again? The ride through France, when the rain was falling and the skies were dark, was a time for reflections rather than for visions. I had a few hours of sleep before we came to the Italian custom-house at Modane. Then the train carried us through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and in half an hour we had pierced the Alpine barrier, over which Cæsar had climbed to the conquest of Gaul, and Hannibal and Napoleon to the conquest of Italy.

It is twenty-three years since I had my first view of one of the fairest lands the traveller ever sees, the land where nature and art are rich with untold treasures, and where memory consecrates every city and river and storied plain. To visit Italy is the scholar's brightest dream. I could but think how many of our own countrymen — poets, historians, statesmen — have found in their Italian journeys rich food for the mind. And then, who does not remember that from Luther's visit to Italy sprung the reformation of Europe? No other Englishman ever was better fitted to find full enjoyment in the literary and other treasures of Florence and Rome than John Milton, and we proudly recall how he hurried back to England to take a brave man's part in the Puritan battle for righteousness and freedom. Goethe's visit to Italy made a large part of his many-sided edu-

cation. Byron found in Italy a theme for song, and his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is the daily companion of many a traveller.

My mind has been struck anew with the enormous wealth of greatness, in all forms of human achievement, belonging to this marvellous Italian peninsula. For more than two thousand years this fair region has been the theatre of events in which human genius has played a most illustrious part. If we should select seventy-five of the greatest personalities in history, Italy would claim her full share among them — indeed, one-fifth of all. Judged by their inherent mental or moral worth or by their representative character or by their achievements and influence, we might perhaps justly say that these are the foremost personalities of all time: Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, Homer, Socrates, Pericles, Plato, Phidias, Alexander; Rameses II., Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed; Akbar, Charles Martel, Charlemagne, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Joan of Arc, Calvin, Pascal, Voltaire, Napoleon, Gutenberg, Luther, Frederick the Great, Kant, Goethe, Bismarck; Alfred, Wyclif, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, John Knox, Chatham, Harvey, James Watt, Gladstone, Livingstone, Darwin; Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Grant; William the Silent, Gustavus Adolphus, Rembrandt, Peter the Great, Ignatius Loyola, Cervantes, Bolivar; Cæsar, Cicero, Augustus, Virgil, Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, Augustine, Dante, Hildebrand, Francis of Assisi, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Columbus, Cavour. Of these the last sixteen belong to Italy. I include Constantine in the Italian list because, although born in England and founding a capital on the Bosphorus, he was essentially Roman, and had in Italy one sphere of his activity. I include St. Augustine because, though born in Africa, his chief life was here, and he is justly esteemed the greatest of the Latin fathers. I choose Cavour because he best represents the struggle for Italian liberation and unity. Some of my readers may make a better

selection than mine, but they will not find the Italian stars in the great human constellation any less luminous or splendid.

Emerging from the long tunnel, we descended rapidly toward the Piedmontese plain. The lofty snow-peaks were in full harmony with the wintry morning air. Many waterfalls tumbled down into little streams, affluents to the greater Po. Chestnut-trees grew frequent, and told us of one of the sources of the thrifty Italian's food. As we descended, vineyards began to multiply, and at last we came upon tiny cornfields. We had also come to the land of history, which seems to us Americans very old. Our train passed through one little village where a Roman triumphal arch still stands, which was finished the very year when Jesus, a boy of twelve, went up to the temple in Jerusalem. We looked down upon the gray roofs and houses, some of them appearing like wasps' nests, that seemed very old indeed. But after a while we slid into the fertile Piedmontese lowlands, and were soon debarking from the train in the proud, thriving, modern-looking city of Turin, the former capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, and the first capital of the new kingdom of Italy.

The impression is made at once, even in Turin, — an impression daily deepened while in Italy, — that this is the land of art, of monumental art and every other kind. There are half a dozen statues in the squares of Turin which make one feel how timid, tame, and clumsy are very many of the corresponding works in England and America, erected to the honor of great men. The statue of Count Cavour, an elaborate monument in white marble, on which is written Cavour's favorite motto, "A free Church and a free State," first thrilled me twenty-three years ago, and has lost none of its powerful charm. Contrast the statue of the knightly warrior and peacemaker Emmanuel Philibert with the statue of our warrior and peacemaker Grant! A four hours' ride over the great northern plain of Italy, a plain covered by many a martial spoiler, — a ride that took us

by the battlefield of Magenta, — brought us, in the early evening twilight of a dark day, to Milan.

The next morning promised to be bright, as from our window we looked out on the glorious marble crown of the cathedral. As in the fresh, luminous dawn we stood in the great piazza in front of this wonder of Gothic art and feasted our eyes on the sculptured pediments, the hundreds of aspiring minarets, and the thousands of wondrous statues, and as later we stood within this gorgeous pile, which, next to St. Peter's and the cathedral in Seville, is the largest church in Europe, La Signora exclaimed, "Why did no one ever tell me that the Milan cathedral is so beautiful!" It is easy enough to feel, but it is simply impossible to describe so as to make others adequately realize such a miracle in stone as this. Keats's wealth of picturesque and melodious phrase, Tennyson's matchless use of many-colored words, Milton's ample and sonorous vocabulary, might all be appropriately lavished on the Milan cathedral, which has not yet found its poet.

But, after all, no one sees the cathedral unless he climbs, as we did, to the marble roof. That rare benefactor, a really serviceable Italian guide, with a good knowledge of French, piloted us heavenward. No other church is so easily and comfortably ascended. You never are choked in any narrow passage, and no other cathedral is so well worth climbing. Once on the roof the heart begins to swell as the eye rests on decorated pinnacle after pinnacle, each one beautifully and sumptuously carved, each one sheltering heroic or saintly statues under its gracious canopies and carrying some nobler and grander figure on its summit. It is a forest of sculptured art that enraptures the mind; and as you go higher, the wonder grows. It is a wilderness, a luxuriant flower-garden of blossoming stone, that enchants the eye and astonishes the intellect. Hundreds of flowers and hundreds of fruits are wedded to the tropic ornamentation. There is no repetition anywhere. The lofty marble balustrades are amazingly rich and

beautiful, and seem endless. You look out over a network of white stone cut into lace-like patterns, and then you begin to study in detail each minaret and to wonder whom these more than three thousand life-size figures in marble really represent.

One's brain must be a library, as our guide truly said, to know half of them. One form, however, standing sublime upon a pinnacle in the loftiest row, all the world is eager to distinguish. He was no saint, the man who looks down from this dizzy and dazzling perch. He holds in his hand what seems like a lance. It is really a rod that draws off the lightning's bolts. The heavens flash and roar around his marble semblance, as the earth flashed and roared around his human career. One of his earliest achievements was to add Italy to France. It was he who ordered the finishing of the Milan cathedral, and here in the Lombard capital he was crowned with an iron crown. Napoleon! —

> "That name consumed the silence of the snows
> In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid;
> The mimic eagles dared what Nature's did
> And over-rushed her mountainous repose
> In search of eyries; and the Egyptian river
> Mingled the same word with its grand 'Forever.'"

We climbed the four hundred and eighty-six steps that lead to the top of the central spire, and from this flashing jewel of the diadem of the Lombard queen we looked out over the beautiful city and the far-reaching plains, to the foot of the Alps, and even farther, for St. Gothard drew wide asunder his cloudy veil and showed us the white mountain throne which shot thirteen thousand feet upward into the blue and ever-brightening skies. It was a vision never to be forgotten. Reluctantly we descended, but once more within the cathedral its splendid beauty seemed diviner than ever.

But Milan has other attractions besides the cathedral. The statue of the great Leonardo da Vinci, painter, mathe-

matician, engineer, inventor, is one of the ornaments of the city. His "Last Supper" in the monastic refectory, defaced though it be by time, is, with one exception, the most famous of pictures, and draws to it pilgrim feet from all civilized lands.

Milan's art gallery also should be seen. In its court-yard stands Canova's impressive "Napoleon," and in one of its rooms is Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," certainly among the sweetest of all his pictures. Then there is the historically interesting and very ancient church of St. Ambrose, within which he baptized the young Augustine. Here is still kept the marble chair in which Roman and German emperors were crowned. We sat in it — this chair of Theodosius and Charlemagne and Napoleon — and felt as if we had come close to much that was greatest in the history of fifteen centuries.

From Milan to Florence! It was a ride through one of the richest of historic landscapes; by fields of rice and corn, watered artificially, yielding twelve crops a year, and reminding us of California; by the bridge of Lodi, where Napoleon led the fiery onset of his troops; through cities linked with the wars of the second Roman triumvirate; through Bologna, the learned, and then, as night came on, and the moon threw her silver mantle over field and stream, along the banks of the Reno, up the gorges of the Apennines, and thence downward across the Tuscan plains, — it was such a ride that carried us to Florence, loveliest of all Italian cities.

I am happy to think that there are many people in many lands who love Florence as warmly as I do. In this my second visit, the affectionate enthusiasm which has never left me since I first stood before Giotto's Tower and Raphael's Madonnas, Michael Angelo's "David" and Ghiberti's celestial gates, has been greatly deepened.

My companion, not agreeing with me in all things, still agrees with me in the blissful conviction that Florence is the most beautiful and inspiring place on earth. I choose

these adjectives deliberately, because I know not where else to find so much which feeds the love of the beautiful and the love of the noble and heroic. If Athens had been Christian in her classic age, I might make an exception of the city of Minerva. In writing of our happy experiences here, how shall I make a selection, when our joys have been

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
> High overarch'd embower"?

These familiar lines from "Paradise Lost" occurred to us on Galileo's Tower, whose steps the youthful Milton climbed to see the great astronomer. It is on the south bank of the Arno beyond the hill and church of San Miniato, and has now become an interesting Galileo Museum, filled with portraits of the brave Christian man of science and with memorials of his life. Among these are two pictures which represent Milton's visit. Another is a copy of the ecclesiastical sentence of condemnation. Still another is one of the telescopes which he is said to have used, — a tiny instrument for piercing and conquering the heavenly deeps, compared with that which is so soon to be placed on the shores of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. We had a long climb before reaching the Tower, which is really part of a spacious house in the midst of a lovely garden; but the objects within it, and especially the view from its summit, on such a perfect October afternoon, were ample recompense. Florence lay at our feet, and all its loftier buildings stood out in grand relief. About us were gardens and churches and vineyards, groups of olive-trees, and rows of tall and solemn cypresses; and to the north and east, beyond the city, were the beautiful hills, so many of them crowned with dazzling villas, hills reaching away to the Apennines. Among the nearer summits was Fiesole. Surely this was the place to recall and repeat Milton's description of Satan's shield, for he doubtless remembered what we saw when he dictated the famous lines, —

"The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fiesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

But come with us back to the city. We saw the house in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote and died. What sweet visions she had from her Casa Guidi windows! It was pleasant to see that grateful Florence has marked with a spacious marble tablet the home of her who made the cause of Italian freedom and unity her own. We also stood by her grave in the beautiful little cemetery, where we saw, besides, the graves of Arthur Hugh Clough, Theodore Parker, and Walter Savage Landor. The poet Clough was dear to Emerson, and very dear to Lowell, who in his poem on Agassiz, written in Florence, pays a tender tribute to this young English genius, who rests "not by still Isis or historic Thames," but

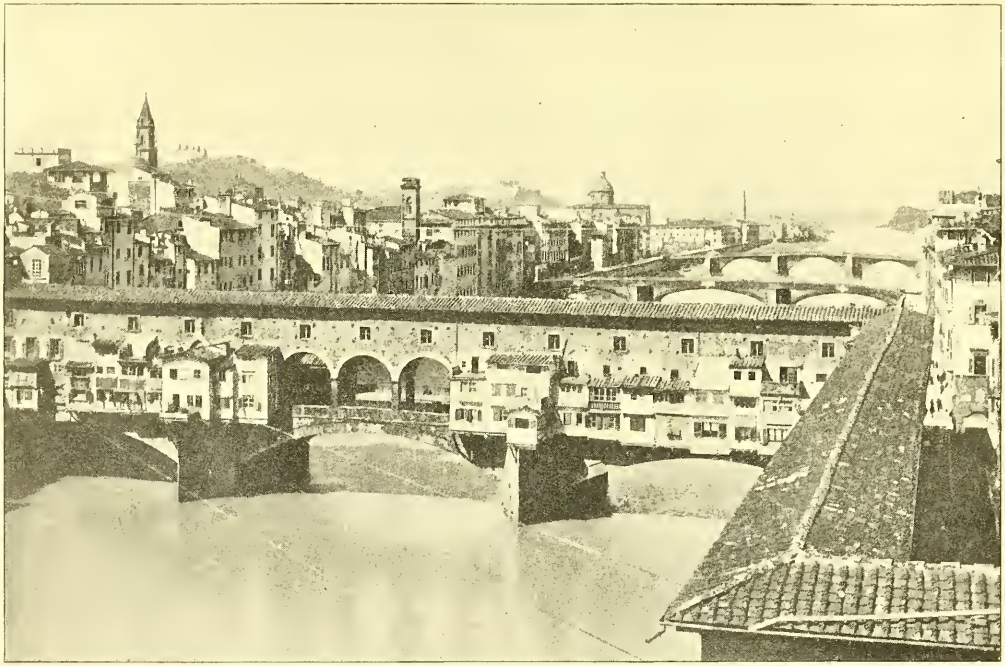
"By Arno's hallowed brim,
Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,
Of violets which to-day I scattered over him."

Theodore Parker's grave inspired me with deep and rather mixed emotions. The inscription which friends have written upon the brave man's tomb has a slightly exaggerated and defiant tone of eulogy, not altogether pleasing to some of us who really reverence Theodore Parker's undoubted greatness. The slab which marks the resting-place of Walter Savage Landor, who lived so many years in his suburban Florentine villa, is an almost painfully simple memorial, lying flat upon the soil. A becoming monument to Landor would be a classic Grecian temple, with polished marble shafts adorned with Phidian sculptures and inscribed with choicest verses from the Attic poets.

The Florentine art-treasures, as most people know, are of the highest order, and are practically inexhaustible. I do not refer merely to those in the Uffizi Gallery, nor to

the richer treasures in the Pitti Palace, nor to the half mile of pictures reaching across the Arno and connecting these two famous collections; but I have in mind also the valuable works in the Academy, the statues in the squares and other public places, and the marvellous adornments of the monasteries and churches. I apprehend that in the Church of the Annunciation there is greater artistic wealth than can be found in some of our large cities. In Florence we have made a new friend in Andrea del Sarto; we have come to see in Giotto not only a great architect but also a great painter, while three of Raphael's Madonnas and his portrait of Pope Julius II. have given us a fresh conception of his almost unearthly power. But while one learns to love Raphael, he bows more and more in reverence before Michael Angelo, architect, sculptor, engineer, painter, poet, patriot; the most complete and colossal genius belonging to the domain of art. His splendid "David" looks as if he were consciously able to overcome a dozen Goliaths. How noble are the unfinished figures Night and Day, Dawn and Twilight, in the chapel of the Medicis! We visited the house of Michael Angelo, which, like Goethe's in Weimar, is a treasury of art. We saw his Holy Family in the "Tribune," and laid our hands on the fortifications built by him, behind which the Florentines for eleven months successfully resisted the attacks of Charles V. of Spain.

But Florence summons before us an even loftier shade than Michael Angelo's. We entered the old cathedral, now the Baptistery, to which it is said that every child born in Florence is brought. The priests were waiting for the infants who might be carried thither at any time; but my mind was busy with thoughts of the little child christened there more than six centuries ago. He was to become the greatest of Italian poets, and many believe the loftiest poet of all time. It has been said that while Shakespeare saw things, and Goethe saw into things, Dante saw through them. The light which he brings from hell and purgatory



THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

and paradise illumines not only his own age, but the minds of cultivated men in all subsequent ages. The house where he was born is still preserved, and also the stone on which he sat in the Square of the Duomo, watching "the slow blocks swing up, to complete the master-thought of Arnolfo," the architect to whose labors Brunelleschi succeeded. One imposing monument to Dante stands before the Church of Santa Croce, and another within that hallowed shrine, the Pantheon of Italy; but the body of the poet whom Florence, the "all-loving mother bore" and afterwards exiled, rests at Ravenna, near the shores of the Adriatic. The suffering life of this great man is another illustration of how heroic and lofty souls may meet misunderstanding and persecution, while the honors heaped upon Dante since his death speak of the assured justice of repentant and slow-pondering Time. I remember how Wendell Phillips exclaimed in 1860: "The day will come when Virginia, clothed and in her right mind, will beg of New York the dust of John Brown for some mausoleum at Richmond, just as repentant Florence, robed in sackcloth, begged of Ravenna the dust of that outlawed Dante, whom a hundred years before she had ordered to be burnt alive." How extravagant the prediction! But the fulfilment of such extravagances is one of the commonplaces of history.

Like all other frequenters of these scenes, we crossed and recrossed the Ponte Vecchio, about which Longfellow has written so beautiful a sonnet, making the old bridge proudly soliloquize "Taddeo Gaddi built me," "Florence decks me with her jewelry," "Michael Angelo hath leaned on me." We visited the Church of St. Michael, interesting to me from the fact that the various guilds of Florence have decorated the exterior walls with fine statues of the Apostles. In Santa Croce, Italy's Westminster Abbey, and in the Portico of the Uffizi, adorned with marble statues of great Florentines, I realized that, as some one has said, "fame is as cheap here as notoriety is elsewhere," and that "Florence stands next to Athens in teaching the way

in which man may make himself immortal." And how many of my readers know that the most beautiful campanile in the world is made of many-colored marble, delighting the eye not only by its height and perfect proportions, but also by its harmony of color-tones?

> "In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's Tower,
> The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone,
> A vision, a delight, and a desire,
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
> Yet wanting still the glory of the spire."

It made me happy to see that the rude, unfinished west end of the cathedral, an offence to the eye for centuries, has been beautifully and even gorgeously finished in colored marbles. How many churches in Florence, — San Spirito, Santa Croce, Santa Maria del Carmine, and others, — rich within in every form of beautiful art, are still rough and unfinished without! But even this has one advantage, — you find on entering these church doors infinitely more than you expected.

The glorious culmination of all my interest in Florence was the visit to San Marco, where Savonarola lived and prayed, and the many visits to the Piazza del Signoria, only a few yards from our hotel, where his body was burned at the stake. The Monastery of St. Mark is made beautiful and holy, not only by the prayers and preaching of the great Dominican monk, but also by the prayers and paintings of Fra Bartolommeo and the blessed Fra Angelico. Is there any other spot on earth more sacred to saintly beauty and saintly heroism? As we walked through the cells of the monks, in each of which Fra Angelico had painted some scene from the life of Christ, and as later we saw in the Academy and the Pitti Palace many of his other works, I realized that it was spiritually as well as literally true that he painted upon his bended knees. His Madonna, with two saints surrounded by twelve musical angels, has a splendor which equals its unapproachable holiness. And who could enter Savona-

rola's cell, and think of his agonies and aspirations and illuminations, and then remember his fate, without having a strange choking in his throat? We saw the pulpit from which he preached to his brother monks, and we stood in the great Duomo, where he, a Florentine Elijah, preached to the people of his time. But in the Piazza del Signoria, with the great tower of the Old Palace looking down upon him and his two companions, condemned with him to the flames, is the central shrine of this man's memory. Thousands to whom he would otherwise be almost unknown, have come to love him through the pages of "Romola." The picture of his execution, which we saw at San Marco, represents him as having been strangled before his body was burned. Standing by the place of his death, seeing the happy crowds of prosperous Florence, or hearing there the music which on Sunday afternoons is rendered by a military band placed among the statues of the Loggia, which forms one side of the square, and thinking of what has occurred since Savonarola's spirit was breathed out to God, I could but say, in the words of Galileo, spoken in this same city, "The world does move." Italy is free, the Gospel is not bound; the martyrdom of Savonarola was one of the gates of entrance to the modern world of toleration and mental freedom. No honors are too great for the brave monk or for the exiled poet or for the persecuted astronomer.

> "The hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
> To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Sunday morning we had great joy in the Gospel as preached in the Presbyterian church by the Reverend Mr. McDougall, a Scotch minister, who told with touching eloquence how the fragrance of Mary's alabaster box of ointment had gone out to all the earth. After what we had seen and felt before, this service in the Protestant meeting-house, which Savonarola and Galileo, Martin Luther and John Knox, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel had helped to make possible, was the culmination of all our experiences.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROME AND NAPLES.

THE "lone mother of dead empires" is to-day the happy and even jubilant capital of young, free Italy. One cannot feel very much in the Byronic mood, coming to the Eternal City, as we have done, during the week of festivities over the marriage of the Prince of Naples. Byron made everything which he saw a reflection of his own bitter and disappointed spirit. He called himself an "orphan of the heart," and found in Roman ruins a most congenial theme for his proud, scornful, and sometimes affectedly humble muse.

> "What are our woes and sufferance, come and see
> The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
> Whose agonies are evils of the day.
> A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay."

My companion is enjoying her first astonishment over the treasure-house of art and antiquity. Undoubtedly a visit here is the chief experience that comes to the European traveller. The Roman pictures are not equal in beauty, though they may be in interest, to those of Paris, Dresden, or Florence. Raphael's "Transfiguration," great though it is, does not rank with the "Sistine Madonna." Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome" is a noble canvas; Guido Reni's "Aurora" and "St. Michael" are worthy of their fame. Half a dozen other pictures, including of course Raphael's "Madonna da Foligno," are in the front rank. But there is no one picture gallery to be mentioned with the Louvre or the Pitti Palace. In sculpture, however, Rome

is supreme. We have seen the "Dying Gladiator," the "Faun" of Praxiteles, of which Hawthorne has given us so fine an interpretation, the Capitoline Venus, the Apollo Belvedere, the "Laocoön," the "Torso" of Hercules, the "Niobe," the "Augustus Cæsar," the "Head of Zeus," the "Demosthenes," the busts of the Cæsars, Michael Angelo's stupendous "Moses," his beautiful "Pieta" in St. Peter's, his sweet, strong risen Christ, carrying the cross, in Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, and the other chief masterpieces of sculptured art. But I must add that, though the canvases of Rome may not equal those of the three other cities, the fresco painting in the Vatican is unsurpassed elsewhere. I find that in this second visit I care far more than in the first for the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo's colossal prophets and sibyls look down upon you as from the sky. His "Last Judgment," too, darkened though it has been and disfigured by other hands, is astonishing, if not highly satisfactory. The truth is that the Christ of the "Final Judgment," the beautiful Jesus of the cradle, and the agonized Sufferer on the cross, the most familiar forms in classic Italian art, do not adequately or truly represent the tender graciousness, the beneficent humanity, and the all-embracing love of that Redeemer who is reverenced by modern Christians that have gained their ruling conceptions from the Gospels. Raphael's frescos in the Vatican are magnificent compositions, especially the "Parnassus," the "School of Athens," the "Disputa," the "Incendio del Borgo," and the "Liberation of Peter." One who is familiar only with his Madonnas will be astonished at the tremendous power illustrated by the hand which pencilled so many sweet maternal faces.

But as in Florence, so in Rome, I felt that there is but one master-spirit, and Emerson's lines came to my lips often, —

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought with a sad sincerity.
> Himself from God he could not free,
> He builded better than he knew,
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The perfection of the separate parts in St. Peter's — Michael Angelo's master-work — is so complete that we are slow in appreciating its colossal proportions. I have made thirteen visits in all to this greatest of Christian shrines, and, while I find it far from the best place in which to worship God, I scarcely know of any other place where I more reverence the genius and power of man. One also feels the mighty pedigree of the Papal Church, and in a hundred ways realizes the strength and ubiquity of Roman Catholicism to-day. It has been said that in the Vatican only do men think and plan for the whole world.

I am greatly impressed with the changes which have occurred in Rome since 1874. The city of course is much larger, and has been greatly modernized. New and brilliant thoroughfares have been constructed, and tramways introduced. Think of taking a horse-car to the Pantheon or St. Peter's! The Via Nazionale, which is to-day brilliant with decorations in honor of the Crown Prince's marriage, is a splendid avenue, and, driving down its long course between double rows of flags and starry lamps and the shields and banners of the hundred cities of Italy, one feels that he is in the well-to-do modern capital of a happy and hopeful nation. In spite of the national and municipal debt, Rome appears to be prosperous. Italy has been forced to do in twenty-five years the work of a century. Her alliance with Germany and Austria necessitates an immense standing army, draining the national resources. The people's spirit, however, "rings Roman yet." The S. P. Q. R. — "Senate and People of Rome" — looks well on the national buildings.

The ancient city has been re-excavated since I last saw it. "The steps of broken thrones and temples" have had their foundations discovered. The interior of the Colosseum has been dug out, the subterranean chambers have been exposed, till the immense ruin appears greater and higher still. A similar process has gone on in the Forum and elsewhere. Then ecclesiastical Rome has become more

splendid. That jewel among all churches, St. Paul's outside the Walls, shows an interior of polished marbles, adorned with many new pictures, while the long series of the portraits of the popes in mosaic has been completed. The present pontiff has lavished a deal of treasure on the ceiling of St. John Lateran, — the mother church of Roman Christendom. Here, as in Florence, many of the churches still present very shabby exteriors, while the wealth of art and interest within is almost incalculable. We are at the Hotel Minerva, and right across the piazza is the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, built on the site of a Roman temple to the goddess of wisdom. The outside of this famous structure looks like a great stone barn. Entering, however, you find yourself in the only Gothic interior in Rome, — spacious, elevated, adorned with chapels, richly ornamented, and containing a statue of the Christ by Michael Angelo. I doubt if a traveller could enjoy in all the churches of New York City artistic riches equal to those of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Rome is still erecting new monuments to celebrate old and new fames. The brave martyr to free thought, Giordano Bruno, now stands before us in bronze. And yonder, by the Capitoline, rises the immense marble foundation of the national monument to Victor Emmanuel II., on which already seven million francs have been expended. This afternoon we visited his tomb in the Pantheon. On it are the words "Father of the Country." Many thousands of grateful Italians were flocking to this honored sepulchre on this day of national rejoicing. We were not able to enter the Pantheon before to-day on account of the floods from the Tiber, tawny and swollen, which had submerged the entrance to the building.

One of our interesting experiences was to visit the graves of Shelley and Keats, in the English cemetery, near the Ostian Gate. Only the ashes of Shelley are buried here. After his death by shipwreck his body was burned, but his heart was taken to England. The alchemy by which the

spirit of the true poet is immortalized is beautifully suggested by the lines on his tomb, —

> "Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

I had much deeper feelings at the tomb of John Keats, on whose gravestone the poet's name is not inscribed, but whereon we read the strange epitaph, written at his own request, in the bitterness of his soul: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." That name, however, is carved in adamant. Keats's brain was the splendid workshop of beauty, and "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." He who wrote the "Ode to the Nightingale" and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" will outlast the Roman temples and tombs that are found so near to his sepulchre.

But I must write something about this day of wedding festivity and national rejoicing. On the tower of the capital above the Castle of St. Angelo, on every public building and from innumerable houses floats the broad banner of the new kingdom, "taking all heaven with its white, green, and red." Day before yesterday, from the stand in front of the church where the wedding ceremonies were to take place, we saw the royal procession which welcomed the Prince of Naples and the Princess of Montenegro on their arrival. This morning, through the kindness of the Reverend Dr. R. J. Nevin of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, we were given seats, erected on the Via Nazionale, by which the wedding procession was to pass. The day was perfect. After the early morning rain the heavens were clouded, but no drops fell. The long way from the Quirinal Palace to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels was lined on either side with double rows of Italian soldiers. Their various uniforms made a brilliant picture. Gorgeous captains, colonels, and generals rode up and down the street. The crowd that pressed the lines of troops on both sides, or that peered from windows, housetops, and balconies, was simply uncountable. I have not seen so many

people since Chicago Day at the World's Fair. There was, however, a notable absence of priests, usually so numerous in Rome.

The populace here is the best-natured in the world. Men and women with little children in their arms bore the pushing and crowding with laughing good-humor. But there was no sun to beat down upon their heads and make them uncomfortable. Princely carriages, with gorgeous red liveries, swept up the street, carrying the guests invited to the ceremony. Finally came the royal body-guard, a splendid troop of horse. Then appeared the royal coach, drawn by six splendid chargers, containing King Humbert, Queen Margherita, and the Prince of Naples. In the next coach was the beautiful bride, with her father and brother. Then came the Queen of Portugal, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and other members of the royal suite. The whole spectacle was most beautiful. But the cheering and enthusiasm were greatly increased when, an hour later, the great procession returned and the happy prince and his beautiful bride sat together. The bands played, the bells rang, the long lines of soldiers presented arms, the people shouted and waved their handkerchiefs, and the newly wedded pair, on whom so much of Italy's future depends, bowed right and left to the friendly thousands of people. At the moment when the wedding ceremony in the church was completed one hundred carrier pigeons were set free at the fountain in front of it. But every omen has been favorable. The illuminations which we saw this evening, the long lines and festoons and stars of white, green, and red lights leading up to the Quirinal, drew all Rome together again. The Princess is remarkably lovely, and won all hearts. But the future Queen of Italy did not outshine the present Queen, the people's favorite. Some Americans, resident in Italy, have adopted her as their own, and we overheard one of them say, "Our Queen is more beautiful, even, than the Princess, and is just as young-looking." Take it all in all, this has been a wonderful day, and we have entered into

hearty sympathy with the joys and hopes of this most lovable of European peoples. Our pleasant days in the Eternal City have been made pleasanter still by kindnesses from the American ambassador, the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, from Consul-General Jones, and Monsignor O'Connell, the head of the American Catholic College. I greatly regret that I cannot remain for another week for a promised interview with the venerable Pope Leo XIII. I am also sorry that Cavaliere Matteo Prochet, whom we welcomed to Chicago three years ago at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, is at present away from Rome.

It is impossible to summarize my fresh impressions of the city of the Cæsars and of the Pontiffs. But I will refer to a few things which have moved us most deeply. In the superb Vatican library and museums, among three hundred churches and near them a half-score Egyptian obelisks, inscribed with the name of some papal pontifex maximus, one feels that this is indeed the city of the popes. While there is much in the forms and ideas of the great Roman church with which I am not in harmony, while my heart sinks when I see the pilgrims climbing the Holy Staircase on their knees, and when I read the promises of indulgence and behold the acts of worship given to the Bambino, I feel as perhaps never before the wondrous charm and power and present revived vigor of Catholicism. One cannot see what beautiful and lofty conceptions have gone into so many of the statues and pictures and altars without realizing that a large part of revealed truth has here been embodied and portrayed, and that many find in it peace and strength. Still, I do not look to Italy, but to the Catholic Church as it exists in the United States, for the spirit, method, and ideals which may yet bring this venerable communion into what seems to me completer harmony with modern science, modern liberty, and modern aspirations.

We felt the solemn charm and beauty of modern Rome in an evening drive on the Pincian hill, where a thousand

carriages brought before us, not only the princely visitors attending the royal marriage, but the Roman aristocracy and the representatives of the diverse population of the city. The mighty dome of St. Peter's assumed something of its proper magnitude and majesty when seen at sunset from the Pincian gardens. But old, imperial Rome makes an even deeper impression. You feel that there were "giants in those days," monsters though some of them doubtless were. On the Appian Way, still paved with the broad flagstones over which once rolled the triumphal cars of the Cæsars, in the presence of the long, ruined aqueduct stretching over the Campagna like the bones of an infinite serpent; in the Baths of Caracalla and Domitian; amid the solid brick-heaps of the Palatine Hill, once covered with marble; beneath the arches of Constantine and Titus; in the various forums, filled with broken columns and other fragments of fallen temples, and in the sublime Pantheon, the one imperial building still standing in much of its original glory, one cannot fail to summon before him a vision of that mighty world of Rome into which in the first century a few obscure men from Judea entered with the Christian Gospel.

After all, it is the Apostles, and especially St. Paul, who, making Rome a part of sacred history and geography, lend to it the deepest interest. In the Mamertine Prison, dark, terrible, which St. Paul may have occupied; on the Palatine Hill, where the apostolic captive lived for a time amid Cæsar's household; on the Appian Way, by which he made his journey to the Eternal City; at the Ostian Gate, where the Pyramid of Cestius still stands, which he saw on the last day of his life and from which he walked to his execution, — I have felt anew that it was good to follow again in the footsteps of that Apostle who knew that the Gentiles would ultimately receive his message. I have walked through the catacombs of St. Calixtus, where the early Church hid itself and buried its dead; this evening we stood in the moonlight within the Colosseum's walls, amid

the "chief relics of almighty Rome," and in the solemn shadows felt the presence and moral grandeur of the early Christian martyrs; and I have lately said to myself more than once, "Rome is the proper introduction to the more ancient and sacred world of Jerusalem, toward which our faces are soon to be set." But we earnestly and affectionately hope to see the city of the Tiber again, on account of herself. Are not our hopes likely to be fulfilled? This morning we piously flung our copper coins into the Trevi fountain.

Our ride from Rome to Naples lasted from five in the evening till near midnight. Climbing the heights between the Alban and Sabine mountains, we had our final view, in the crimson twilight, of the Campagna. There is not much of history, comparatively speaking, that thrusts itself upon you in this southward journey to the Bay of Naples. The immense Benedictine monastery at Casino has become a national school. Aquino summons before you the tall and saintly shadow of Thomas Aquinas. Caserta, the Versailles of Naples, showed us its royal palace as we rushed by in the moonlight. But our eyes awaited two spectacles, grander than any relics of human achievement, — the broad bay which to La Signora was the first view of the Mediterranean, and the great fiery sides of that burning mountain under whose fateful shadow happy-hearted Naples was quietly sleeping.

Our hotel, the Continental, looks out immediately upon the Vesuvian Bay. Right before us, as we opened our windows in the morning, was the long rim of the harbor, out of which, two hundred feet away, rose the massive Castello del Ovo, or Egg Castle. Our first joy in Naples, after receiving and devouring the American mail, was a visit to the celebrated aquarium in the centre of a beautiful pleasure-ground called the Villa Nazionale. It belongs to the zoölogical station, which was established by a German naturalist for the thorough study of the flora and fauna of the Mediterranean. It is now supported by contributions

from nearly all the civilized governments, including our own. Naturalists are sent here to avail themselves of the unequalled opportunities of the Institution, and many universities have their Prix de Naples, the winning of which by some young naturalist will give him a year's study at this famous marine station.

The aquarium itself is the finest in the world, and La Signora declared that it was the only thing in Europe thus far discovered that surpassed the exhibits at the Columbian Fair. The cool, translucent depths of these great water-tanks are beautiful with the most interesting and various types of marine life. One can almost see the transition from the highest vegetable to the lowest animal forms. The rich or delicate colorings of some of these creatures make the canvases of even the Italian masters look cheaply artificial. Here we stared wonderingly at the miracle of life, as it appears in living and various colored corals, in the strangest-looking — shall I say plants or animals? — rising and branching out into the most delicate palm-like forms, in sea-anemones, in soft pearl-colored and winged fish, rainbow-striped, and as fragile in appearance as the frailest nautilus. Other kinds of life abound, not so attractive, although there is a fascination in gigantic lobsters, horrible crabs, and great white flat fish that look like caricatures of the finny tribe; in electric rays, which we were permitted to touch, and even in the octopus. Of this latter monster there were five specimens, and we saw the attendant drop a live crab into the tank to show us how the terrible creature enjoys his breakfast. How would the Buddhist theory that it is wrong ever to take away life which one cannot replace, survive, if the gentle Dharmapala found himself in the clutches of this marine terror?

For nearly three thousand years men have lived and died in Naples. The name Neapolis is Greek, and the New City, as it was called so many hundreds of years ago, is passing through the processes of modern transformation. The streets through which we drove were broad, clean, and

well-lighted. A university with four thousand students is here, and a rich and highly cultivated aristocracy. But the number of really well-to-do people in Naples, as in Rome and Florence, to an American seems small. Two or three families — such is the ambition to drive — sometimes combine to purchase a stylish coach, and they take turns in appearing on the streets with a gorgeous coachman and footman. But the market-places are as full of picturesque rags as ever. Beggars abound, and the dirt which is kept from the pavements is found on the faces of the children. Cab-drivers are a pestilence, though the rates, either by the course or by the hour, are low enough. While you are gazing pensively out over the placid bay to the rocky Isle of Capri, with its dark memories of the Emperor Tiberius, or are looking up to the Castle of St. Elmo, which dominates the town, or are dreaming of Virgil as you turn your eyes toward the Grotto of Posilipo, where the Mantuan bard wrote his Æneid, and where Petrarch planted a laurel by the poet's tomb, the rascally and "cantankerous" cab-driver is screaming in broken French some infamous proposition to give you a drive to Vesuvius or Pompeii for some diabolical price!

About noon the steam-yacht "Midnight Sun" anchored in the Bay of Naples, having made the voyage from Marseilles. Driving with our trunks and hand-luggage to the docks by the custom-house, I soon made a bargain with a venerable seaman to transfer us in his boat to the steamer. For three lire, or francs, the ancient mariner promised to put us and ours on shipboard. But his assistants extracted a few coppers beyond this sum before we and our luggage found ourselves on deck. Here we caught our first sight of our Mediterranean companions, — a pleasant and good-natured company of people, with whom we knew we should be at home. A comfortable state-room and seats beside Mr. Lunn at the table had been reserved for us, and henceforth I felt that I had no further responsibilities, no more plans to make, time-tables to examine, tickets to purchase,

bargains to drive, bills to pay. We were to be "personally conducted." A steam-launch took us to the shore; we drove to the station, entered railway-carriages marked "Midnight Sun," and were soon on the way to Pompeii. On arriving there, we were piloted through bands of beggars to the gateway of the ruined city; and soon, divided into smaller parties, we began our explorations under competent guides.

For three hours we wandered leisurely through the streets, private houses, markets, temples, forum, theatres, baths, and villas of the ancient city. Excavations have been going on for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and half a century more may be required to complete the unearthing of Pompeii. Remarkable progress has been made since I was here. I am more than ever surprised at the elegance and even luxury which prevailed in the first century in this city of twenty-five thousand souls. The great catastrophe of the year 79 was preceded by an earthquake, sixteen years earlier, which did for Pompeii what the fire of 1871 did for Chicago, giving the citizens an opportunity of building more splendidly. Most of my readers are familiar with the details of the final destruction. Vesuvius first covered the town with three feet of ashes, and then dropped over it red-hot pumice stones to the depth of seven feet. New showers and subsequent eruptions covered the city to the depth of nearly twenty feet. This sort of destruction has preserved for us one complete specimen of the life of antiquity, in which there were many things to admire. The streets, though usually narrow, were well paved, and the pavements endured so long that the chariot wheels wore deep ruts into the stones. Large blocks at the crossings enabled the Pompeiian ladies to go to the other side without soiling their sandals or calling in the aid of a policeman. The signs over the shops were much more modest than those in England and America. Some of the wine-jars which we saw were as large and cool as a small cellar. Many of the richest treasures of the old city are now placed

in the great national museum of Naples, which contains also the famous Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull.

To me the streets and houses of the old city are more interesting than the treasures which have been carried off. Everything here is well preserved and well protected. The old life was full of beauty, and the abominations are not numerous. From a mound on the edge of the excavated city a sublime view is given of this whole region; the umbrella-pines, the olives, the vineyards, the villages, the bay with its islands, the city, and the great smoking top of the volcano. Fortunately for the comfort of travellers and their deliverance from pestiferous sharpers, compared with whom the old Niagara Falls hackmen were saints, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son now convey travellers from Naples to the cone of Vesuvius, having constructed for a part of the ascent and descent a wire-rope railway. I remember what it was in the old days to climb to the top of the volcano. Still it was great sport to run down the ash-covered cone, even though you were chased by beggars and bargainers from the edge of the crater to the suburbs of Naples. Then these old experiences furnished you a theodicy which fairly well justified the fiery eruptions!

As we waited for our return train in the beautiful twilight, the beggars renewed their attacks, and, more persuasive still, an old peasant with his violin and two tiny children, gave us a very noisy concert. The little boy and girl had, if not throats of nightingales, throats of brass, and their repertoire was "simply great." What would Italy be to the English-speaking traveller if mendicancy and out-door music were banished? It would still be the land of poetry and romance, of the "vine-clad hill and conquering spear," the land of love and sunshine, of art and passion, of splendor and heroism, of great hopes and still grander memories.

It was two hours after our return before the "Midnight Sun" set sail. The evening was brilliant, and the nearly full moon cast her silvery waves over the spacious Neapolitan

Bay. Around the shores, from the masts of a hundred ships, from the city climbing upward to the hills, and from a score of neighboring villages, twinkled innumerable lights. Back of all this illumination rose the mountainous amphitheatre, while the fiery summit of volcanic Vesuvius gave a touch of solemn terror to the wondrous scene. Boats crowded with Neapolitan traffickers clung to the side of the ship, and kept up a comical din. Canes, peaches, pears, grapes, straw-hats, photographs, coral necklaces, all sorts of lava-ware, souvenirs, and a great variety of jewelry were vociferously offered for sale by these men and women, who held candles over their treasures to show us their dazzling quality. Trinkets offered for five shillings, which was "much less than the price in the shops," were gladly disposed of for one shilling.

The next morning the sea was as placid and bright as ever, and we found ourselves in the neighborhood of another volcano, Stromboli. In a few hours both the Italian and Sicilian shores came in sight and drew nearer to each other, and amid much admiration of the beautiful colors on these rocky coasts we passed through the straits of Messina with no apparent peril either from Charybdis on the one hand or from Scylla on the other. The sirens we carried with us in the boat. A third volcano, nothing less noteworthy than the height of Etna, came into distant view during the afternoon; but I confess to have been peacefully sleeping at the time, so that I gained no new vision of the great mountain which I once climbed. Last night we crossed the Adriatic, and early this forenoon we came in sight of the islands of Cephalonia and Zante. Three years ago the maritime canal across the isthmus of Corinth, begun in Roman imperial times, was completed. There is now no need of "fetching a compass" around the Peloponnesus in order to reach Athens. The island of Pelops is at last an island, and our journey is shortened by two hundred and two miles. The voyage between Cephalonia and Zante has been a dream of peace, brightness, and beauty realized. From the

ship these rocky island-hills look barren, and one is astonished that together these two islands support a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. Immediately northeast of Cephalonia is seen rocky, irregular Ithaca, most famous of Grecian isles. It is impossible to sail over the "wine-colored deep," which once rippled about the prow of Ulysses, without thoughts of Homer. How could he have been always blind, and sung so frequently of the colored sea? Zante, of course, brought to mind the eloquent and broad-minded Archbishop who came to the Exposition in 1893, and who, after completing his voyage around the world, died in his own beloved island, a few days after his return. We have already sailed through the Gulf of Patras, on the north shore of which is Mesolonghi, where Marco Bozzaris died in battle and Lord Byron of a fever.

Over what width of waters can one glide that so stirs up the imagination! We are on the sea which was the centre of the ancient empires — Phœnicia, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, Rome — and is now strewn with their wrecks. It is the sea over which the Tyrians sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the coasts of Britain; the sea which bore up the fleets of Cæsar and Augustus, which carried Paul on his stormy voyage to Italy, and which first tried the daring of young Columbus. Some of the chief naval battles of history — Salamis, Actium, Lepanto, Aboukir — have been fought on Mediterranean waves. Moslem and Christian, the crescent and the cross, have clashed against each other over the surface of this land-locked world of waters. It is now the highway of commerce to Egypt and farthest Ind, and the common meeting-place of Africa, Asia, and Europe. It is to ancient history what the Atlantic is to modern history and what the Pacific may be to the millennium.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ATHENS.

AFTER a pleasant voyage we anchored near the entrance to the new Corinth Canal, and found ourselves in the midst of a most beautiful and interesting scene. Far to the north and west were the peaks of Parnassus and Cithæron. Near by, on the isthmus, was the little town of new Corinth, and back of it, and of the site of the old city, rose the lofty and very commanding height of Acro-Corinthus. The opulent and luxurious and corrupt Corinth of antiquity has been swept away. But a company of Christians of the first century, living in the midst of that splendid luxury, once received a letter from a Roman citizen of Jewish blood, who had formerly preached to them the Gospel. It was they who first read from that Epistle these words: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." In that letter they also read, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again, the third day, according to the Scriptures." My mind was busy building in imagination the vanished town, picturing the eager company of humble disciples (not many mighty were called), and trying to summon before me the scene, perhaps in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, when, in their hearing, was read Paul's own account of his Corinthian ministry: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The letter which these humble men and women held in their hands has become a part of the world's sacred literature.

If the original autograph could now be found, it would be perhaps the choicest relic on the earth. But the written words, in one form or another, have outlasted the marts and temples of the proud commercial metropolis of Greece.

The passengers of the "Midnight Sun" were early on deck to watch the Greek tug as it pulled our big steamer three miles and a half through the Corinth canal. This engineering work, one hundred feet wide and of the length just mentioned, seems small beside Chicago's drainage channel, but most of the excavation is deeper. We looked up between walls of smooth yellow dirt and sandstone one hundred and seventy feet. Our Greek pilot and the Greek tug did not manage their task very skilfully. Four or five times our big iron ship bumped heavily against the stone sides of the canal, and once we knocked off a telegraph wire. All of our huge rope fenders were torn out of the sailors' hands, and finally our good captain, who could have managed the whole affair better alone, began to berate the pilot, saying, "I can't speak Greek, but I know how she ought to go." At last, turning white, he shouted to the officer who stood in the prow, "Mr. Mossman, make that —— fool go to the windward!" Many of the passengers were thankful to have their own feelings so forcibly expressed.

After we had passed through the canal, we caught a glimpse of the site of the old Isthmian games and also of the port of Cenchrea. In that port once lived a friend and helper of the great Apostle, and from it, about eighteen hundred and forty years ago, she set sail for Italy, having in her possession what some of the most illustrious modern philosophers have deemed the grandest of human compositions. In her box, bundle, or travelling-bag, or somewhere on her person, Phœbe carried Paul's letter to the Romans. If her ship had been lost at sea, it appears possible that the history of Christendom might have been changed. Think of Martin Luther without his most effective weapons! Think of the Christian Church never able to read, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in

Christ Jesus." Only a few marble remnants of the ancient life of these Greek shores now remain; but that letter which the good woman with the sun-bright name once carried across these sun-bright waters abides, a living force, a part of that Word of the Lord that endureth forever.

We are now in the harbor of Piræus. Three days have been given to the study of things on shore. Our luncheons have been at the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne, and our nights have been spent on the steamer. There are Greek, French, Russian, and British warships in the harbor, and last evening the British midshipmen came over to dance on deck with some of our young ladies. The steam-launch and boats of the "Midnight Sun" have been at our service, and tickets have been furnished every day for the three-mile railroad ride to Athens. I suppose that there are many persons to whom Athens would mean but little. To me, from boyhood, it has been a magic name, and its honor and glory have been almost as dear to me as to those who fought at Marathon, or who heard the dramas of Æschylus and Aristophanes, or proudly saw the quarries of Attica exalted and idealized into the Parthenon. Did I not in college days champion the claim of Athens to the foremost place of all cities in the annals of time? And did I not fight the battles of that "fierce democracy" against aristocratic and stupid Sparta on the one hand, and despotic Macedon on the other? To me Athens was indeed "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." Her brief supremacy was, in truth, the golden age of the ancient world.

So little is left of her former glory in visible monuments that one must carry much to Athens in the way of knowledge, appreciation, or sentiment, or he may carry little away. Attica, and indeed all Greece, seems very barren. Travellers, especially those coming from well-watered, green, and fruitful Italy, are surprised to see the stony and desolate hills, the dried-up water-courses and the dusty fields. The "whispering stream" of the Ilissus, which rolls

in Milton's verse, is as dry as any canyon in Arizona or any wady of Palestine. But few of the hills seem to have any trees on them. The Turk blasted and burned the land before he left it. He has been the great assassin of all earthly beauty and fertility, and Greece drank of his cruelty to the bitter dregs. Athens has been the spoil, as Macaulay once wrote, of "Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen." But of these, only the Turks had any lust of destruction for its own sake. Rome adorned her great capital with the plundered products of Grecian chisels, and Lord Elgin's rich spoil of Phidian marbles is sacredly treasured in the British Museum, where Turkish hammers cannot demolish nor Ottoman thieves break through and steal. These finest treasures of art are but the fragments of statues which the Turk had wantonly mutilated. And before he was driven out of Greece he burned all the forests that he could destroy.

Though the region about Athens appears desolate, sixty years of Greek independence have raised the old town from a population of six thousand to a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. The port of Athens, whose old name, the Piræus, had been lost under Turkish rule, now numbers nearly forty thousand inhabitants, while the harbor is alive with vessels. The Greek sky remains unchanged. The violet ether of Athens is as beautiful as when Sophocles and Praxiteles "hid beauty safe from death in words or stone." Then the Greek hills, with all their barrenness, are bathed in the most beautiful hues. Furthermore, there are "sunny spots of greenery" which the Greek farmer has scattered over the Attic plain. The olive grove, which was "Plato's retirement," is wide and flourishing on the edge of the city. Along the streets of Athens we found pepper-trees, like those of California. The vineyards, aided by irrigation, produce an abundance of grapes, and the huge clusters which we saw in the Athenian markets were like unto the grapes of Eshcol. On the dusty drive to Eleusis were several groves of feathery pines, and in some of the gardens of Athens the roses were as beautiful as in the gardens of

Göttingen last June. I have rarely seen finer bouquets than those with which friends in Athens have recently decked our tables. I feel like amending Byron and saying, "'T is Greece, and lovely Greece once more."

Among the interesting and amusing sights of Attica have been droves of meek turkeys driven like sheep; Albanian peasants' costumes, the voluminous folds of white cloth about the waist, the close-fitting white leggings, ending in strangely decorated shoes; and the tiny donkeys, loaded with baskets piled high with grapes and melons, or balanced burdens of wood, brick, or stone. The Greeks do not beg like the Italians, and the cabmen are not disposed to quarrel, but cheating in the exchange of currencies is common enough. Every one who knew Greek had a good deal of amusement in trying to make out the meaning of the signs, or to read the morning newspaper giving telegraphic reports from London and accounts of the arrival of the "Midnight Sun" in the sonorous language of Demosthenes. Sometimes one looks on a scene so foreign to his usual observations that he cannot forget it. We met the following procession not far from the suburbs of Athens: First came a donkey ridden by an old woman carrying a goose; then came a donkey bearing a young woman carrying a baby; last came a donkey ridden by a little son of Greece carrying a very big basket. The charm of the whole scene was the perfect unconsciousness and self-possession of all.

In Athens you find all the wares of every store in the streets or windows, and most of the occupations are carried on in front of the shop. This makes the streets a series of pictures, and in some respects is an improvement over our habit of hiding the busy workmen away in ill-ventilated rooms. But what distresses one most, after leaving Northern Europe, is to observe what poor care people generally take of their persons, faces, and clothes. That self-respect which leads to constant neatness and cleanliness, nearly everywhere observable in Germany and England, is painfully absent.

One of the chief attractions of Athens is the National Museum of Antiquities. The building itself is of Greek architecture, adorned with marble copies of famous antique statues. It gave me a strange, pathetic feeling to see among them the Apollo Belvedere. Has the human mind already reached its limits along the line of sculptural art, and for a beautiful form must we go back to the work of hands that have been dead for more than two thousand years? Of the old art in the Museum nothing interested me so much as the sculptural reliefs representing parting friends clasping hands for the last time. It seemed to me that these fathers, children, wives, husbands of the old Greek world were unconsciously, in their tender sorrow, pleading for the advent of Him who "brought life and immortality to light." Dr. Schliemann's collection of cups, amulets, rings, necklaces, golden disks, knives, and other weapons from the tombs of Mycenæ have great artistic and archæological value, though to me they were not so interesting as the almost numberless treasures from Tanagra, terra-cotta figurines of most delicate beauty, a veritable resurrection of ancient Grecian life. You feel the nobility of the old Greek religion with all its idolatry and other degradations when you see the grand head of Minerva in this Museum and the equally dignified and even more attractive head of Demeter at Eleusis. It may be a failure to appreciate the importance of the earlier and later periods of Athenian history, to confine one's admiration to the productions of the time of Pericles, but it always gave me a pleasant feeling to overhear the French-speaking guides say of this or that thing that it did or did not belong to "*la belle époque*."

Ten years ago the great temple of Eleusis was dug out, and is now one of the most beautiful ruins in Greece. Some of the fragments are colossal, and many of them are very lovely. To reach Eleusis we drove through vineyards and olive groves, and then along the Ægean shore, over a rocky hill and across the plain where, according to the Greek legend, the wheat, golden gift from Demeter, first

grew on earth. Thirty miles from the quarries of Pentelicus, the huge marble blocks were brought, which the ancient faith built into this many-columned fane. To it went the great processions from Athens, to celebrate the Eleusinian mysteries, of which we know little, except that they had to do with the worship of the beneficent forces of nature, and that those who shared in them were filled with kindlier thoughts and cheered with the sweet hope of immortality.

On one marble block in Eleusis I found a strange Greek inscription, "To the priest of Apollinarios," which La Signora photographed with me standing beside it, on account of my devotion to a famous aqueous beverage. From Eleusis we had a fine view of the island and waters of Salamis, and of the promontory from which Xerxes witnessed the fatal fight. The Persian conqueror had already burnt Athens, and the women and children of the Athenian warriors assembled at Eleusis, and watched the battle which was not only to decide their own fate, but was also to determine "whether Europe should remain Europe." There are few spots on the surface of the earth where the remote past becomes such a strenuous and inspiring force. One is grateful to the English poet for fashioning such words as these,—

> "A king sat on the rocky brow
> Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
> And ships, by thousands, lay below,
> And men in nations — all were his!
> He counted them at break of day,
> And when the sun set where were they?"

The hordes of Asiatic barbarism had been smitten by brave Greek hands, one of which — that of Æschylus — a few years later was to write the "Prometheus Bound." In another drama Æschylus describes this most famous of all sea-fights. The old strife between Asiatic despotism and western freedom, however, is not yet ended. One of the foulest and bloodiest scenes of the great drama is still being enacted by the crime-stained and polluted waters of the Bosporus.

It gave us a grateful thrill to stand by the statue of the English poet who sang and died for Greek liberty, and to read upon it the words "Hellas, Byron." We explored the great Theatre of Dionysus, at the foot of the Acropolis, where nearly three thousand Athenians sometimes gathered to hear the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides. We sat in the chairs of marble, still unbroken, inscribed with the names of Greek priests, and wondered at the rich sculptures, representing Bacchus and his satyrs, which still adorn the front of the stage. One of my companions remarked that the connection between the theatre and the liquor business was rather ancient. We visited the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, built by a Roman citizen who loved Athens, and the gigantic Corinthian columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus. Five of us by clasping hands were just able to reach around one of these columns.

We saw also the Tower of Eolus and the old agora, or market-place, and we climbed the bare rocky eminence, the Pnyx, where stood the Bema, in sight of the Acropolis and of the sea, where spoke the ancient orators "whose resistless eloquence shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne." We visited the stadium, now being rebuilt in marble, to accommodate fifty thousand people, — a patriotic Athenian living in Alexandria bearing all the expense. Here on the site of the old stadium were revived last spring the Olympic games wherein our American athletes won many laurels. The race from Marathon, however, on Marathon day, was won by a Greek peasant, who became the hero of the hour. Wine merchants offered him drink, restaurants food, tailors clothing, and a score of fathers the hands of their daughters. The historic runner who bore from the field of Marathon the news of the great victory fell dead at the end of his course, and we saw his face in marble among the treasures of the Museum.

But I must close this chapter by telling my readers something of the gem of Athens, the Acropolis, the temple-cov-

ered hill which overlooks the city, with walls reaching back to the beginnings of Athenian history, venerable even in the time of Themistocles. After we had climbed the steps up to the level of the highest part of the Propylæa, we saw a good-natured Englishwoman of large proportions toiling after us, and heard her say to the guide, "So this is the Necropolis?" Her funny mistake had, after all, some truth in it, for what is that summit but the city of the mighty dead? Some German scholars have built up from fragments the little temple of Niké Apteros, or the Wingless Victory, replacing with terra-cotta one or two friezes which Lord Elgin had taken away. A young English lady, learning of what had been done, informed us that she was disappointed in the Acropolis because so much of it was "imitation"! Think of the ten thousand tons of carved marble still left on this glorious mount stigmatized as "imitation"! Alas! There is not left in the world to-day enough of skill and enough of the love of pure beauty to "imitate" the miracles of the Periclean age.

The marks of cannon-balls from the various sieges which the Acropolis has suffered are visible on the Propylæa. But what nearly destroyed the Parthenon was the explosion of the Turkish powder-magazine in the sixteenth century. The Erechtheum, the lovely Ionic temple to the north of the Doric Parthenon, was used by a Turkish pasha for his harem. Next to the Turk's wholesale massacre of human beings comes in infernal brutality his destruction of the priceless marbles on the Athenian hill. It almost makes one weep to see the ruin that has been wrought. With knowledge and imagination we can reconstruct these broken fanes, set up once more the fallen columns, the metopes, the triglyphs, the friezes, the Phidian statues in the tympanum, and the gold and ivory statue of Pallas-Athene that stood in the central shrine, and even dream how all this beauty was enhanced by splendid coloring, which the timid art of to-day would not dare to use. But oh that the resources of Greece were adequate to the actual re-

construction of what, in point of classic beauty, was the supreme achievement of the ancient world! Perhaps generous England will one day surrender to Athens the Elgin marbles, as she gave back to France the body of Napoleon. In the deep blue ether the shattered wonder of Pericles, Praxiteles, and Phidias still shines like a resplendent jewel. I have never been surprised by the extravagance of Emerson's lines, —

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
> As the best gem upon her zone."

God gave to the Athenians, as to no others who have ever lived, the power to evoke deathless beauty out of stone. It was a delight to see that our companions, some of whom had not had any special preparation to appreciate classic art, were generally filled with a sense that something matchlessly beautiful had once covered this hill-top. But most of us felt that something greater and more important to man's highest welfare had found expression on the lower neighboring summit of the Areopagus. We stood on Mars Hill almost in awe. People became silent. We felt that the Apostle Paul was near us, and we were glad to survey the sea and sky and rocks and temples which he looked upon as he stood there and spoke the wisest and greatest words which the city of Socrates and Plato ever heard. Some one asked for a New Testament, that Paul's address might be again spoken. As no copy of the Acts of the Apostles was forthcoming, I was asked to repeat Paul's sermon; and this fortunately I was able to do. Heads were uncovered as I began with the courteous introduction, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious," and ended with, "whereof He hath given witness unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

I ventured to say that Paul's address was largely shaped by what he saw before him and around him. To the left is the Theseium, the temple and tomb of Theseus, still in good preservation. Right above the preacher, as above us, was

the glory of the Acropolis, from which, in Paul's time, rose the great statue of Pallas Athene, with her spear and graven shield. Paul preached a God whom Athens ignorantly worshipped, a God who is Maker and Lord of all things, and therefore does not confine himself to "temples made with hands" and is not "worshipped with men's hands." After proclaiming a God who had made of one blood all nations, a God in whom we live and move and have our being, and after quoting with approval from a Pagan poet, the Apostle declares that since men are the offspring of God they should not think of the Godhead as "like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device." We had seen on the Acropolis where the gold and ivory statue of Pallas had stood, and we had seen a thousand marbles, from the neighboring quarries, beautifully graven by art and skilfully shaped by the devices of the master-sculptors of Greece.

Three years ago the Archbishop of Zante sat one evening in my house, and we invited him to pronounce in Greek Paul's oration on Mars Hill, which he did with great dignity and eloquence. He told us that some English people in Athens whom he met on the Areopagus once made of him a similar request. The audience and the scenes and the recollection of the brave Apostle so inspired him that he gave the address with the deepest feeling, tears coming to his own eyes and to the eyes of his hearers. As I told this story this afternoon, our dragoman and interpreter was deeply interested, and said: "I knew the Archbishop of Zante. I have often seen him in Athens. He was a splendid and big-hearted man." He spoke of his death with much regret. I am persuaded that multitudes of Christians in America, both Catholic and Protestant, have come into more appreciative relations with the old Greek Church on account of the actions and words of Archbishop Latas in America.

The Acropolis was in some respects the centre of Athenian life, and the historian Freeman has named it "the spot where we may fairly say that the political history of the

world begins." Athens was the school of Rome, and her philosophy furnished the types into which the new Christian doctrine was moulded. It is a long way back into the story of our race that we can look from this height of vision, standing amid the marbles which time has turned to a golden hue. But the actual view from the summit at the close of a perfect day is memorable, if not describable. The sky spreads its violet roof over all. Colors of strange beauty linger on the distant hills, like those of the Isle of Salamis. The surface of the sea is a pink pavement. Near by to the east is "the flowery hill, Hymettus, where the sound of bees' industrious murmur oft invites to studious musing." Farther to the left is the sharp point of Lykabettos, crowned with a Greek chapel, while near its foot is the home of the American Classical School. Beyond is Pentelicus, with its treasures of marble. At our feet lies the Athens of to-day, where such buildings stand out as the king's palace, the university, a gem of Greek art, and the Greek cathedral, now decorated with flags in honor of the new archbishop. When I inquired yesterday for the metropolitan Ghermanos, intending to call upon this large-minded man, with whom I had had some pleasant correspondence, I learned with sorrow of his recent death.

The high hill nearest to the Acropolis on the west is named from the muses, and on its top is the reconstructed monument to Philopappus, the Phrygian friend of Athens. Near the base of the hill are seen the openings of what is called the prison of Socrates. As you look around from this "specular mount," you are conscious that one sight which you would be glad to witness is withheld from you.

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea;"

but from the Acropolis only the "inner eye" looks upon that immortal plain. Right below us, however, and to the west, rises the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached both natural and revealed theology in the spirit of the most comprehensive

love. Among those who clave to him after the sermon was Dionysius the Areopagite, and to-day we visited a church bearing the name of this Athenian believer, perhaps the only man in St. Paul's Athens whose name has come down to us. Ought there not to be a church to the woman named Damaris, who also received the Pauline message?

Much of "the glory that was Greece" has passed away. Her gifts to the world of beauty have, however, become a part of our civilization. The heroic battle on yonder waters of Salamis, by which Europe was saved from barbarian Asiatic hordes, will never die from human recollection. But the solemn and truthful words of the great-hearted Apostle, spoken long ago on that rocky hill which in this evening twilight is not visible from the Piræus, come closer to me now than Athenian art and heroism. Those words are the explanation and justification of my most important activities in recent years, and but for them my face would not now be set towards India.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSTANTINOPLE, SMYRNA, AND EPHESUS.

ON the first day of November we steamed up the Dardanelles, and caught our first glimpse of Moslem villages and minaretted mosques. Both the European and the Asiatic shores were barren. The Turkish fortifications, at the narrowest point of the strait, are formidable. British ironclads, however, could push their way through, if willing to risk some of their number. The better way, however, would be to buy the Turkish commander. He and all his tribe are for sale. Once through the Dardanelles the British fleet would find themselves in no trap, as some have asserted. The ships could easily supply themselves with coal, and a few shells sent into the Yildiz Kiosk, where the Sultan now lives, would make him as meek and timid as a certain Roman emperor when he felt of the sharp point of a dagger. It is the general conviction in Constantinople that the shade of Nero blushed on hearing of the Sultan's performances, knowing that the darkest laurels of infamy henceforth must rest on the brow of Abdul.

We had to stop at the Dardanelles, and show our papers to the Turkish officials, who came out in a little tug called the "Game Cock." Farther along we passed the site of Abydos, where Xerxes built his bridge of boats, where Leander used to swim over to greet his beloved Hero, and where Byron performed the same feat to show that he too could do it. At eleven o'clock Sunday we had an English church service on deck, with preaching by the chaplain of the Bishop of Jerusalem. At nine o'clock in the evening I preached in the saloon, the captain reading from the Scrip-

tures, which rested on the Union Jack, and the Reverend Mr. Parkes, of the Wesleyan Methodist church, Birmingham, offering prayer, in which he remembered the people of the United States who were so soon to settle a most important presidential election. We reached the Bosporus at midnight; but as no Turkish official appeared, we were compelled to drop anchor and "wait the throned day."

This is my first visit to Constantinople. The vision which came to me on looking out of the porthole Monday morning, and during the hour when we sailed up past the Golden Horn, along the palace-lined shore of the Bosporus, and then came back to drop anchor by the Galata Bridge, is that of an imperial city most "beautiful for situation," even though it is now the curse "of the whole earth." It is the only capital which belongs to two continents. On the Asiatic side rises Scutari; on the European side are the old city, Stamboul, with the domes and minarets of St. Sophia, and other magnificent mosques, with the Seraglio and its gardens, and across the Golden Horn, Galata and Pera, covering the loftier hills where the embassies and the European quarters are found. No other city of the world, not even Venice, can compare with Constantinople for magnificence of location. Here is the marriage of the sea and the seven-hilled shore; and as one stands on the Galata Bridge, alive with people of all colors and costumes, he feels that this is the meeting-place of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The American consul at Athens strove to dissuade some of our party from visiting Constantinople at the present time, when at any moment permission may be given the Moslem mob to kill Christians of any kind. Quite a number of us had our passports viséed at Athens by the Turkish consul. On our arrival all passports were called for, examined, and counted. Our ship was anchored by the quay close to the Galata Bridge, where the odors in the hot air were so offensive on Monday night that the next afternoon the vessel was anchored in the stream. Hundreds of Turks were at the wharf, and remained there during our stay. At

nearly every porthole an Ottoman face peered in upon us. Some of the worst massacres occurred at the place where our ship lay and on the neighboring bridge.

The conductor of our party, Mr. Holdsworth Lunn, counselled every one to ask no "political questions" while on shore, to go about in groups of two or more, and to return to the ship by dusk. Soon after landing, Mrs. Newman, sister of Senator Thurston of Nebraska, Mrs. Howard, wife of Chevalier Howard of Jerusalem, La Signora and I, accompanied by Paul, our Greek Catholic dragoman, entered a carriage and drove across the Galata Bridge. The crowd that surged either way, the head of nearly every man covered with a red fez, the women with partially veiled faces, squads of soldiers and mounted police, with officers in carriages, made one of the most picturesque spectacles in the world. But the bridge itself, with its miserable rough and rickety boarding, is in keeping with the whole Empire. The drawbridge in the centre frequently gets stuck for hours, and the great crowd on either side grows to be an army. I was complaining of this bridge to an American resident of the city, and he said: "You remind me of the man who complained to the camel that his neck was crooked. The camel answered: 'Is any part of me straight?'"

Soon we were in Stamboul, the old city, and drove through rough, filthy, crowded, and narrow streets, passing continually companies of murderous-looking Turkish soldiers, and tall, black, finely dressed Ethiopian eunuchs, and women in silk gowns, closely veiled, followed by black maids, in commoner gowns, half veiled. We saw houses with latticed windows, to protect women from the public gaze, and felt ourselves far away from the light and liberty of Christian civilization. We were assailed by stenches so various and penetrating that some faces were distorted with actual pain at the odor.

Our morning drive had its pleasant as well as its disagreeable features. I was glad to stand within St. Sophia, though the entrance to it is characteristically vile. The church

which the Emperor Justinian built in the sixth century, saying, "I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!" is one of the most important buildings in the world. The edifices which preceded St. Sophia and which were destroyed by fire reach back to Constantine. Since the occupation of the city by the Turks in 1453, it has been a mosque, and minarets have been added to it. Nearly everything Christian has been removed or painted over. We saw dimly on the gilded ceiling the face of Constantine. I found two small crosses on the stonework behind the gallery, and on the cornice over the Porta Basilica we saw the image of a dove hovering over an open book, on which are these words: "The Lord said, 'I am the door: by Me if any man shall enter in he shall be saved.'" The floor was covered with heavy matting, on which we were permitted to walk after our shoes had been cased in slippers and the dragoman had paid the usual admission of ten piastres, or forty cents, for each person. Parts of the mosque are very shabby. Still, the total effect is impressive. Only a few worshippers were within, and the building seems to me more fitting, with its comparative simplicity and lack of rich adornment, to the temper of true worship than some of the Italian cathedrals.

We have heard much of the recent massacres, and have pondered much on the character of Abdul. The ambassadors demanded again and again that orders should be given to put an end to the horrors, and they were put off with lying promises, as has been the Sultan's custom, until he was afraid to go further. I have been striving to learn from competent persons who have studied Abdul's character for years their explanation of his infamies. Undoubtedly he is a man of great ability, much general enlightenment, and infinite cunning. Of course, he does not deserve to be called an enlightened ruler, for affairs have steadily degenerated under his management. A very intelligent English gentleman, residing here for many years, said to me: "Things are much worse now than when I came; they have been growing worse all the time. There used to be men of

respectability among the Sultan's advisers, but none are left. They have been dismissed or sent far away." The Turkish Empire is now governed by a gang of scoundrels, some of them covered with the most degrading vices, whom the Sultan has gathered around him at his palace outside the city; or rather he has grasped all power in his own hands, and governs through these congenial tools. Undoubtedly he is moved by fear of the fanatics of Islâm, who regard him, as he sometimes regards himself, as appointed of God to smite the unbeliever. It may be impossible to explain his motives in slaughtering his own subjects and ruining his empire. But these things are certain, that he fears for the permanency of his diabolic kind of rule in a country where there are so many Christian subjects belonging to a prolific and industrious nation, who have come into touch with the ideas of Western civilization, especially through American schools and colleges, and who know what good government ought to be and do. If he dared, he would overthrow the whole structure which heroic and faithful missionaries, teachers, and educators have built up in the last fifty years, just as he is now shutting up many of his own schools. Since Robert College helped to educate the men who made free Bulgaria, the five colleges, the forty-six high-schools, and the many common schools of our American missionaries, with their twenty thousand pupils, appear to him a menace. He regards himself as appointed to uphold the old Islamic order, and he is only doing on a large scale what his predecessors have done in other times. The Austrian ambassador, who has been looking back into the history of the embassy, remarked not long since that some of the letters sent to Vienna one hundred and fifty years ago would serve without much alteration to-day.

Why does not the Sultan persecute other Christians besides the Armenians? The Turkish government did formerly persecute the Bulgarians after the present ruthless fashion. It does not attack Greek, Italian, French, English, Russian, and American Christians, for the most evident reasons, — it

does not dare. There are six foreign gunboats in the harbor of Constantinople. Furthermore, the Armenians alone among the Christians are a nationality in the Turk's empire, and one which the Sultan fears. Having got the jealous powers in a snarl and trap; having, through the short-sighted cunning of Lord Beaconsfield, paralyzed for a long time the big right arm of England, — he experimented with butchering the Armenians, to see how far he could go safely. He found that he could go a long way in the remote provinces, and finally he let loose his murderers under the eyes of the ambassadors. The Constantinople massacres were child's play compared with what he had done elsewhere, and were unaccompanied by the horrors worse than murder; but they were under the eyes of the Powers, and produced a tremendous sensation. The outraged ambassadors poured in their despatches to their governments; but we are told that there was strange silence. The cabinets were dumb to their own representatives. Under these circumstances the Sultan may try his hand again, unless impending bankruptcy, an unpaid army, and smothered opposition from some of his own Moslem subjects, to say nothing of foreign interference, shall hold him back.

In the chapter of horrors which I have referred to it is pleasant to remember that the acts of heroism in protecting innocent Armenians have not been confined to Christians. Noble Mohammedans have given shelter to their persecuted fellow-subjects. Turkish Islâm may not be so humane and liberal as the Mohammedanism of India, but Turkish Islâm is not altogether bad. Missionaries have given me instances of courage, generosity, and humanity on the part of Mohammedans which are highly praiseworthy. We visited Robert College, spending one night in the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, and also the girls' College in Scutari. The Reverend George F. Herrick of the Bible House was our companion in the visit to Scutari, and from him I gained much important information in regard to the missionary and educational work, somewhat crippled,

but which even the recent horrors have not been able to destroy. The treasurer of the American Board has distributed in the last year two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in relief work. Dr. Herrick and others spoke in warm praise of the labors of Clara Barton. Her services will be needed again in the coming winter, if thousands are not to be suffered to starve to death. From our ship we can look over to Scutari, where Florence Nightingale moved like an angel of mercy through the wards of a hospital. Her name, like Clara Barton's, always will be associated with the cause of humanity in the Turkish Empire.

Down past Seraglio Point, the military school, the law courts, St. Sophia, and the Ahmedieh Mosque the good ship ploughed her way. The heat had been withering in Constantinople, as in Athens. The air was foul and stifling. When we parted from the Turkish capital, a low portentous cloud hung over the city. With no desire to return until the political and moral cloud shall be lifted, we plunged into the reading of our letters and papers, and were glad in this way to escape even the thought of the modern Babylon drunk with the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus Christ. Before leaving we had been promised that a telegram from the embassy should reach us the next morning at the Dardanelles, if any news of the American election had been received. About midnight we anchored in the Hellespont, and when morning came a boat was sent ashore to gain permission to pass and to bring aboard any despatches. But no despatches were forthcoming. I complained to the secretary of our cruise. He thought it quite likely that a telegram had been sent; but deliveries here are very uncertain.

Letters are often very slow within the Turkish Empire. It sometimes requires fifteen days to get one from Constantinople to Smyrna. The only security for foreign mails is that the Powers have their own post-offices. Our letters go through British hands. The Turk is not to be trusted with the mails, and his censorship of the press is

minute and exacting. Everything issued by the Bible Society is carefully examined, and publication often is tormentingly delayed. In a Sunday-School paper the Turkish word "star" is forbidden, and many Biblical expressions which might be interpreted as reflecting on the Holy Turkish Empire are exscinded. A friend, seeing in an American's mail an American newspaper which condemned the Sultan, remarked: "This is a liberty which Russia would not allow." But the information soon came that Turkey also would not allow it. Such papers are brought in only through mails in the hands of foreign governments.

As we looked a second time at the Turkish fortifications which guard the Dardanelles, many were our speculations as to the possibility of a British fleet's forcing a passage. The most interesting suggestion in regard to the matter which I have heard was made by an Illinois soldier who served four years with Grant. An English gentleman had quoted Admiral Hornby's report to the British government in regard to the peril and the probable loss of a part of the fleet. Some of his guns, he reported, were so mounted that they could not reach more than half-way up the cliff, while others would throw their shells over the top. The Illinois fighter under Grant said: "I should shut everything down, cover my ships with cotton bales, and run through without firing a gun. That 's the way we passed the fortifications at Vicksburg."

It was a beautiful voyage which brought us, toward midnight of November sixth, into the great harbor of Smyrna. We had passed by the site of Troy and the Isle of Tenedos, had glimpses of Mount Ida, and had sailed between Mitylene and the Asiatic coast. When the sun had risen over the circle of hills surrounding the beautiful harbor, we found ourselves in the blue waters of a bay filled with ships of all nations and fronting the towers, domes, and minarets of a beautiful city. Along the shore are the principal thoroughfares of the European quarter, well-built, fine. The Moslem region is distinguished by the dark cypresses and the

white minarets, while the bazaars occupy a portion of the ancient and now closed harbor. This city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom only fifty thousand are Moslem, has a history reaching back three thousand years. It is associated with the kings of Lydia, with the birth of Homer, and with the enterprises of Ionian commerce. It is one of the seven cities which contended for the honor of Homer's birth, and the first of them in the well-known hexameter, —

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ."

Under the successors of Alexander the Great, Smyrna had an eminent place among the cities of Asia, and during Roman times it combined many of the glories both of Athens and Corinth. It was the seat of one of the seven churches to which St. John sent his messages from Patmos. Here Polycarp, the favorite disciple of St. John, was burned. Smyrna suffered greatly during the Byzantine period, and through the long Mongol and Moslem wars. Timur the Tartar captured it, and left as a trophy a tower made of one thousand Christian heads. From Turks and earthquakes it has suffered severely; but modern French and Greek enterprise and the industry of Armenians have given it recently a measure of prosperity, although it never has reached its old-time splendor.

"The 'Ornament of Asia' and the 'Crown
Of fair Ionia.' Yes, but Asia stands
No more an empress, and Ionia's hands
Have lost their sceptre. Thou, majestic town,
Art as a diamond on a faded robe:
The freshness of thy beauty scatters yet
The radiance of that sun of empire set,
Whose disk sublime illumed the ancient globe.
Thou sitt'st between the mountains and the sea;
The sea and mountains flatter thy array,
And fill thy courts with grandeurs, not decay;
And power, not death, proclaims thy cypress-tree.
Through thee, the sovereign symbols Nature lent
Her rise, make Asia's fall magnificent."

But my mind was not busy with the past or present of Smyrna, but with the spectacle presented in the harbor. Four war-ships of the American fleet shone in white beauty in the morning sun. Two fine black Italian ships and a French war-vessel also were there. At eight o'clock La Signora and I saw the stars and stripes run up from our four ships, while the white, red, and green, or the white, red, and blue rose proudly from the other vessels. Immediately the Italian band played "Hail Columbia," then "The Marseillaise," and then "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean!" Our throats fairly choked with patriotic feeling, and with an effort I said to some English friends, "The spirit of 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Marseillaise' will yet be the death of this infernal Turkish business."

But as yet we had no news — and it was Friday morning — of the verdict of the American people. I had told my companions that I had no doubt of the issue. In my heart I believed that Americans were singing "Hail Columbia" with new hope and patriotic exultation. After breakfast those who were to visit Smyrna and Ephesus embarked in four boats for the landing. Soon we drew within hailing distance of a boat from one of the American war-ships, manned by white-jacketed negro sailors. At the top of my voice I called out twice: "Who is elected?" After the second call there came back over the waters the expected word, which brought a cheer from all American and from some English lips, "McKinley." We shall never forget that moment of ecstasy. The long agony was over. The great republic had not been misled, and as the bright sun shone over the hills of Asia and illumined the spacious harbor with golden glory, I said in my heart, "This is God's day and Columbia's!" Later an English friend suggested that the American consul should treat the whole ship's company to champagne. The Americans, however, contented themselves with being happy, and in sending a telegram of hearty congratulation to the man who has borne himself so modestly through the long campaign.

On landing in Smyrna the good news was confirmed. Some of the English clergymen remarked, "Of course, McKinley is the enemy of England, for he is a Protectionist. But though our trade may suffer, the result is good for our investments!" Near the quay we entered tramcars and rode along the shore to the railway station. We saw great strings of loaded camels tied together, the long line led by a Turk on a donkey. We had a special train at the station, from which we made our forty-mile run to Ephesus, stopping but once. In the compartment which we occupied I was asked to read from the Acts of the Apostles the account of St. Paul's experiences in Ephesus, which I did, with some comments on the victory in America which was uppermost in all minds. The Apostle's work was thought to be injurious to the silver business of Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen, and they raised a tremendous uproar, fearing a falling market in the silver shrines made in honor of the great Diana. This little incident in our car led to the rumor which we heard at the close of the day that the Americans had all gathered at the ruined temple of Diana and there celebrated both the first and the last defeat of the silver party!

The region near Smyrna has many spots of fertility. The hills are beautiful, but the people at our only halting-place were the worst-looking set of beggars that we have yet seen. Here some of the party heard for the first time the word "bakshish." At Ephesus we were provided with horses or donkeys for a two hours' ride over the dusty plain on which stood ancient Ephesus. We saw broken tombs, among them the so-called sepulchre of St. Luke, the fragments of the ancient sheep-gate, a traditional baptismal font used by St. John, extensive ruins of the old theatre, where the silversmiths' mob called out for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" the immense foundations of a Roman custom-house, a few large fragments of Diana's temple, and the remains of a Roman aqueduct. It was a wide area of desolation, over which the poorest of quadrupeds painfully carried us.

Last evening we sailed away from Smyrna, passed by "Scio's rocky isle," and later saw very plainly the Convent of St. John upon the Isle of Patmos. The Book of Revelation became popular reading among the passengers, and I meditated on the great world-kingdom of evil on which the exiled seer looked out, and whose destruction he predicted. In reading the seventeenth chapter of the Apocalypse many of us thought of Constantinople, seated upon her seven hills, like the city of the prophet's vision. The Turkish capital, like the polluted metropolis that appeared to John, also "sitteth upon many waters," "is arrayed in purple and scarlet," and is decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having in her hand a golden cup full of abominations. The scarlet-colored beast with ten horns, which appeared in the vision, is not a bad symbol of the wicked capital by the Bosporus. We are told that the ten horns are ten kings who give their power and authority unto the beast, — a striking picture of the European governments who still hold their shields over the Turkish monster. "The woman whom thou sawest is the great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." "These shall war against the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them. For He is the Lord of lords and King of kings."

One of the striking things about the Turkish despotism is the fascination which it has exercised over many who in their hearts can have no real sympathy with it. No other government has been so skilful and persistent in hoodwinking foreign ambassadors and in deceiving very many influential visitors. The attention, flattery, feasting, the gifts and falsehoods furnished with cunning art, have misled a multitude. But the present ambassadors have now all been undeceived, and they unanimously brand the official statements of the Turk as abominable falsehoods, which are no more to be believed than are his promises of reform. Even our minister, Mr. Terrell, fully realizes what Sir Philip Currie, the English ambassador, has still longer known, — the utter untrustworthiness and systematic, cruel

hypocrisy of the Sultan's government. When forced about two years ago to sign one of the reforms requiring that a Christian governor be appointed in provinces where the Christians were in a majority, the Sultan proceeded immediately to authorize the massacres which were designed to put Christians in a minority. It shows how quick some people are to call black white and white black to remember that this wholesale slaughtering of an innocent population, these murders, tortures, and outrages have in certain quarters been received with stolid indifference or concealed approval, while these apologists for the Turk have wept bitter editorial or official tears over the killing of a handful of Turks by revolutionary Armenians. They condone abominable massacres which have such accompaniments that Lord Rosebery declared himself unable to read the official accounts of them. But if one Armenian, driven to desperation, maddened by the sufferings of his wife and children, and seeing only death before him, dares lift one finger in the assertion of his manhood, the devil's advocates are hot with indignation.

It is sometimes said that the Sultan is a very liberal-minded monarch, in that he appoints Christians to high offices; but the ambassadors know that these Christian officials have no responsibility and no authority, and are kept in ignorance of the designs of the government. I asked a gentleman of high repute, long a resident in Constantinople, why the Sultan made these appointments. He replied, "Just to throw dust in the eyes of gullible Englishmen and Americans." It is sometimes said that the Armenians are persecuted, not because they are Christians, but because they are Armenians, or, in other words, that there is nothing religious about this persecution. This is not true. There is a religious as well as a political element in this diabolism. When the Moslem fanatics struck down their victims in the recent massacre, they were continually shouting the word "Infidel;" and one reason why the Sultan and his cruel servants have no compunction about slaugh-

tering these defenceless men and women is because they feel in their hearts that Christians are dogs, whom they are authorized, under certain circumstances, to exterminate. It is undeniable that in these Armenian massacres life was frequently offered on condition that the intended victim would pronounce the Mohammedan formula. Some apostatized; thousands declined, preferring to join the noble army of martyrs. More than a score of Protestant pastors were among these heroes, worthy to take rank with Polycarp. I know of one case where a Christian pastor was again and again offered his life on the usual condition. Again and again he declined, saying, "I have preached my Master twenty years, and I cannot deny Him." Finally, he was told that no more time would be given him. He opened his coat and, saying, "Strike!" received his death-wound.

One reason why the non-interference of the Christian powers in all this barbarism is unpardonable is this, — that torture is continually being practised upon Armenians in Turkish prisons. I know the case of two young men who have been tortured a fortnight to induce them to sign a lying statement implicating Christian missionaries in revolutionary schemes. One of these Christian youths, a young man of great vigor, has been reduced almost to a skeleton by his sufferings. If finally the desired statement is signed, the Turkish government will give it to the world, and some newspapers will profess to believe it. Turkish prisons are often shocking holes. I conversed with a young Armenian woman who was thrown into a cell because of a mistake which a stupid official had made in her travelling passport. There were fifty women in one hole, with scarcely room for them to lie down. One of them was ninety-five years of age, and several of them had been tortured.

The present dangers to which American citizens and their property are exposed in Turkey, the outrages already committed upon them, and the failure of the Sultan to give redress, demand of our government a far more vigorous

policy. Why not utilize the fleet now in the harbor of Smyrna for some good purpose? Force and fear are the only means of influence to which the Sultan is accessible. If our government would only insist that an American man-of-war should go up the Dardanelles, it would be permitted to go, and our citizens and their property would be protected, and redress would be forthcoming.

But these are rather serious thoughts that were suggested by a passage in the Book of Revelation. Sunday was a quiet and beautiful day on shipboard. We looked out over a "sea of glass mingled with fire," and, thinking of John's great vision, I doubted not the final victory of the kingdom of light over the powers of darkness. An English clergyman conducted service in the morning, and the Reverend Dr. Murphy of Philadelphia preached an able and lucid sermon in the evening. In the afternoon I accepted an invitation to give an address on the "World's Parliament of Religions." Early Monday morning we caught sight of the Holy Land. At nine o'clock we were anchored off Jaffa, and the sea was so smooth that we had no difficulty in landing. Jaffa has greatly increased in population since I saw it in 1874. The picturesque life which we found in the streets was far more Oriental than anything in Constantinople or Smyrna. A special train, drawn by a Baldwin engine, took us up to Jerusalem, fifty-four miles. I know of no other railroad ride that is so interesting, bringing before us memories of Jonah, Peter, Samson, Joshua, Napoleon. We passed through Lydda with its palm-trees and Ramleh with its towers and minarets. We saw orange groves, vineyards, olive orchards, pomegranate trees, cactus hedges, hundreds of camels and donkeys, thousands of goats, sheep, and cattle. We crossed the Plain of Sharon, and climbed the hills of Judæa, over twenty-six hundred feet. We saw the terraced ridges on the Judæan hillsides where once vineyards had flourished. With emotions which can neither be described nor concealed, we gained our first view of poor, discrowned Jerusalem. Passing by

the Jaffa Gate, we came to Howard's Hotel, outside the walls. After washing away the dust, La Signora and I entered the Holy City, climbed the old wall by the Zion Gate, and saw the golden light of the western sun shining in full splendor on the Mount of Olives.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE HOLY CITY.

OUR hotel here, like the hotel at Jaffa, we found finely decorated with flags in honor of Chevalier Howard's recent marriage to an English lady who came with us on the "Midnight Sun." It has been our fortune to see a good many decorations in our recent journeyings. Paris was still gay on account of the Czar's visit; Rome was brilliant over the marriage of the Prince of Naples at Constantinople; our ship was dressed with bunting for the wedding, November second, of Mr. Perrowne, son of the Bishop of Worcester, who is a business partner of Dr. Lunn; and on arriving at Jaffa we were taken to Howard's Hotel, bright with the flags of all nations. But nothing can make a Christian's visit to the Holy Land and the Holy City an experience of unmixed joy. Sacred and tragic memories are numerous and oppressive. He sees too much suffering, too much degrading poverty, and too many evidences that the earthly Jerusalem is about as far from the heavenly as is any city on the planet.

On looking from my window I began to appreciate some of the changes which the city has undergone since I saw it last. Further examination made the changes seem almost a transformation. Within the walls the streets are just as narrow, dirty, and noisy as ever, and more crowded. The population has doubled, and the Jewish population more than doubled. Of the sixty thousand persons who now dwell in the city, forty thousand are supposed to be Israelites, and they own three-fourths of Jerusalem. They have even taken possession of a large part of Christian Street.

Outside the city, near the Jaffa road, are the fine buildings which Sir Moses Montefiore erected for the Jews. But these are only a small part of the many important structures which now cover the whole western and northern environs of the city. The Russians and French have built very extensively, and their hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims are flanked by churches, hospitals, schools, and private residences. In the region where the various consulates are found, one seems to be in a modern city. Not far from the Damascus road are the house of the English Bishop and the new English church.

I have sometimes regretted that Presbyterians and Congregationalists have withdrawn from all missionary work in Jerusalem, leaving the field to the English church. That church is doing good service through its medical mission and in other ways; but in my judgment nothing is quite so good in the Turkish Empire as the American spirit, with its courage and its emancipating power. With American Puritan Christianity goes the American college, and out of it springs up Pauline preaching. With all courtesy I must confess, with many other travellers, that I have not been edified by the "foolishness of preaching" as I have heard it in the Anglican church outside of England. It is said that the fine English church in Constantinople was completed and was about to be consecrated on the arrival of the bishop, when it was suddenly discovered that the pulpit had been omitted! I know that to the English churchman the service is everything; but many of us think, now that it is usually given in an unnatural "holy tone" which fails to produce anything but feelings of drowsiness, that it too is often a weariness to the flesh.

Near the garden of Gethsemane, on the east side of the city, rises the green-domed Russian church; and the summit of the Mount of Olives is now defaced, as many think, by a lofty Russian bell-tower, which is plainly visible in the Jordan valley. We left the hotel one morning with four others, accompanied by Gabriel, our excellent Greek drago-

man. Along the dusty street which leads to the Jaffa Gate is a great variety of shops. British, European, native, and Jewish money-changers, sitting behind their little tables, continually called our attention to what they could do for us. One must be on his guard in Jerusalem, where so many currencies are handled. Almost all moneys are taken, and I have had the coins of six different nations — English, American, Greek, French, Italian, and Turkish — given me as change in one small transaction. We enter the rather imposing gate, and stand within the walled city. To the right of us is the massive tower of Hippicus, often called David's Tower, which is really one of the strong forts belonging to the old Jewish wall, which was spared by Titus in the destruction of the city, with the proud purpose to show after generations what mighty fortifications the Roman arms could storm. I am glad that Jerusalem is still entirely surrounded by a wall. Although this was erected by the Turks as late as the first part of the sixteenth century, and does not enclose the whole of the ancient city, it gives Jerusalem an antique and rather important appearance.

We are on our way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The streets are full of donkeys, some of them white, and many of them carrying great loads of grain, fruit, wood, and straw. Many an ugly and stately camel, sometimes so burdened as to fill up the street, lumbers by. A few weeks ago he may have left the gates of flowery Damascus; a few weeks hence he may be entering the streets of Cairo the Magnificent. The camel is the symbol of the Orient, as is the locomotive of the Occident. In these Jerusalem streets the water-carriers, bearing on their shoulders great hairy water-skins, are frequent. These skins are not leather bags, but the undressed hides of animals retaining the shape of the live goat or pig, and are most disgusting-looking receptacles. No words can describe the squalor and general repulsiveness of much of the life that here thrusts itself before our eyes. There are moments when one feels that the humanity about him, ragged, unwashed, barefooted,

blind, lame, must be more abject than anything which met the eyes of Jesus. In this he probably is mistaken. But people get so near to each other in Jerusalem ! The meat-shop pushes its fly-covered wares almost into your face. The Moslem market is most repulsive to an American buyer. In Christian Street things are better, and one must not think that all of Jerusalem is disgusting, though nearly all inside the walls is loathsomely picturesque. I am afraid that I cannot make my readers feel how unlike anything with which they are familiar all this life really is, with men and animals crowding against each other, with merchants squatting in their tiny shops and buyers chaffering over their purchases, while a stream of donkeys, some of them bestridden by black-legged and red-slippered Bedouins from Jericho, winds its way through the midst of all this dirt and business.

In the neighborhood of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the wares offered are largely ecclesiastical, — rosaries, crucifixes, bunches of candles, and shells from the Red Sea, carved in Bethlehem and covered with scenes from sacred history. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre goes back to the days of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. It often has been destroyed and rebuilt, and now is a complicated monstrosity of architecture, not without beauty here and there. It shelters nearly all the wranglings of Christendom. The tradition that this is the real sepulchre, and thus the true site of the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ, dates from the fourth century; but the gap between the fourth century and the first is a long one.

I have lost every shred of confidence in the sacred places which this building conveniently encloses. I remember that during my former visit I was told that when the ancient northern wall was discovered it would very likely be found that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was outside of it. Jesus was crucified without the gate, and buried in a tomb near by. In the Russian Hospice, quite near to the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the visitor is now shown

some considerable fragments of great antiquity, credited by many as belonging to the eagerly sought ancient wall. But Dr. Bliss assures us that this cannot be so. He has examined the old walls of the city, Crusaders', Byzantine, Roman, and Jewish, and in no case were they less than nine feet in thickness. The masonry shown in the Russian Hospice is perhaps four feet in diameter, and may be a part of Constantine's Basilica in which the so-called Holy Sepulchre was originally enshrined. After visiting near the Damascus Gate what is called the New Calvary, above the so-called Grotto of Jeremiah, I have come to feel that many probabilities combine to support the theory that this was the real site of the Crucifixion. Here is a rocky knoll, perhaps thirty feet high, having some resemblance to a skull, which manifestly has not changed its appearance, for that is due to the natural surface of the rock. It is outside of the walls and close to the northern highway. We read in the narrative of John: "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." Now there comes before us the strange fact that in the side of this "New Calvary" has been discovered an ancient rock-cut tomb, which is pronounced by scholars to be Jewish and older than the destruction of Jerusalem. In this tomb was found an alabaster slab, — one indication, among others, that it was a grave prepared for a rich man, like Joseph of Arimathea. It is well known that General Gordon became thoroughly convinced that this was the tomb in which Christ conquered the power of death, and his conviction is shared by a constantly growing number of Bible-reading visitors. I was glad to learn that this important site had been conditionally purchased by a number of English gentlemen, in order to secure it from desecration and superstition. A servant unlocks the door and you stand in a large rock-hewn room, the antechamber, on the right of which are three empty

"loculi," or places for bodies. Of these three places one is unfinished, one is for a woman, and the third and largest, nearest the farther wall, is evidently for a man. The rock has been hollowed out at the head to make the grave longer; and this third place, where it is supposed the body of Jesus was laid, could be seen by the disciple who looked in through the aperture from which the stone had been rolled away. It may be that no demonstration of the genuineness of this Holy Sepulchre is possible. Very likely it is best that we should not know with certainty. Place-worship is unchristian, and is contrary to that spiritual worship which Jesus announced to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. But I confess that it was with a feeling of deepest awe that I entered this ancient Jewish tomb, on which a very old Christian symbol was discovered when it was first opened. I cannot help feeling that this newly discovered sepulchre, about which reverence but not superstition is likely to gather, may be a symbol of the better Christianity of the future. Surely the old Church of the Holy Sepulchre, like the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, is a mighty object-lesson of a divided and corrupted Christendom. Language is feeble in describing the ecclesiastical falsehoods, the indecent and impious frauds, and the diabolical contentions of so-called Christians in the so-called Holy Places. The Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts have each a share, more or less profitable, in the consecrated falsities of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But the Greeks outdo all the rest in blasphemy by the fraudulent annual "miracle" of the Holy Fire. Ignorant, pious pilgrims, with unlighted torches in hand, crowd around the sepulchre, each one eager to be the first to light his torch from the miraculous flame, symbol of the Holy Ghost, which appears suddenly at an aperture and which they are taught has come down from heaven. How the atheist-priest inside, who has struck his lucifer match and ignited some easily combustible substance, must smile over his impious fraud! Scenes of fanatic violence have some-

times occurred in connection with the Holy Fire, and Turkish soldiers are always on hand to preserve the peace. An English friend who was once present at this frightful spectacle, said to the Turkish Pasha, "There is no Christianity in that. If there were no other Christianity than that in the world, I'd be a Moslem." And how often at many of the Holy Places in Jerusalem one feels like exclaiming, "He is not here; He is risen."

It is no little work to see all that the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts have to show you in the present church. It makes one's heart sick to wander through this shrine of hoary deceptions. Here is the Stone of Anointing; there is the stone on which the angel sat before the tomb; here is the stone which marks the centre of the earth; there is the place where the Empress Helena found the true cross; yonder is the crack in the rock made by the earthquake. Through this crevice, which was at the foot of the cross, the Saviour's blood ran down to the tomb of Adam below and raised that old sinner to life! We see impressions in the rock made by the feet of Jesus. We are shown the tomb of Melchizedek and the place of Abraham's contemplated sacrifice of Isaac, and the tree where the ram was caught! The keys of the church are held by Moslems, and it can hardly be expected that, beholding the so-called Christians perpetually quarrelling, they will soon be attracted by the superior excellence of the Christian Gospel.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is of course the termination of the Via Dolorosa, the traditional way of grief over which Jesus walked from Pilate's house to Calvary. It is marked by several "stations," at which are said to have occurred such events as the meeting with St. Veronica, who wiped the fallen Saviour's brow with her handkerchief; the scourging; the meeting with His mother; the meeting with Simon the Cyrenian, and so on. The present name, Via Dolorosa, does not belong to the entire course of this journey. Other streets continue it, and five of the stations are in the church itself. Some of the stations have been

changed in the course of ages, and now we know of a certainty that the pavement over which Jesus did walk is from thirty to seventy feet below the present street.

We first stopped at the Russian Hospice, which contains some recently discovered fragments of an old wall, probably a part of the original basilica of Constantine. Our second halting-place was at the Church of the Sisters of Zion, by the Ecce Homo Arch, where Pilate is said to have shown Jesus to the people, exclaiming, "Behold the man!" Here a sweet-faced sister led us down to the uncovered foundation of the Roman arch, and showed us pieces of Roman mosaic, many feet beneath the present level of the city. Jerusalem has been many times captured and destroyed, and ruin has been piled on ruin; but in a few places we are permitted to see bits of the ancient Herodian city. While in this convent we were taken to the lofty roof, and remained for ten minutes in the dazzling and almost unbearable blaze of the sun, in order to gain a wide view of Jerusalem. The temple enclosure, with its mosques, the domes of synagogues on Mount Zion, the two domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, many of the buildings beyond the walls, and the gray slopes of the Mount of Olives, covered with Jewish tombs, made a part of the panorama spread out before us. We saw quite a number of the children who are instructed in this convent, and felt grateful that they were rescued from the dirt and degradation of the common life. These girls are taught, besides the ordinary school lessons, to care for their persons, to sew, to carve wood, to press and arrange flowers, and to make rosaries out of olive stones. Some of the party tried to repay the courtesies given us by the purchase of interesting relics.

Leaving our companions here, La Signora and I walked on eastward to St. Stephen's Gate, and then down into the valley of the Kedron near to the Virgin's tomb, where for a week I had pitched my encampment twenty-two years ago. Then, almost overcome by the heat, we climbed up the

steep bank to the gate again, and, sheltered by the stone walls and the shadows of the narrow streets, made our way home. The interior of the hotel is a noisy bazaar, where you are solicited to buy a hundred interesting objects, many of which would be really valuable memorials of the land. But, as we are twenty thousand miles from home, by the way which we intend to follow, our temptations to become purchasers are greatly reduced. In the afternoon a few of us went with our dragoman to what is doubtless the chief sight in Jerusalem, the sacred square on Mount Moriah, where now stand the mosques of Omar and El Aksa.

Sixty years ago no Christians were permitted to enter. The daggers of black Moslem dervishes gleamed in the eyes of all on-lookers. Next to Mecca, Jerusalem is the most sacred city to the Mohammedan world, for they claim Abraham for their father, and Jesus as one of their prophets. Of late years Christians have been permitted to enter the sacred enclosure. The Jews do not wish to enter, for they fear the possibility of walking over the site of the Holy of Holies. The cost of each person's admission to the Haram Esh-Sherif, or noble sanctuary, is twelve piastres, about fifty cents. We now stand in one of the most venerable and interesting places in all the world. On this summit of Moriah occurred, in all probability, Abraham's trial of faith; here David built an altar, here Solomon constructed his temple, here was raised the second and inferior temple, and here, finally, arose the magnificent structure of King Herod, "a mount of alabaster, topped with golden spires," standing on a great platform, surrounded by majestic colonnades and enclosing the various courts of the Gentiles, of the women, and of the Israelites. This was the temple to which the infant Jesus was carried, in one of whose cloisters the boy Jesus conferred with the doctors of the law, and wherein the Prophet of Nazareth again and again expounded his teaching. This was the temple whose destruction Jesus predicted, and whose devastation was

completed in the year 70, when it was burned, partly by the hands of the Jews and partly by the Romans. Every vestige of it has been removed from the broad area on the summit of Moriah. Some of the massive foundation-stones are still visible on the western side at the Jews' wailing-place.

We first made our way to the so-called Mosque of Omar, usually styled the Dome of the Rock, standing on an irregular platform ten feet higher than the general area. Having been furnished with slippers to keep our profane feet from touching the sacred matting, we entered the octagonal building, one of the masterpieces of early Arabian architecture. Externally the mosque is covered with beautiful porcelain tiles or with marble, and passages from the Koran form its frieze. Within you find yourself in a structure divided into three concentric parts, supported by piers and columns, mostly of marble of different styles and colors. The interior is dark; and yet the whole effect, on account of the richness of the materials and the beauty of the mosaics, is splendid and striking. Through the variously painted windows comes a dim religious light. The Crusaders, of course, converted the mosque into a church when they captured Jerusalem, after having piled the floor on which we stand with thousands of slain Moslems. But when the Christian monarchy of Jerusalem was destroyed, the church again became a mosque, after having been purified with rosewater, which five camels brought hither from Damascus.

In the centre, beneath the dome, is the holy rock, surrounded by a wrought-iron screen, the only relic left of the Crusaders. This rock, more than fifty feet long and forty-three feet wide, rises fully six feet above the pavement of the present mosque. It is one of the strangest and most impressive of spectacles to see this primitive ledge, deemed holy by three religions, thrusting its broad surface upward, beneath the magnificent dome. In all probability this was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, which David bought for fifty shekels of silver. Here

stood the great altar of sacrifice, and some traces have been found in the rock of an ancient channel through which the blood may have been carried off to the cisterns below. The Moslems have many traditions gathering about this sacred place. When we descended to the great cavern beneath it, we were shown the impression of Mohammed's head on the ceiling, and also the hole in the centre of it through which he ascended to heaven. In the middle of the floor in this cavern is a round stone, and when the guide knocked upon it the hollow sound indicated a receptacle beneath. The well under this stone is called the "Well of Souls." No wonder that place-worship has become such a part of the creed of Islâm, since Mohammed declared that one prayer offered at the Dome of the Rock is better than a thousand offered elsewhere. The Moslems have associated many absurdities of tradition with this place, but no multiplication of absurdities can greatly lessen its historic impressiveness.

Leaving our slippers at the gates, we walked southward to El Aksa, formerly a church built by the Emperor Justinian. Here we saw a line of perhaps one hundred Mohammedans going through their prayers with military precision, all with their faces turned toward Mecca. Then some of us descended into the so-called Solomon's stables, the great substructures extending beneath the Church of Justinian, and probably a Byzantine work. Then we walked along the east wall of the sacred enclosure to the Golden Gate, which has been blocked up with stone by the Arabs, owing to a superstition that some day a Christian king will enter through it and take the Holy City out of their hands. Below this eastern wall, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, it is supposed that the last judgment will occur. From a bit of column protruding over the wall a hair will be stretched to the Mount of Olives, and over this all souls must walk. Good angels will keep the righteous from destruction as they attempt the perilous feat.

Leaving the sacred enclosure, La Signora and I visited

the Church of St. Anne, near St. Stephen's Gate, and observed the excavations now going on, which show that the pool of Bethesda in all probability has been discovered under a church of the Crusaders' period, nearly seventy feet below the present level of the street. The Scripture account of the miracle, taken from the fifth chapter of John, in twenty different languages, is framed and glazed at the entrance to these excavations.

CHAPTER XXI.

JERICHO, JERUSALEM, AND BETHLEHEM.

ABOUT forty of our party made the journey to Jericho. The procession, directed by Chevalier Howard, and accompanied by many Arab dragomans and several Bedouin sheiks, rolled or trotted around the northern wall of the city, down into the Kedron valley, and then up and around the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives. The carriage road, which has been built but a few years, makes the trip quite comfortable for those who do not enjoy riding astride a horse. Nearly all who have come hither on horseback during this day of excessive heat, regret not having chosen the easier way of travel. As we ascended the Mount of Olives, the fine panoramic view of Jerusalem first showed to my companions how "beautiful for situation" is the Holy City.

On my first visit to this region I made a long detour by Bethlehem, Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, and Jericho, in order that my first view of Jerusalem might be that from the Hosanna Road on the Mount of Olives, over which Jesus came with the triumphal procession. Those who follow Dean Stanley's advice and make this circuit will have an interesting journey all the way, and at the end of it one of those supreme visions which never can be forgotten.

Our first halt was at Bethany, a wretched Arab village bearing the name of Lazarus. It is a little town of hovels and of sore-eyed children crying pitifully for "bakshish." We visited the traditional places, the tomb of Lazarus, the house of Mary and Martha, and the house of Simon. It is hard to realize that here once stood the Jewish village

which was to Jesus Christ one of the best-loved spots on earth. It was hither that He brought His disciples on that day when He was taken up from their sight into heaven. How strange that churches of the Ascension should be built on the summit of the Mount of Olives when the Scripture account teaches so plainly that "He led them out as far as Bethany"! It is a descent of nearly four thousand feet which we made before reaching the Jericho plain. Our road led through the wilderness of Judæa. No words can picture its desolation. Only a few little patches of cultivated soil appeared in the whole journey. We went down between hills of rocky and dusty barrenness. Quite a number of Bedouins, perched on their little donkeys, met us. They were taking their wares up to the Jerusalem market. Glimpses of the Dead Sea, a dazzling sheen in the morning light, were flashed into our eyes. Beyond rose the mountains of Moab, and among them the peak from which Moses viewed the Promised Land.

Often did I hear the question, "How could the Israelites have been satisfied with such a desert as Judæa?" But in the spring-time, after the winter rains, these dry hills and gorges are covered with a carpet of flowers. The Jordan valley, which lay just before the Israelites, when they entered the Promised Land, was a broad, verdant, and palm-covered plain. In rocky Judah and Benjamin grew the hardy vine, and north of Benjamin lay fruitful Ephraim, and then came the broad plain of Esdraelon, and beyond the fertile slopes of Galilee. Even to-day along the sea-coast the plain of Sharon yields two crops every year. Remove the curse of Turkish government and after a generation Palestine might again blossom as the rose. That government presents its fairest side in Syria. Here it is only robbery; elsewhere it is extortion and murder combined.

During our journey Chevalier Howard and the sheiks, splendidly mounted on Arab steeds, afforded us many displays of fine horsemanship. Leaving the road and galloping up a rocky hillside, they would turn their horses suddenly

or stop them in full charge, in sham battle with each other, making some superb Schreyer pictures against a rocky wall or, higher up, against the blue sky. We halted for an hour at the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where luncheon was provided for us, while the animals were fed and rested. Here Chevalier Howard and his wife left us and returned to Jerusalem, while we kept on our downward way under the new guidance of Demetrius. The scenery grew grander and wilder. At one place we halted and were conducted to the top of a hill, from which we could look many hundreds of feet down into the gorge of the Brook Cherith. There, in those rocky depths, we saw the tiny Greek monastery of St. George, a little green line of verdure running beside it. This is the traditional place of the prophet Elijah's retirement, in the days when he was fed by ravens. At two or three points in our descent we left the carriages and walked down the rocky and unfinished road. About half-past one we reached the plain of Jericho, and in less than half an hour we arrived at our pleasant encampment, where we are to remain in quietness until to-morrow's sun.

The Jericho of Joshua's time lies to the north of us. The Jericho of our Saviour's time is near us, buried under the sand. It was here that blind Bartimeus at the gates heard from the crowd the glad cry, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" The merciful Prophet was on His way to the cross, and we have followed to-day the path up which He walked, His face set toward Jerusalem. Sitting here in the moonlight, my thoughts were not quietly resting on the scene which stretches about us. I could not help remembering that there, beyond that gray western wall of mountains, is the city which He loved, now discrowned and humiliated, no longer the "joy of the whole earth." In place of the old temple rises "the marble dome of Omar's tent," and, instead of peace and righteousness, the powers of discord and evil rage and rule on the hallowed heights. What memories and hopes and questions the Holy City everlastingly evokes! Will her glory ever come back?

"Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem,
Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem
Ere Judah's reign was o'er;
The stars on hallowed Olivet
And over Zion burn.
But when shall rise thy splendor set,
Thy majesty return?"

But the voices about me were becoming silent; the lights were going out. I soon lay down, as did Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, beneath the fragile covering of a tent, and dreaming once more their dreams, trustfully surrendered all problems to sleep and to God's own future.

We had a comfortable night, although I was wakened by the cries of jackals, one of which came very close to our tent. The next morning, immediately after breakfasting at tables spread beneath a bower of vines and jasmines, we drove and rode to the Dead Sea. It was a rough, dusty, irregular, but interesting journey of two hours. We saw two Greek convents that recently have been erected on this desolate plain. The Russian Tower, on the Mount of Olives, ten or twelve miles away, would not let us "forget thee, O Jerusalem"!

At this rainless season of the year the "slime pits," into which horses sometimes sink, have been dried up. When we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, our party was divided into two sections, and most of the men and some of the women bathed in the salt, heavy waters. I found this a pleasant and refreshing experience, although it is easier to float than to swim. But what a strange and oppressive place the shore of the Dead Sea is! The waters are as beautiful as those of Lake Lucerne, but nothing lives in them, and no human habitation is found on their banks. One thinks of Sodom and Gomorrah buried beneath the brackish lake at the southeastern side of it, and here in this deep vale thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, breathing the dusty air of what seems like a close summer day, one is not eager to linger.

An hour's drive brought us to the fords of the Jordan, the traditional site of our Saviour's baptism, where the Greek pilgrims throng by thousands immediately after Easter to bathe in the waters, to drink from the sacred stream, and to fill their jars from it, so that friends in far-away Russia may share in part their privileges. For many centuries Christian pilgrims have come hither, and once these shores were paved with marble. At the present day ropes are stretched along the bank during the time of pilgrimage, for the security of those who enter the swift stream, and a wooden cross is set up in the river. Only a few of our party bathed in the Jordan, partly because the waters are muddy, the shores rough, and the undercurrent sometimes perilous, an American gentleman having lost his life here two years ago. Very many had brought with them bottles to be filled from the Jordan, and used at christening services in England and America. It was pleasant to linger on the shaded bank and muse over what had been. The secondary history which has followed the great scriptural events associated with the Jordan is interesting, and a knowledge of precise localities is not essential. John the Baptist may have stood where we were then gathered. At any rate, on the banks of this same stream, and not far away, he carried on that mighty ministry which prepared for the Messiah's diviner work. And who could help remembering that, ascending from these waters of the Jordan, the Saviour of mankind went to His temptation in that rocky Judæan wilderness, to which our eyes frequently turned?

Toward evening, when the shadows of the Judæan hills were stretching farther and farther across the plain, many of us mounted donkeys for a twenty-minute ride to Elisha's Fountain, near which I once pitched my tent. The road to it was past beautiful gardens, full of oleanders, poplars, bananas, and cypresses, and through clumps of thorn-trees, the *spina christi*, from which the crown of thorns is supposed to have been made. We also picked some apples of Sodom, and, after arriving at the spring, climbed a hill, probably

the débris of old Jericho, from which we had a grand view. This fountain, which Elisha is said to have healed of its bitterness by casting in salt, yields an abundance of sweet waters to-day, and makes nearly all the verdure which is visible on the wide sandy plain. In the evening we visited the Bedouin village, saw a family gathered about a bright fire, while two women, taking hold of the one handle, were grinding at a mill, made of two circular stones, as women in this land have been doing for three thousand years.

Breaking camp early the next morning, we began the long six hours' climb up to Jerusalem. Many who had found Jordan a "hard road to travel" found this harder still. The heat was excessive, it was dusty, and those who drove were compelled to leave the carriages at several steep and stony places. At one o'clock, however, we were back in Howard's Hotel to receive the greetings and hear the experiences of those members of our party who had not gone down to Jericho. At the hotel I met for the first time Professor White of Moody's Institute, who is on his way to India, sent out by the International Young Men's Christian Association. He has been aiding the American mission in Egypt, and about the first of January will begin work in Calcutta.

In the afternoon we visited the traditional tomb of David on Mount Zion, the traditional scene of the last supper, the traditional house of Caiaphas, and the Protestant cemetery. Our guide then led us into the Tyropœon valley to the arch which bears the name of the American scholar, Robinson, the real father of the scientific exploration of the Holy Land, and then we attended one of the most striking religious services in the world. At the Jews' wailing-place we saw gathered men, women, and children from various lands, in a great variety of costumes, and heard their prayerful laments over the desolation of Zion, the destruction of the temple, and the sorrows of their race, the most influential, the most illustrious, and the most persecuted people in human history. No one who has seen and heard

it ever can forget this service of woe. It lasts from three o'clock to about sunset. When we arrived, perhaps a hundred Jews were present, mostly men. There were a few women, however, and about a dozen Jewish children. Israelites from many lands who themselves or their ancestors have suffered from persecution, Rabbis with fur-encircled caps and long silk robes, each with a Hebrew prayer-book in his hand, here, on every Friday afternoon, by the huge foundation stones of the old temple, utter their prolonged wail over the desolations of Zion. By this wall, about one hundred and fifty feet in length and more than fifty feet in height, the Jews have for many centuries been found. We saw them kissing the stones and bowing toward them reverently. They laid their faces against them and thrust their hands into the crevices. They remained together for hours, and toward evening this pathetic and tragic litany is chanted. The leader exclaims, "For the palace that lies desolate," and the people respond, "We sit in solitude and mourn." The leader adds, "For the palace that is destroyed," and the people cry out, "We sit in solitude and mourn." And so it continues: "For our majesty that is departed, for our great men who lie dead, for the precious stones that are burned, for the priests who have stumbled, for our kings who have despised Him." "We sit in solitude and mourn." "We pray Thee have mercy on Zion, gather the children of Jerusalem, haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion, speak to the heart of Jerusalem! May beauty and majesty surround Zion! Ah, turn Thyself mercifully to Jerusalem! May the Kingdom soon return to Zion! Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem. May peace and joy abide with Zion, and the Branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem!" Is there any sorrow like unto Israel's sorrow?

On another day we walked down through the deep vale of Gehinnom, where children once were sacrificed to Moloch, and where offal was burned, furnishing thus the name of "Gehenna," which was applied to the infernal

regions. Reaching the lowest point of the valley, opposite the village of Siloam, La Signora and I began to climb the steep hillside, at the top of which we hoped to discover the encampment of Dr. Bliss, the head of the Palestine exploration fund, who had asked us to take luncheon with him. The heat was fearful, and soon we lost our way. Calling a stout Arab down from the top of an olive-tree, I repeated the word "Bliss" several times, and with my hands described the form of a tent. He was not long in comprehending my meaning, and soon started off and up to show us the way. We were thoroughly convinced before we reached the encampment that "climbing up Zion's hill" is no joke. La Signora insisted, on meeting Dr. Bliss, that she had ascended more than seven thousand feet, but the luncheon and the company compensated for all our efforts. Here we met for the first time the Reverend Edwin S. Wallace, United States consul at Jerusalem. I asked him at the table if he had not lost his faith in Christianity during his stay in Jerusalem. He quietly replied: "No, I am a Presbyterian!" Later we had the pleasure of dining with him in his own home, and of driving with him and his charming wife to the birthplace of John the Baptist, Ain Karim, a beautiful village three miles from the city, where we saw the Eastern women gathered at the fountain chatting with one another, filling their water-jars and presenting a picture of Oriental life which we shall not soon forget.

Among the discoveries of Dr. Bliss is a broad marble staircase leading down toward the Pool of Siloam. He believes it to be of the Herodian age, and that down these very steps our Saviour may have walked. Here is a Santa Scala more venerable and genuine than that which the Empress Helena conveyed to Rome.

After leaving Dr. Bliss's encampment we went down to some of his excavations, and I remained long enough to get a touch of malarial fever, which I hope quinine and the climate of Egypt soon will remove. In the evening at the hotel Dr. Bliss delighted our party with an account of his success-

ful work in discovering the southern wall of the old city. The next morning we gave to visiting the new site of Calvary, near the Damascus road and above the Grotto of Jeremiah. Then we rode to the so-called Tombs of the Kings, perhaps a half-mile from the Damascus Gate. Through a rock-cut staircase we descended to these immense chambers cut out of the solid stone, which remind one in their extent of the royal tombs of Egypt.

That evening after dinner our party at the hotel was favored with a lecture on the Jews by Dr. Wheeler, the head of the British Medical Jewish mission. He has opened a hospital for the free treatment of poor patients, and by his love, sympathy, and kindness has won a warm place in many Jewish hearts. It is pleasant to speak in cordial commendation of Dr. Wheeler's work, which is genuine and useful, and quite in contrast to the Ben Oliel mission among the Israelites, a mission which in all my inquiries I could find no well-informed person in Jerusalem to indorse. Dr. Wheeler has made a special study of modern Judaism and all its various sects in Jerusalem. He described in detail their religious ideas, their marriage customs, their hopes, their bitter memories, their animosities, their devotion to the letter of the law, and all that peculiar persistence of spirit which long has characterized these children of Jacob. Their numbers in Jerusalem are constantly growing, and it sometimes seems probable that the old prediction of their restoration to the Holy Land may, in a few generations, be practically fulfilled.

One interesting event of this day I must not neglect to notice; namely, our call after luncheon on the venerable Armenian Patriarch. A number of us, mostly Americans, were received by him with stately courtesy. Many years ago he lived in our country, and was now interested in Mr. McKinley's election. He was quite reticent in regard to European political matters, though his heart evidently is heavy over the sorrows of his people. Turkish sweets and coffee were served to us in the reception-room, which is filled with portraits of many of the European sovereigns. The

Patriarch is deemed a personage of great holiness, and his hand is reverently kissed, sometimes by princes. There are only three hundred Armenian families in Jerusalem, but the church and convent are said to be possessors of great property.

There was a fall of rain during the night, so that our drive to Bethlehem the next morning was over a dustless road, on either side of which the trees and fields looked green. Nowhere else in the Holy Land have we seen such evidences of careful cultivation. There are many hills and hilltops which are only masses of bare rock. But, on the other hand, we saw around a Christian village near Bethlehem the largest and most flourishing olive orchards we have found in Palestine. We passed a Greek convent, but did not care to enter it. We were shown the impression which the prophet Elijah made in the rock as he lay down upon it for his night's rest, but cared nothing for this ecclesiastical miracle. At Rachel's tomb, however, we came upon a memorial of genuine human sorrow, and felt again the pathos of old Jacob's profound and loving grief. When he was about to die in Egypt, one hundred and forty-seven years old, the patriarch recalled to Joseph the scene of the death of Joseph's mother. "When I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath: the same is Beth-lehem."

> "What mouldering pile near Ephrath stands alone
> With dome-shaped top and base of mossy stone?
> Rude is the chamber where her bones repose;
> Yet here, 't is said, fair Rachel's pillar rose.
> Ah! sad her fate in Nature's pangs to die;
> To sorrowing friends I hear her parting sigh;
> I see her husband's woe, his streaming tear,
> His last fond kiss before he laid her here,
> His anguished brow, where smiles no more would be,
> For ne'er was wife, poor Rachel! loved like thee."

Before reaching Bethlehem we made a detour of a few miles to visit the three immense pools which bear the name

of King Solomon. All but one of them are now dry, but the Sultan will not permit a European philanthropist to repair them and freely restore them to the people of Jerusalem. When I saw the pools before, they were filled with water. It was here that we camped, or tried to. The rains descended so violently that we fled for refuge to the stone-vaulted chamber of a Turkish castle hard by. A company of soldiers occupied it then. We could find none on this visit. The Turkish soldiers we have seen in Jerusalem are ragged and half shod, and present a most deplorable appearance, though they fitly represent the bankrupt empire which is temporarily supported by their bayonets.

Bethlehem is largely a Christian town, and presents a few evidences of prosperity. At a narrow turning in one of the crooked streets, some of our carriages were for several minutes blocked. Arriving at the great market or courtyard by the Church of the Nativity, we were clamorously beset by the venders of crosses, rosaries, and relics, and by the sellers of wares less ecclesiastical. One of these tradesmen, who claimed to know me, produced a pass to the Columbian Exposition containing his own picture and signed by Mr. Higinbotham, and secured most of the patronage of our party. He belonged to the Algerine village in the Midway Plaisance. He thinks of America as El Dorado, and hopefully awaits the next World's Fair in our country.

In the Church of the Nativity, probably the oldest Christian edifice now standing in the world, we descended into the grotto which is revered as the birthplace of Jesus. This great natural cave is supposed to be the stable for animals which was connected with the inn at Bethlehem in which there was "no room" for Joseph and Mary. The tradition on which this faith is founded is very old, but all that we can say is that the location is not an improbable one. The natural rock in the cave has been overlaid with marble. The ceiling, however, is bare. The cavern is now a chapel, about forty feet long, twelve feet wide, and ten feet high, and is sacred to all the Oriental churches. It is lighted by

THE BETHLEHEM ROAD.

thirty-two lamps, and in a recess to the east underneath the altar you behold a silver star in the pavement bearing a Latin inscription which says that "Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born." Whether you credit the inscription or not, you may be sure that you are standing in a place that has been sacred since the days of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. But alas that by the very cradle of the Prince of Peace one should see so many evidences of the angry divisions of Christendom! Of the fifteen lamps which burn immediately about the silver star in the pavement, four belong to the Latins, five to the Armenians, and six to the Greeks, and in the church which is above the traditional birthplace of Christ, the quarrels among the monks of the different communions have been so fierce and bloody that Turkish soldiers always are on guard. Indeed, in the Chapel of the Manger, we found an armed Moslem with his musket standing in the gloom.

Tradition has multiplied the sacred places in the Bethlehem cave. We were shown the Chapel of the Innocents, where several children are said to have been slain by Herod; the altar of the Adoration of the Magi; the marble manger, in which Christ was laid; and the Milk Grotto where the holy family sought concealment. We escaped the realm of tradition for that of history when we entered the Chapel of St. Jerome, where that great father of the Latin church undoubtedly lived, and where he translated the Scriptures from the Hebrew and Greek into the Latin, thus giving the Roman Catholic world the revered version called the Vulgate.

Bethlehem is built on the narrow ridge of a long rocky hill, and after leaving the cavern we stood upon the edge of this hill to look over the vales and fields where Ruth "gleaned amid the alien corn," where the ruddy shepherd lad David guarded the sheep from the wild beasts which crept down from the rocky fastnesses, and where the Syrian shepherds watched their flocks during that night on the wonders of which the Christian heart loves to meditate.

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep."

The song which came to them on that great night is now the marching song of those who lead the van in the progress of the world, —

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

CHAPTER XXII.

ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO, THE PYRAMIDS.

ALEXANDRIA, founded by the great Macedonian, which as the meeting-place of three continents Napoleon thought might become the central city of the world, is not likely to be relatively more important than it is at present. Cæsar entered this city in triumph; and thus, unlike every other great town, it can claim connection with the three greatest military commanders of all time. Ours was one of the more than two thousand steamers that yearly enter this port. The "Midnight Sun" drew alongside the pier, and we had an uninteresting debarkation, quite different from that which I enjoyed in 1874, when the passengers were landed in boats amid wild gesticulations and wilder shrieks from black-skinned and red-capped Egyptians, who can put more of pandemonium into a half-hour's disembarkation than we Americans can produce in a riot. We left with much regret our familiar quarters and pleasant promenades on the "Midnight Sun," the good ship with which one of the happiest months of our lives had been associated. The parting with the stewards was accompanied by the usual number of sighs and shillings which make such scenes memorable.

On shore we found about thirty carriages, each marked "Midnight Sun," waiting to receive us. Our luggage was taken in charge, pushed through the custom-house without our effort or attention, and met us two hours later at the station from which we were to take the train to Cairo. Our drive through the city showed us how cosmopolitan this town of two hundred thousand people now is. The signs in Greek, Arabic, French, English, and Italian; the mixture of

Western and Eastern costumes; the visible connection of the present life with the much greater past, which one feels in the presence of the so-called Pompey's Pillar that stood in the great Temple of Serapis, — all this gave considerable interest to our drive. But I confess that my mind dwelt quite as much on the past as the present. Alexandria occupies a great place in the history of mankind, or at least it once did. This is the city of the Ptolemies, and of Antony and Cleopatra. This is the city which afforded refuge and protection to the Jews; and here the Old Testament was translated into Greek, the famous Septuagint version. This is the city of Euclid the geometer and of Athanasius the theologian. Here lived the Neo-Platonic philosophers, who made the city for a time the centre of Greek learning. Some of the most powerful influences shaping the development of Christian thought came from Alexandria. Then, what terrible scenes of persecution have been enacted here, — what dark chapters in the tragedy of hate and bigotry have been written by this harbor on the edge of the Delta! Other names than those I have mentioned — Clement, Origen, Arius, Archimedes, Strabo, Hypatia, and the more terrible name of Omar — are linked with Alexandria. The Pharos, the tallest lighthouse ever erected by man, has been replaced by smaller structures. The light of learning no longer streams from this its ancient fountain. The little city of Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, and the splendid attractions of Cairo lessen the future importance of this metropolis of the Delta. But this century has witnessed in Alexandria its rise from a miserable village to its present proportions.

That wise despot, Mohammed Ali, the founder of modern Egypt, dug for her the Mahmudiyeh Canal, which brought once more to the decaying seaport the waters and commerce of the bounteous Nile. Driving along this canal, we saw hundreds of dahabiyehs loaded with cotton and drawn by men, not by mules, and recalled the fact that the American war, reviving the Egyptian cotton-trade, gave

to this land and to its chief port a sudden access of prosperity. Many were the exclamations of delight and wonder over the magnificent groves of date-palms which we saw loaded with the drooping clusters of yellow fruit. Some of these clusters were sheathed in canvas bags, to protect the fruit from the birds; and one of our party thought that the palm-trees were producing Armour's hams. We were driven to a Pasha's garden, and were permitted to pick great bunches of red and yellow blossoms; and some of us gained our first impressions of the richness of the vegetation created by the waters of the Nile.

At the station our luggage was weighed and registered amid an indescribable din. Fifty eager passengers were pressing toward the counter and window, yelling in whatever language they could command. A dozen stout, black, barefooted, blue-robed porters, each anxious to have some traveller's luggage registered first of all, screamed and bellowed enough Arabic syllables to make a new Koran. As each piece was passed and paid for, the traveller found himself besieged with vociferous demands for fees from expected and unexpected sources. In Egypt all luggage, except what is taken into the railway carriage, is weighed and paid for. The scenes which result from this, when the passengers are numerous, make a confusion and hubbub worse than any on the Midway Plaisance. On board the train we were soon speeding by express toward Cairo, a journey of one hundred and thirty miles. Crossing the Mahmudiyeh Canal and skirting Lake Mareotis, which is eight feet below the level of the sea, we were almost at once in the midst of the peculiar scenery of Egypt. How picturesque were the tall sails of the barges appearing here and there, and the strings of camels, and the figures of men, women, and children, silhouetted against the evening sky! The mud villages, each with a mosque towering above its square low roofs, were unattractive enough; but the long, green, wide fields, stretching on and on, appeared to reek with fertility.

Fresh from Palestine, most of our party felt that the children of Israel made a poor exchange when they migrated from the valley of the Nile to their promised Canaan; and some went so far as to affirm that had it not been for their forty years' wandering in the desert, which was the death of most of them, the Israelites would have been unwilling to enter. I replied to these cavillers by reminding them that they had seen Palestine at the worst possible season, and after it had been cursed by hundreds of years of Turkish rule. Furthermore, they should remember that they had not seen the plain of Esdraelon and the fertile hills of Ephraim. Still further, Egypt is a land of monotony. The rain seldom falls and the fields are "watered by the foot," — that is, by breaking down the mud embankment of the irrigating canals. Canaan was a land of springs and fountains, and was watered by the rains of heaven. Moreover, it had every variety of scenery and of climate, and thus was a fitting habitation of the people through whom was given to the world a Bible adapted to all nations. Besides, it was better to be free amid the rocky hills of Judæa than slaves on the fertile plains of the Nile.

The darkness comes down suddenly in Egypt, and in an hour and a half we could see but little. We passed through the city of Damanhur, the capital of a province where Napoleon was nearly captured by the Mamelukes; through Tanta, a larger city with a great mosque and the shrine of the most famous of Egyptian saints, Ahmed the Bedouin, a shrine which in August draws together upward of five hundred thousand people from Mohammedan Africa. By eight o'clock we were in Cairo, and, amid much noise, we were distributed in three hotels in different parts of the city. Here, at the quiet D'Angleterre, La Signora and I have had as much of comfort as can be found in any hostelry on any continent. The next morning I did not go with my friends in their drives to the Citadel and the Citadel Mosque, from which La Signora had her first view of the pyramids, nor did I visit the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, nor the tombs of

the Caliphs and Mamelukes. These I had seen before and could see later. Besides, I had some literary work to do and some remnants of Jerusalem malaria to kill. I walked, however, about the streets long enough to realize how Cairo has expanded and improved since I saw it last. The Ezbekiah Gardens; the equestrian statue of the great soldier Ibrahim Pasha, who was on the point of carrying the Egyptian arms to the gates of Constantinople; the wide, clean streets; the new hotels and other buildings; the fine German school and church, with its beautiful palm-trees, just opposite the D'Angleterre,— all these speak of improvement and wealth and the Western life and civilization which have come in amain.

The former Orientalism, however, is here in its more attractive phases, and the blending of the two is such that, with the Egyptian climate superadded, Cairo attracts and holds many thousands of European and American tourists every year. But why should I be speaking of this modern life, when right here are memorials of that stupendous ancient civilization so fascinating to the scholar and so impressive to us all? To-day I have visited the Ghizeh Museum and the pyramids, and I shall ask my readers to look with my eyes at these wonders of a past which now has been explored and excavated. Driving through the newer part of Cairo and crossing the Kasr-en-Nil Bridge, more than twelve hundred feet in length, a splendid work of French construction, we met a stream of camels and donkeys pouring into the city. Following the road to Ghizeh, which is now shaded by large lebbek-trees, which look like colossal acacias, we came to the palace, which a former Khedive, the able and extravagant Ismail, built for his harem at an expense of over twenty million dollars. It is now the extremely valuable museum of Egyptian antiquities which owes so much to the eminent Egyptologists, Mariette Bey and Maspero. Not all museums are interesting, and I think most of us walk with a tired feeling through the Egyptian museums in London and Paris. But

one has a different feeling who here in modern Egypt lays his hand on memorials which have withstood the wastings of time for five thousand years. Think of it, O children of yesterday! Think of it, ye who treasure some furniture brought over in the Mayflower or some musket carried by a Continental soldier! We are introduced at once to the oldest relics, which antedate even the builders of the pyramids. If the first dynasty of Egyptian kings reaches back about thirty-eight hundred years before Christ, and the early empire closes with the eleventh dynasty, about 2400 B. C., then one may get an approximate idea of the antiquity of the panels, statues, tables, steles, to which he is immediately introduced.

At once our eyes look upon a granite statue of a priest, of the time of the second dynasty, and fragments of a tomb, probably fifty centuries old, on which are represented on a kind of hardened clay, with delicate skill, six geese as life-like as if drawn and colored yesterday. The perpetual surprise to those who were expecting to see things remarkable only for their antiquity is the constant discovery of beauty, simple, exquisite, amazing. Among the most noteworthy treasures from the early empire I will mention only the famous wooden statue from Sakkara, of an inspector of workmen, executed with life-like realism, and the statue of King Chephren, who built the second pyramid.

But every one must turn with special interest to the coffins and mummies of the kings, especially those of Seti I., and of his son Ramses II., — Ramses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks; probably the Pharaoh of the oppression, as Merenptah, his successor, was the Pharaoh of the exodus. Ramses II. was the greatest of Egyptian conquerors, extending his campaign southward to Dongola, eastward to the Tigris, and northward to the Lebanon mountains. On the rocky walls of the Dog River, near Beirut, I saw an inscription carved by his order, and on the left bank of the Nile at Thebes I looked many years ago at

his fallen and broken granite statue, originally the mightiest monolith ever erected to the honor of a king. Ramses was one of the greatest of Egyptian builders, and his figure on the walls of a temple at Thebes looms up like a colossal god amid the soldiers who surround his chariot. Thinking of him as builder and conqueror and sovereign of the world, the words spoken to Moses, "I am Pharaoh," gain a new significance. For the leader of Israel to turn his back on the earthly omnipotence of the Egyptian monarch and to commit his trust to the invisible Jehovah is perhaps the sublimest act of faith on record. The mummy of Ramses II. may not seem beautiful, but this shrivelled head of skin and bone is not lacking in majesty, and within it was perhaps the lordliest brain, excepting that of Moses, which old Egypt ever knew.

Among the treasures which I chiefly remember in this museum are the jewels of Oneen Aah-Potep, found at Thebes in 1869, among which were golden necklaces, winged serpents, antelopes pursued by lions, and a golden breastplate inlaid with precious stones. I cannot lead you through the innumerable rooms, each filled with almost priceless treasures, reaching down into Greek and Roman times, and even later, but the whole life of ancient Egypt is profusely illustrated. There are rooms given up to utensils and clothing, and cabinets of mirrors, musical instruments, and children's toys, and there are innumerable scarabs, or stone beetles, scarabs of granite and carnelian and opalescent glass; scarabs with cartouches of kings from the fourth dynasty down. There are specimens of ancient plants, fruits, seeds, flowers. And, oh, the mummies! There are literally "mummies to burn," and coffins, some of them of wonderful workmanship, decorated with delicate or luxuriant art, and with colors and gilding as bright as those of yesterday.

A visit to the pyramids must always be regarded as one of the greatest experiences in the traveller's life. The first sight of them is like the first sight of the ocean or of Mont

Blanc or of St. Peter's in Rome. It seems almost credible, as Emerson has sung, that Nature has

> "Adopted them into her race,
> And granted them an equal date
> With Andes and with Ararat."

They were venerable when old Herodotus, the father of history, described them. Moses looked upon them with wonder, and in his day they were cased with polished granite, every stone covered with inscriptions. Joseph, when captive and viceroy in Egypt, looked upon the pyramids as the mightiest symbols of the power that overawed the world. Abraham saw them, and they were venerable in his day. The Arabs believe that they were erected before the flood to preserve the records of antediluvian ages. Built on a plateau on the edge of the desert, they are really the suburban mausoleums of the kings of Memphis. The Libyan sands have been striving in vain to cover them, and they have nearly submerged the colossal Sphinx, — which seems to have been a mighty sentinel, perhaps one of two sentinels, set to guard the mighty tombs.

The drive to the great pyramids is over a beautiful shaded ten-mile road, at the end of which is quite a little village, with a hotel for the entertainment of travellers. The Bedouins, who have the hereditary guardianship of these kingly sepulchres, usually succeed in drawing a large share of the traveller's attention away from the pyramids to themselves. When, as in our case, a party of one hundred arrives, their excitement, clamor, and persistent greed almost make a man lose from his appreciation the magnitude and venerableness of the colossal piles. The arrangements made by our conductors were as good as possible, and on arriving at the pyramid of Cheops tickets were given to those wishing to ascend it or to enter it. These were taken in charge by strong-handed, sure-footed Arabs, and led, carried, dragged, pushed up the gigantic and jagged staircase, for such is the exterior, to the summit, — higher than any cathedral in Europe, excepting Cologne and Strasbourg. I had climbed

to the top once, and explored the interior, and decided not to undergo the fatigue of the climb or the dust and heat of the long and suffocating passages. Three-fourths of the party went to the top, and perhaps one-fourth to the central tomb, in which no mummy of the king ever was found. Perhaps the royal oppressor was afraid to be buried in the mausoleum which had cost the lives of so many thousands of his people. Those of us who neither ascended nor entered the pyramid were left to the tender mercies of the Bedouins, — those Arabs who were not engaged with the climbing members of our party. La Signora and I ascended as far as the entrance to the heart of the pyramid, where, looking upward and downward, you get a good impression of the colossal pile, the stone in which would build a wall eight feet high and two feet thick around England. Then we began to walk in the broiling sun towards the Sphinx, and the Temple of the Sphinx, in which luncheon was to be served. Donkeys, antiquities, and services were pressed upon us, all of which were declined. We soon got into good-natured debates with the witty and indefatigable Arabs who swarmed about us.

Be it known to all men that one man, and he an American, has left a name which is more frequently spoken at the pyramids than the name of either Cheops, Herodotus, or Napoleon. Of course I refer to our humorous fellow-countryman Mark Twain. The Arab who claimed to be the runner who went up and down the two pyramids in eight minutes for Mr. Clemens's amusement kept near us a long while, offering to repeat his exploit for a gradually lessening amount. In vain I endeavored to persuade him that I myself was Mark Twain. At first he was almost convinced; but La Signora's smile broke the spell. I made the experiment of talking only German to the howling Arabs; but soon several were found who were perfectly willing to converse in that language, or in French or Italian. They were momentarily staggered by my inquiring for some one who could speak Choctaw.

The next effort was to make us hire a donkey or a camel. We were almost persuaded to change our plan when a donkey named "McKinley" was offered; later we were tempted by the words "'Joseph Chamberlain,' — he very good donkey." When La Signora was startled by a sudden bray, she turned and heard the announcement, "That is Lord Salisbury." Some of us feel that his Lordship's Guildhall speech had more of the asinine than the leonine ring to it. At length we came to the Sphinx, in too light a frame of mind to be overawed. A little farther on was the granite Temple of the Sphinx, not only colossal, but dry and shaded, where the purveyors of the three hotels — the "D'Angleterre," "Du Nil," and "New" — were providing for our midday meal. Here, after a while, our friends all rallied, each with some adventure to relate of his experiences with the stalwart and bellowing Arabs.

After luncheon an effort was made to photograph the entire party so as to bring in the great Sphinx and the two larger pyramids. A dozen camels and forty donkeys were immediately urged upon us by our Arab friends. For a shilling you could have your picture taken on the deck of the "ship of the desert," or mounted on the back of "Yankee Doodle," "Mary Anderson," "Dixie," or "Grover Cleveland." The scene of confusion, prolonged for half an hour, occasioned by the headlong charge of camels and asses into our peaceful party, revived the terrors of the French battle with the Mamelukes near the same sandy spots. Those of us who resisted the charge and who declined to mount to a pictorial immortality displayed a fortitude and patience worthy of the Old Guard at Waterloo. After the photographer had first baked and then captured us, our procession wound its way back beneath the comfortable shadow of the Great Pyramid. Here La Signora and I entered our carriage, and, followed by begging Bedouins to the last, reached the shaded road that leads back to Cairo.

My strongest impression of the great pyramids is not

their antiquity or bigness, but their cruel uselessness. I know that they testify in a clumsy way to faith in a future life. But, more than that, they seem to me the symbols of a despotism as inhuman and merciless as ever caused mankind to suffer. According to Herodotus, one hundred thousand men were employed in forced labor, either twenty or thirty years, in the gigantic task of building the pyramid of Cheops. Such a concentration of power as was directed to the construction of this royal tomb was afterward bent to the oppression of the Israelites; and the redemption of that people from bondage was a divine thunderbolt smiting abominable tyranny.

The pyramids remain to show us how vast and mighty that despotism was. But liberty also remains, widening and continuing from age to age and from land to land. The fiends of ancient wrong are being exorcised, and the God who loves righteousness and works deliverance is exalted in the eyes of enlightened nations. The contrast between the century of Cheops and the century in which we live is well exemplified by the contrast between the pyramids, hoary monuments of ancient error and wrong, and the Suez Canal, — an almost equally stupendous work, — that watery highway of commerce which brings remote nations closer together, and through which go the great ships, servants of that Gospel which found its sublime prophecy in Israel's deliverance from Egypt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NILE AND MEMPHIS.

IF any spectacle of ancient Egypt is able to hold its own beside the great pyramids, it is the Serapeum, or tombs of the sacred bulls, in the suburbs of Memphis. November twentieth will be memorable to Mr. Lunn's Anglo-American party, because on that day we saw not only the Serapeum, but the site of Memphis and the two fallen colossal statues of Ramses II. At an early hour, when everything in Cairo was bathed in the fresh cool air of the dawn, we left our various hotels, and were driven across the great Nile bridge to the special steamer, one of Gaze's, on which most of the party were to have their first and only voyage on the most famous and interesting of all rivers. The shores of the Nile near the place of embarkation presented a novel and busy scene. Donkeys and camels were receiving on their backs great loads of straw, which had been brought down the river in freight dahabiyehs. The camel never ceases to be a wonder, and he is as much a part of Egypt as the pyramids.

We had a delightful ride up the river, past the green isle of Roda, with its orange and lemon trees, its bananas and date-palms, an island chiefly famous on account of the Nilometer at the south end of it, the square well, and the octagonal column built by a caliph early in the eighth century and often restored. Since all the prosperity of Egypt depends on the Nile water, the important office of measuring and reporting its height is intrusted to a sheik, who, when the river has risen to its normal height, makes public announcement that the time has come for cutting the

embankment, by which means the fertilizing flood is spread over the land of Egypt. Formerly the amount of taxes was proportioned to the height of the inundation, and it used to be common for a rascally sheik to deceive the people through a false metre of his own. For more than three thousand years, according to the records, there have been general rejoicings and noisy festivals attendant upon the announcement, which usually takes place between August sixth and nineteenth, that the Nile flood has reached its safe and usual height.

The island of Roda is the traditional spot where Moses was found. As our voyage continued over the surface of the broad and fertilizing river, my mind was busy with the things that had been. Interesting were the palm-covered shores; impressive was the sight of the great pyramids; captivating was the bird-like appearance of the white-winged and double-winged boats which sometimes in flocks sailed by us. But who could forget the forms which have been borne on this river downward to the sea, or southward toward the capitals of upper and lower Egypt? I thought of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Caliphs; of Cheops and Sesostris, Abraham, Joseph, Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Athanasius, Omar, Napoleon, Livingstone, Gordon. But the river has upborne nothing more fateful to humanity than the papyrus boat to which a captive Hebrew mother intrusted her first-born son. The fragile ark of reeds in which the life of the infant Moses was saved was the ark of the world's hope, more precious to the highest interests of our race than the granite indestructible monuments by which the Egyptian monarchs overawed their own and later generations. The little arms raised in helplessness were yet to hold the rod of God's wrath over the throne and people of the Pharaohs, and they were yet to carry the tables of God's law down the red steeps of Mount Sinai.

The Nile itself is a perpetual theme of thoughtful musings. It is one of the five great rivers of the world. Of these the Amazon is greatest in volume, the Congo the

greatest in length, the Mississippi the greatest in present commercial importance, and the Yangtse gives access to the most millions of people. But the Nile surpasses them them all in historic significance. It created Egypt, mother of the old civilizations. The greatest cities and mountains of remote antiquity were upon its shores. For many thousand years the mystery of its origin was unsolved. It used to be thought by the Arabs that the First Cataract was its birthplace, a part of it flowing northward and a part southward. Dean Stanley calls attention to the impression of vastness which it makes upon European travellers, familiar only with the Thames and the Seine, the Rhine and the Tiber. It is surely unique among rivers. For sixteen hundred and twenty miles it flows without a tributary. The White and the Blue Nile meeting at Khartoum, and the Atbara joining it one hundred and eighty miles north of that city, make the mighty stream, which, though suffering continual loss from evaporation as it passes through a desert and thirsty land, furnishes, out of its copious and majestic flood, all the fertility which Egypt, a long green ribbon of varying width, has ever known. Many are familiar with the original or with copies of the Nile god of the Vatican, about whose marble form are gathered sixteen children, symbolic of the sixteen cubits which in ancient times constituted the needful rise in the river. The area of cultivated soil is larger to-day, in spite of the sandstorms of the Libyan desert, and seven more little children should gather round the recumbent figure in the Vatican. No wonder that the mysterious river, coming down from an unseen world and giving from its bounty all that made life either tolerable or possible, stimulated the ancient sense of dependence and of reverence. It was the ally and teacher of religion. And more than this, it taught science, gave birth to navigation, made land-surveying a necessity, assisted kings in carrying the granite of the quarries by the First Cataract to the mighty temples and monuments of Lower Egypt.

Without the Nile no forest of obelisks would have arisen at Heliopolis, no gigantic sarcophagi of granite would have received the sacred bulls at Memphis, and the Great Pyramid would have lacked that casing of shining porphyry which added splendor to its vastness. The Nile, with its periodical rise and fall, keeping time with the movements of the constellations, perhaps stimulated the study of the stars. It certainly fostered the art of engineering, and helped to impress upon the minds of the people the sacredness of property, for every year the obliterated landmarks had to be re-established. How strange to float upon a river which grows larger as you ascend it! While twenty-five feet measures the difference between high and low water in Cairo, at Assouan the difference is forty-nine feet. The overflow of the bounteous river is now regulated with the utmost care, being drawn off into canals and reservoirs and distributed in such a way that Egypt does not present, in the times of the inundation, as it did formerly, the appearance of one vast lake. One further fact should be mentioned to indicate the absolute dependence of ancient and modern Egypt on the Nile. Too great a rise means wide devastation; too small a rise means the peril of starvation. These physical facts show how the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine were produced in the time of Joseph.

After a leisurely and interesting voyage of about twenty-five miles, in the course of which luncheon was served on the deck of the steamer, we arrived at Bedrashin on the Libyan or western bank of the river, near the site of old Memphis. Here occurred one of those scenes which can never be described and never be forgotten. A sufficient number of donkeys and a superabundance of donkey boys had been provided, and they awaited us upon the shore. We had a four hours' trip in view. Each of our donkeys had upon his forehead a great printed card, labelled "Midnight Sun." A large number of villagers were on the shore, determined to impress upon us the

superior excellence of their own donkeys. The pushing and wild yelling on the part of the Arabs called forth either remonstrance or screams of laughter from our side. It was a long file of animals, tourists, and donkey boys that stretched over the plain and wound into the Bedouin village of mud huts now occupying the site of Memphis, the ancient capital of lower Egypt. A few of the ladies of the party were carried in chairs, each upborne by four stout Arabs; but La Signora and I found that "Mary Anderson" and "George Washington" were sufficient for our needs. We admired together the emerald green of the fields that stretched out under the shade of thousands of palms. It was very hard to realize that below us were the fragments of old Memphis. The mud houses of the wretched common people of antiquity have, of course, disappeared. But the stone temples and monuments of the kings are so numerous and vast that it has taken two thousand years of constant plundering to remove them. The alluvial soil which the Nile has spread over Egypt varies from thirty-three to fifty feet in depth. But besides the Nile deposits on the site of Memphis are the débris and relics of what was once an enormous and bewildering city. Two statues of the great Ramses have been uncovered in this century, one of them very recently, which give a faint suggestion of the monumental glory of the past. One of these colossi is of granite, the other of hard limestone. The cartouche on the breast tells us who he was, while on the head of the granite statue is the helmet crown of the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt. The limestone colossus is nearly forty-two feet in height, and Herodotus saw and measured it about twenty-four hundred years ago.

Leaving these fallen and broken memorials, we rode for three-quarters of an hour, till we came to the interesting and extensive tomb of Mera, an important personage of the sixth dynasty, who married a king's daughter. This tomb, which is literally a spacious and decorated palace, was discovered only three years ago by Monsieur de

Morgan, the present director of the Museum of Gizeh. The scenes depicted by the reliefs in the more than thirty chambers and many passages of this tomb show us fishing, hunting the hippopotamus, the fattening of geese, the making of wine, the storing of fruit, the various handicrafts of old Egypt, and scenes which make real the arts and activities and many of the ideas of a vanished civilization. More extensive still is the well-preserved monument of Ti, which we next visited. The sands had completely covered this immense mausoleum, in which the chamberlain of one of the kings of the fifth dynasty was laid away forty-five hundred years ago; but the interior has been cleared out so that modern eyes may look with astonishment upon the courts and chambers covered with hieroglyphics and with paintings in delicate low relief, and thus gain a really full knowledge of the life of ancient Egypt.

One may read detailed descriptions of such a sepulchre as this and learn a multitude of facts, but a half-hour spent in this tomb will stamp upon the mind a deep and ineffaceable impression. Ti's wife was of royal rank, and was "the palm of amiability toward her husband," as the inscription tells us, and is represented by his side or standing on his foot. He appears before us as a man of more than double the usual size. I shall not attempt the impossible feat of describing all these pictorial marvels, so spirited, so lifelike, so beautiful, and many of them still fresh in color. We look at the offering of gifts, the sacrifice of victims, the slaughtering of oxen, the feeding of cranes and pigeons, the driving of cattle through the water of inundation, rams treading the seed into the ground, the sowing of wheat, the ploughing of the soil, the cooking of meat, the milking of the cow, the performing of dancers and musicians, the making of pottery, the baking of bread, the rowing of boats, the sailing of vessels with sails precisely like those of to-day, the reaping, the treading out, the storing, and the transport of grain, the filling of sacks like those which Joseph's brethren carried away, the building and calking of ships, the blowing of

glass, the gathering of the papyrus, the writing of sentences, the trying of criminals, the bearing of large baskets on the heads of thirty-six female figures, the drawing of water, the snaring of birds, the hunting of crocodiles and of the river horse. It is a remarkable fact that no camels or horses appear in these bas-reliefs until after the time of the foreign invasion of the Hyksos. These pictures are accompanied by inscriptions, many of them amusing. The captain of a vessel cries out, "Starboard!" The donkey boy remarks, moralizingly, "People love those who go quickly, but strike the lazy." The overseer says to the servants, "Ye are like apes," and "If thou couldst see thine own conduct!" A quarrelling sailor cries out, "Thou art pugnacious, but I am so gentle!" The scenes here pictured in the hunting of the hippopotamus illustrated a famous passage in the twelfth chapter of Job.

What Brugsch calls "the pictorial history of primitive Egypt" has been written out with infinite care in sepulchres like this; every tomb is a picture gallery and a library. And what adds a pathetic interest to it all is the fact that these decorations were intended to be seen only by the eyes of the mummied dead when at last they should awaken out of sleep. In one instance Mariette Bey, on opening a chamber which had been sealed up for nearly forty centuries, found in the sand a footprint made by the last man who had stood within it, and who, sealing it up, thought it might remain undisturbed until that hour when

> "The world is old,
> And the stars grow cold,
> And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

That footprint in the sand outlasted the monarchy of the Nile. The snows of nearly four thousand winters had melted on the Abyssinian mountains and spread over the fields of Egypt the green and gold of more than four thousand harvests, but that footprint in the dark silence of the sepulchre remained. Babylon and Persia rose and fell, and Israel

went through the age-long development of its national life, from the call of Abraham to the tragedy of Golgotha and the scattering of the sons of Abraham by war and persecution over all the earth; Greece and Rome ran the full course of their history till all their temples were shattered, and the modern Christian world had passed through nearly two millenniums, before the old sepulchre was entered and human eyes discovered how enduring may be human footprints on the sands of time.

Leaving the tomb of Ti, we passed by the famous step pyramid of Sakkara, the oldest historical monument of Egypt, built of inferior stone, but, with its one hundred and ninety-six feet of elevation, maintaining still some dignity. And then we came to the house where Mariette Bey had his residence during the years when he was carrying on his discoveries. His name suggests the great part which France has played in solving the mysteries of Egypt. Napoleon forced the sphinx to open his lips and yield up some of the buried secrets; Champollion unlocked the hieroglyphics, and Mariette Bey set himself to those discoveries which have added immensely to our knowledge. France has the feeling that Egypt belongs to her. Her genius and money dug the Suez Canal; her language is widely spoken in the Nile valley, and it is not unnatural that during the British occupation she is restless and resentful.

The greatest of all Mariette Bey's discoveries was the last and chief interest of our memorable day. I refer, of course, to the tombs of the sacred bulls, the most monstrous, if not the greatest, of all Egyptian monuments. The worship of Apis, or the sacred bull, is extremely ancient, and was reverence offered to the perpetual creating power of the Deity. The ancient god of Memphis was Ptah, and the bull was his sacred animal. The bull which was worshipped must have a black hide, with certain distinctive marks in white. When this sacred bull died, his body was mummied and interred with divine honors in a square chamber hewn out of the solid rock.

The serapeum which Mariette discovered in 1851 — his soul thrilled with profound astonishment at the discovery — is a subterranean gallery hewn for more than three hundred feet through the rock, having on both sides of it forty excavated chambers, twenty-six feet in height, in which were the huge sarcophagi, single blocks of black or red granite, thirteen feet in length, seven in width and eleven in height, each with a weight of sixty-five tons. There are twenty-four of these monstrous coffins still remaining; but long ago the mighty lids were raised by thieving Arabs, and the mummied animals, with all their treasures, were removed. The ceremonies attending the burial of a sacred bull sometimes cost one hundred thousand dollars! As our party walked through the subterranean passage to look into these chambers, the burning of magnesium wire threw a strange, bright glare over the scene.

In the long ride back to the boat and on the return voyage down the Nile I had leisure to reflect on what we had seen. Two things became clearer than ever to my mind. One is this, that the human spirit, without the direction of an authoritative revelation from God, is liable to drift off into the most grotesque absurdities. Another thought was this, — a thought very familiar and very impressive to those who have explored Egypt, — namely, that Moses was guided by superhuman wisdom in making little or nothing of the doctrine of immortality in the early teaching of the emancipated Israelites. Immortality was linked in their memories with the grossest superstitions. What they needed, first of all, was faith in the one God, and a knowledge and practice of individual and national righteousness.

As we steamed down the Nile in the early evening, the large full moon rose above the palm-trees, the mud villages, and, as we neared Cairo, the palaces on the eastern, or Arabian shore. It was our last opportunity of meeting all together our friends of the "Midnight Sun." The next day was a day of rest and of shopping or individual sight-seeing. Then followed Sunday, when I had the pleasure of

preaching at the American Mission, which is doing a great work in Egypt. On Monday morning La Signora and I went to the station to bid good-by to our fellow-voyagers who were to take the train to Alexandria, and thence sail on their homeward journey. We shall cherish the memory of our pleasant days with so many pleasant friends. Nothing which Mr. Lunn could do for our comfort was omitted, and if he ever sends us word that we are wanted again for a voyage on the "Midnight Sun" in his company, we shall try to persuade ourselves that it is the call of duty.

Returning to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, we transferred our belongings to the neighboring Pension Sima, where our room opens out upon a beautiful garden of mandarins, oleanders, and oranges, and where at the ringing of our bell either Mohammed or Akmed appears with a salaam. The company at our well-spread table is English, and mostly military.

One American whom I had hoped to see in Cairo, Dr. Grant Bey, died a few months ago, and is here universally mourned. He was an Egyptologist, and will be remembered as having been present at the Congress of Religions, to which he contributed a paper on the "Religious Ideas of the Ancient Egyptians." Two other men, who were present at the Parliament, I unexpectedly met at the Sunday services in the American Mission. One of them is Christophora Jibara, formerly Archimandrite of Damascus. He is still very active and earnest in what he deems his chief mission, persuading Christians to give up the doctrine of the Trinity, which prevents, as it seems to him, their coming into any union with Mohammedans and Jews. He believes that Christ is the Son of God and wrought a gospel of redemption. Jibara is a master of several languages, and I tried in vain to persuade him to employ his powers of speech in preaching a positive gospel, instead of smiting all his life at a dogma which has worn out many hammers.

The other attendant at the Parliament, unexpectedly met in Cairo, is the traveller and Chaldean Archbishop, Prince Nouri, who has kindly acted as my interpreter in many

interesting interviews. He is equally ready in English, French, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and eight other languages. He has travelled almost everywhere, and I doubt if there is any other man now living who has made the acquaintance in their homes of so large a number of distinguished people. Among the most influential persons that I have met here are Doctors Nimr and Sarruf, editors of an Arabic daily.

But besides the interest in the people whom I have met, there is in Cairo the endless fascination of a procession of street pictures. There is the donkey-boy, good-naturedly urging the merits of his beast or quietly reposing by the animal's side; there is the sais, or runner, barefooted and barelegged, with his embroidered vest and gorgeous sash, heralding the approach of some pasha or English official; and then there are the shops and markets where bread, nuts, vegetables, fruits, and all sorts of hot dishes are sold and eaten; while above are the latticed windows behind which the hidden women are probably gazing on this same panorama of Eastern life. We have here equipages as fine as those of Paris or New York, and the best cabs in the world, behind which comes a huge camel loaded with branches till he looks like a moving brush-heap. Here are the Egyptian police, with their neat gray linen uniforms, and the Egyptian street-cleaners, with long blue gowns and red stripes on their arms; and here are beggars, young and old, following you with their piteous cries; shopkeepers soliciting your inspection of veritable antiquities; British soldiers with their red coats and white pith helmets; dragomans standing in front of Shepheard's or some other hotel, ready to escort you to old Cairo or old Sinai; and veiled women carrying a jar of water on the head or a dark-skinned baby on the shoulders, or possibly both. And here are the kawasses of the British, American, or German consulate, standing gorgeous in their rich vestments; and here are blue or black robed men lying in the dirt by a wall, fast asleep, their faces covered to protect them from the flies and the sun.

Egypt is still plagued with flies during the day that are almost as tormenting as the mosquitoes during the night. Three hundred and sixty-five times a year the white netting must be drawn over one's bed if he hopes to enjoy many hours of happy sleep. Nearly every visitor in Cairo very soon purchases a fly-brush, made of slender strips of palm-leaf, and waves it faithfully through the day. And who has not ached to brush away the flies which everywhere in Egypt rest undisturbed on the faces and around the eyes of the dark-skinned little children. It seems to be in the creed of the Egyptian mother that washing the dirt from a child's face is in some way perilous. With the accumulation of dirt comes the congregation of flies. Down the street walks the half-veiled Egyptian woman, and astride her shoulder is perched the six months or year-old darling, resting its face on the top of the mother's head, and never making the least effort to disturb the pestiferous insects that have fastened upon it.

But, compared with Constantinople, Cairo, especially now during the British occupation, is bright, clean, and decent. And no other city of the world combines with the brilliant and picturesque life of the Orient of to-day proximity to a life so stupendous and venerable as that represented by the pyramids and by the tombs of Memphis. But we are not eating the lotus of the Nile nor drinking the poppies of Cathay, for every one of our days has had its duties as well as its dreams.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIGHTS AND PEOPLE IN CAIRO.

THE most interesting bits of sight-seeing in Cairo were visits to the howling dervishes and the Moslem University. The faith of Islâm does not reveal an attractive or even a respectable side in the present performances of the dervish saints. The holy circus is given up in the summer-time, when foreign visitors are absent, and is resumed at a period when the European and American spectators return. The stamp, "For revenue only," is on the whole performance, and the visitor who has paid the usual fee for admission receives a new shock, when, at the end of the howling, the son of the sheik, who has just been shouting the name of Allah in an ecstasy of devotion, stands at the door of exit and impudently asks for "bakshish," like a common beggar.

The monkish retreat, where the dervishes live and hold their services on Friday afternoons, is on the banks of the Nile, near the island of Roda. We went early and secured seats close to the raised platform, covered with rugs and skins, on which the holy men are seated. More than twenty-five, young and old, with faces of various colors, from the deepest black to a complexion almost fair, engaged in the service, which lasted more than an hour, beginning with moderate exclamations and ending in fearful bellowings and epileptic fits. The participants formed a circle, their faces turned toward each other, and all their words and motions were in concert.

There may have been some sincere fanatics among them, but unmistakable fraud and low animalism were written on

the faces of others. An American court of justice would be inclined to sentence most of them to jail after brief trial. The concerted howling of pious exclamations grew louder and louder, and the bodies of the dervishes swayed backward and forward with rhythmic regularity. The voices and actions would die down only to be resumed with greater violence. Drums and tomtoms were brought in, the dervishes rose to their feet, threw off some of their garments, and began to sway and scream with increasing rapidity and turbulence. Two or three, who had very long black hair, loosened it from the turban and presented a horrible appearance as they threw themselves backward and forward, groaning out in deep gutturals the one pious syllable on which all united. As the dancing dervishes had not resumed their services, the son of the sheik gave us a few whirls amid the final hubbub, during which two of the ecstatics fell down in violent epilepsy. Several babies, whose mothers had previously lost a child, were carried around amid these obstreperous saints, so as to insure the continuance of the children's lives.

A certain reverence for all forms of true piety, however gross and superstitious, is becoming in us all, but in the case I have described reverence was largely overwhelmed by disgust. We should have hardly been surprised if some of these dervishes had drawn their knives on the Christian visitors and begun a little private massacring and plundering on their own account. If this be the climax of Moslem devotion, I much prefer the simpler and often very impressive forms of it which I have seen in the mosques.

I was glad to get a more favorable view of the Mohammedan world by visiting the famous University of Cairo. Accompanied by the Syrian principal of the Church of England School, who kindly offered to act as our dragoman, and provided with tickets of admission which we had purchased at the hotel, we drove through the crowded streets in the Arabic part of Cairo, and saw hundreds of students, with white turbans on their tarbooshes, going in the same

direction. Scores of Arab book-shops began to appear, — little storehouses piled with pamphlets. The university is a great mosque with a pillared court, an immense square enclosure, on the pavements of which thousands of scholars are seated, usually in groups, gathered about a teacher. Provided with slippers and accompanied by a blue-robed guide, we walked about among these acres of pupils, many of whom, as it was rather early in the morning, were eating a simple breakfast of bread and beans. The buzz of the vast throng who were memorizing aloud was that of innumerable human bees, gathering the honey of the Koran.

These men come from all parts of the Moslem world, from the Congo to the Ganges, from the Black Sea to the sources of the Nile. Here they learn Arabic grammar, the Arabic scriptures, Mohammedan law, and Mohammedan philosophy. Modern science is not a part of the curriculum. I was told by an American scholar in Cairo that sheiks in this university believe, on the authority of the Koran, that the sun revolves around the earth. Certainly the teaching here does not emancipate the mind. It is mediæval and mechanical. The memory is enormously cultivated, but not the reason. Some pupils remain here twenty years, endeavoring to master the intricacies of an Arabic grammar, which, insisting on the perfection of the Koran, lays down grammatical rules to which there may be hundreds of exceptions, all of which must be faithfully memorized.

Most of these scholars are to be missionaries. Mounting their camels, they will carry the simple teachings of Islâm to the idolatrous and savage tribes of Central Africa. There is something really sublime in their unswerving faith and absolute devotion. Small indeed is the impression which a divided and corrupt Christendom has made on the stubborn haughtiness of the Moslem world. I have had many conversations in Constantinople and Cairo with Christians of experience as to the success and failure of Christian work among Moslem populations. There have

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAIRO.

been genuine conversions to Christianity among the Moslems of Egypt, but the number is small, and I have a conviction that there must be vast improvements in Christendom and a long education of Moslem peoples under beneficent Christian governments before any large victories can be secured. This Moslem school of missionaries shows that Islâm has a great life in it and before it. I have seen the leading universities of America, Great Britain, and Europe, — Harvard, Oxford, Berlin, Paris, — but the University of Cairo, older than Oxford and larger than Berlin, appears to me the most striking and picturesque educational and religious phenomenon that I ever witnessed. There are from eight thousand to ten thousand students in attendance, and the British government looks upon this vast concourse not as a body of scholars, but as a dangerous crowd of fanatics. We saw the holes made by English bullets during the riot of last summer, when a victim of the cholera was removed by violence from the university.

Quite in contrast with the noise of the dervishes and the crowds in the university was a service which I attended one afternoon in the Greek Basilica. An archbishop and perhaps six priests were present, but no congregation of worshippers until Prince Nouri and I entered the beautiful church and with bowed heads listened to the chanting of Greek prayers. In a few minutes the archbishop beckoned us to take episcopal seats in the chancel opposite himself. For half an hour I remained, trying to join, at least in spirit, in the ancient service, but my mind was busy with thoughts not only of the long line of faithful confessors from the days of Athanasius, whose piety had found expression in such devotions, but also of the manifest unfitness of the methods prevailing in these Oriental churches to reach and regenerate the unbelieving and corrupted life of to-day. How can a church in whose buildings one may see a painted God the Father and a painted God the Son united in crowning the Virgin Mary, while a painted God the Holy Spirit hovers

over all, expect to convert the stern, unidolatrous, spiritual monotheism of Islâm? The Biblical lectures, some of which I heard at the American Mission in Cairo, given by the Reverend W. W. White of the Moody Institute, addressed to the minds sometimes of hundreds, appeared to me more in the line of worthy and adequate Christian work. I felt like saying of such Christian teaching, as Joseph Parker once said of the Mosaic account of creation: "It is simple, sublime, sufficient."

The United Presbyterian Church had in Egypt more children under its care last year than are found in the newly opened schools of the Egyptian government. Selim Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, told me to-day that the best educational work in Egypt is that done by the American Mission. It is systematic, well organized, thorough, and last year enrolled in its one hundred and sixty-one schools ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-one pupils, of whom nearly twenty-six hundred were girls. More than one-fifth of the pupils were Mohammedans. This great work reaches from the Mediterranean to near the First Cataract. Of course in a land where the intellectual darkness has been truly Egyptian, schools are a fundamental necessity. But the other agencies employed by the American Mission are evangelistic and medical. The Sunday-school is here seen in its efficiency, with over six thousand pupils. A book department through its twenty-seven colporteurs sold last year more than sixty-two thousand volumes. The women of Egypt are reached by Bible teachers who visit the homes. There are forty-nine special workers, converted women, who have admission to Egyptian households, teaching their sisters to read, and to read the Bible. There were nearly eighteen hundred regular pupils last year among the women reached in this effective way. The Gospel is thus doing its old-time blessed work in the enlightenment and elevation of womanhood. In Moslem households, where polygamy prevails, all its evils abound, — jealousies, divisions, and inevitable degradation. The husband can dismiss an

old wife with his word, and take a new one at his pleasure. Boys are not taught to respect their mothers, who allow themselves to be disobeyed, slapped, and kicked by their sons, whom they regard, in true Moslem fashion, as the lords of creation. The school work in villages might be largely increased if the mission had more native women to send as teachers; but the girls educated at the schools are in such demand as wives that enough teachers cannot be provided.

But of course church work has not been neglected by this wisely conducted mission, which now has thirty-seven organized congregations, with five thousand and four communicants. These native Christians are world-famous for their liberality, having contributed last year, for religious purposes, more than $13,500. Those who know what Egyptian poverty is, will appreciate the full meaning of this statement. The Mission Training College is at Assyut, which enrolls four hundred and twenty students. Professor White has conducted seventeen meetings in Assyut. He informs me that he was much gratified by what he saw and heard. Every day was full of interest. The attendance was large; and the attention inspiring. Evangelists and theological students were gathered from all parts of the country for this Conference, and thus the whole land of Egypt was in a real sense touched. He is much pleased by the diligence with which the children are studying English, for a knowledge of English is a great step toward modern light and Christian convictions.

The other morning we were present at the opening of the day-school, and saw its five hundred children together, or rather separated, for a red curtain divides the three hundred boys from the two hundred girls. All the boys but three had fezes on their heads, and they presented a spectacle which I shall long remember, not only on account of its picturesqueness, but also on account of its vital relations to the future of this old land. On Thanksgiving Day we attended a reception at the Mission House, at which about

twenty-five of our countrymen were present; and the force with which we sang "America" was so tremendous that the old Sphinx on the edge of the desert must have pricked up his stony ears.

I have seen many Egyptian villages. The Nile rolls beside them, the palm-trees tower above them stately and fruitful, and around them are the fields, as Dean Stanley said, "unutterably green." But each mud village where the fellaheen — men, women, and children — swarm like ants, is a spectacle of dirt, — dirt on hands and faces and feet, dirt in the air, dirt in the home. The theory that the religion of Islâm, with its required ablutions, makes people physically clean is not supported by facts. The condemnation of Mohammedanism is found in the condition of its wretched, toiling millions. Palaces and mud-huts make the picture of Egyptian Islâm, with a few black tents of Bedouin hovering on the edge of the desert. One cannot imagine these poor people continuing the vile and wretched conditions of their lives after having received into their minds and hearts the enfranchisement of the Christian Gospel. That Gospel inspires self-reverence, and lifts men out of the dirt in which the Egyptian finds it so pleasant to lie down. In the school of the American Mission here, the children are taught to be clean. Of the two hundred girls in the school more than sixty are boarders, and we saw the rooms where they live. Scrupulously neat and orderly they all were. As Miss Kyle showed us their sleeping-rooms, dining-room, reception-room, and kitchen, I felt that we did not need any other evidence of a pure Christianity so far as our religion comes into contrast with Mohammedanism, and the corrupted forms of the old Church of Egypt. These girls are taught to take care of their rooms, beds, clothes, persons, food. Girls have been taken out of the school by their mothers, because they were obliged to comb their hair every day, the mothers insisting that once a week was enough!

We have seen and learned a great deal of the missionary and educational work which for forty years has been car-

ried on by the United Presbyterian Church in Egypt. The large Mission House near Shepheard's Hotel has been a second home to us, and we have had refreshing Christian fellowship in the Christian Endeavor Society, prayer-meetings, and other services of the mission, and in conference with Dr. and Mrs. Watson, Dr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. John Giffen, the Reverend J. P. White and Mrs. White, Miss Smith, Miss Thompson, and others. Last Sunday evening we attended the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, at which seven nationalities were represented. Following this was the evening service, at which I preached. There are often, during the season, which extends from Christmas to Easter, as many as fifteen hundred American visitors at one time in Cairo. All of these would do well to become personally acquainted with the effective Christian work done at the American Mission. Thanks to the presence and power of the British government in Egypt, there have been no interruptions nor disturbances of the Christian labor, which now extends its blessings from the Delta as far south as Assouan. There have been anxieties. Mohammedan fanaticism slumbers in Egypt. The Moslems sympathize with the Sultan and the other murderers of the Armenian Christians. But I thank God that no such cloud hangs over the Nile as that which I saw darkening the Bosporus. No words that my pen can write will ever adequately praise the faith, wisdom, courage, and self-sacrifice of those American missionaries and missionary-teachers, those able and devoted evangelists, and those scholarly ministers whom we saw in Constantinople, and who felt that their position and work were insecure so long as the jealous powers of Europe continue to act with such inhuman indifference and cruel selfishness. In the midst of such a state of affairs as now exists, the American missionaries and teachers have been carrying on their multiplied labors with constant fidelity. As in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, we have seen America represented by unselfish Christian scholars, physicians, scientists, explorers, and mis-

sionaries, while other nations are represented by merchants and soldiers, we have felt a noble pride, and some of our English friends have shared with us the feeling that the great Republic stands for things higher than military conquest or profitable trade.

I have visited the venerable Cyril, Patriarch of Egypt, the head of the Orthodox Coptic church. His patriarchal palace is hard by the Coptic Cathedral and University. I was accompanied on this visit by Prince Nouri. I am told by the editors of the "Mokattam" that Prince Nouri is very eloquent in Arabic, and I can believe it, for he took the brief Saxon sentences which I addressed to the old Coptic Patriarch, and elaborated and decorated them with such Oriental magnificence that the eyes of his Holiness glistened with pleasure. There were several Coptic priests and bishops present at the interview, and they bowed and kissed his hand after the fashion which prevails in the papal court. Sherbet and coffee were brought in as usual, and the kindly Patriarch appeared anxious to prolong the visit. He expressed his warm approval of all efforts to bring Christians closer together, gave me his apostolic benediction, and said that he should earnestly pray that my work in India might be for the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. As we left the palace, we met the newly chosen Coptic Archbishop, Jacobus, who, having given us other cups of coffee, made us promise to visit the Coptic University, which we did on the following day, when we had more coffee before we were presented to Wahby Bey, the president of the university, which numbers eight hundred students. Still other cups of coffee awaited us here. Whenever we entered a class-room, all the young men rose, and held their hands to their red fezes in true Eastern fashion. I was asked to examine classes in English and French, and I found the boys quick and apt in their replies. It was rather amusing, however, to hear a young man of eighteen read from an English Second Reader the Story of Jumbo! The Coptic Christians of Egypt, as the

Patriarch informed us, number a million, and, allied with them, is the great Abyssinian church, several of whose tall, dark-skinned representatives we had the pleasure of meeting.

Another of my pleasant visits in Cairo was a call on the family of the late Dr. Van Dyck, of Beirut, who are spending the winter in Egypt. Dr. Van Dyck's reputation as an Arabic scholar is world-wide, and I have met a young man from the banks of the Euphrates who told me that he studied geography from an Arabic text-book which the great Beirût scholar had written. I was glad to see a portrait of this grand old man, seated on the leafy veranda of his summer home, his whole appearance giving one the impression that he belonged to the Oriental rather than the Occidental world. The printing-presses of Beirût furnish the Arabic text-books for mission-schools in Egypt, and one of the graduates of our college there, Mr. N. Moghabghab, who had charge of an Oriental exhibition at the World's Fair, called for me one morning, and showed me through the Church Missionary School of Cairo, of which he is principal. The purpose of the Church society, who are evangelical and low-church in their ideas, is to reach chiefly the children of Mohammedans; and I learned that one-half of their one hundred and fifty scholars are from Moslem families.

Two of the most enjoyable visits during my stay in Cairo were made on Selim Hamaoui Pasha, the Khedive's Minister of Education, and the editor of "El-Falah," an Arabic newspaper of wide circulation. This courteous gentleman is a member of the Orthodox Greek church, and deeply interested in all efforts to bring the churches into fraternal relations. It was this which interested him in the Religious Congresses in Chicago, full reports of which he published in his journal. He gave me the pleasure of meeting his wife and daughters, two of whom had attended the American Mission School. Selim Pasha was very generous in his kindnesses. He escorted me to the Khedive's Palace to present me to his Royal Highness, and regretted

to learn that the Khedive had suddenly left Cairo and would not return until the day after our departure. Then he drove to the residence of Lord Cromer, the real ruler of Egypt; and I was glad of an opportunity of expressing to this courageous diplomat the gratitude which Americans feel for his many services to our mission work in Egypt. He expressed his warm appreciation of the importance of this work, and his regard for Drs. Watson and Harvey, who are at the head of it. England has not succeeded in winning the love of the Egyptian people; but English rule has abolished forced labor, mitigated cruel punishments, secured justice, and prevented much of that rapacious taxation which ground the fellaheen into the mud.

But perhaps the most interesting of all my experiences in Cairo was an acquaintance made, during two visits, with Sophronios, the venerable Greek Patriarch of Alexandria, who spends however only a part of his time in that city. We usually think of Mr. Gladstone and Pope Leo as the most remarkable men now living, but they are juvenile compared with this Patriarch, whom I saw walking with vigorous step and whose conversation was full of bright, humorous, and earnest intelligence. Sophronios is the oldest prelate of the Christian world. He informed us that he was born in Constantinople in 1792, and that next month he will be one hundred and four years of age. For eighty-five years he has been a priest, for seventy-six years a bishop, for sixty-eight years an archbishop, for sixty-two years a metropolitan, and for thirty-two years a patriarch. For four years he was Patriarch of Constantinople, and thus held the highest office in the Orthodox Greek church. For twenty-eight years he has been Patriarch of Alexandria. He is the successor, in direct patriarchal line, of Athanasius. His full title is "Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria and Œcumenical Judge of the Christian Church." Surely he is the Great Pyramid among all living prelates! His conversation was in Turkish, and Prince Nouri again served as interpreter. The Patriarch had on a long fur-lined robe,

SOPHRONIOS, GREEK PATRIARCH AT ALEXANDRIA.

and on account of this and of his age, he reminded me of Rembrandt's picture of old Jacob in the Cassel Gallery. One of my first questions was that which Pharaoh put to Jacob, "How old art thou?" He expressed a very lively interest in the reunion of Christendom, and believed that it could be brought about only by a Council of all the Patriarchs and Bishops of the churches, with no Roman Pontiff demanding supremacy over those who represent the primitive churches. He told us that he had known six of the Sultans and all the rulers of modern Egypt, excepting the first, Mohammed Ali, whom, however, he might have known. On the fine portrait of himself which he presented to me are seen four decorations of the first rank, given him by the rulers of Turkey, Russia, Greece, and Germany. He said, "I pray for the peace of the nations." I remarked to him that he must have seen a great deal of human suffering. In reply he told us of his going, as Metropolitan, to the island of Scio, a few years after the massacres, between 1820 and 1830, if I remember rightly. He said that one hundred and fifty thousand Christians on that island were murdered by the Turks, and as many more driven into exile, while only a few thousand remained. It is evident that the Turkish policy to-day is in sublime consistency with the policy of seventy years ago. The Alexandrian Patriarch appeared as if he were equal to many more years. I have seen men of eighty who looked much older.

The Coptic Patriarch and Coptic Archbishop, — together with several Coptic bishops, as well as the Greek Patriarch and the Greek Archbishop, — were men of fine dignity and true courtesy, gentle and tolerant in spirit; the inheritors, I should call them, of ancient Christian forms that no longer are highly serviceable. They were full of the true brotherly spirit to all followers of Jesus Christ, of whatever name or ecclesiastical rank. The Roman Catholic church of course recognizes the validity of the orders of these Eastern bishops, who now hold what were the primitive seats of Christianity. It has been interesting and amusing to note how much more

catholic and fraternal are the great dignitaries of the Eastern church than are sometimes the Anglican priests, who have vainly striven to secure from the Roman Pontiff a recognition of the validity of their orders. I have met English High Church curates of small ability and no reputation who were much more pretentious and ecclesiastically exclusive than the venerable Sophronios.

I was anxious to see the better and more liberal side of Mohammedanism, and so was glad of an opportunity to spend an hour with a learned and progressive Moslem, a lineal descendant of the first Caliph, Abu Bekr, and himself the chief of the religious organization of Islâm in Egypt. Es Seyd El-Bakri lives in a palace which was formerly the home of the present Khedive, and he received me on my two visits with genuine courtesy. He belongs to that small section of the Moslem world that heartily believed in the Parliament of Religions, and he is much interested in securing for the Paris Parliament, if it should be held, an adequate representation of Islâmic scholarship and faith.

One peculiarity of Oriental visits is that coffee is invariably served. Another peculiarity, at least of Egyptian social life, is that the topic of the weather is eliminated from the conversation. There usually is no weather, for every day is like every other. Superficial observers claim that the lack of anything like society among Egyptians is due to the prevalent seclusion of women. But I am inclined to think that it arises from the absence of weather. There was one day, just one day, when Cairo had weather. It rained, and rained hard; and since the streets have no gutters or sewers, they presented what every Englishwoman calls a " nasty " appearance. The mud on the feet of the veiled women became much thicker than the coverings on their faces.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.

ON December third we left Cairo for Port Said. Our visit had been a rest to the body and a refreshment to the mind. We had seen old Egypt and the men who make modern Egypt, — the missionaries, teachers, editors, Christian and Moslem dignitaries, and some of the officials, among whom Selim Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, holds a foremost place in my grateful memory. Some people contend that Lord Cromer is the actual Khedive of Egypt, while others hold to the primacy and potency of Abbas II. But the best-informed persons all recognize that the real Khedive of Egypt is the firm of Thomas Cook & Son. It was they that carried the British troops to Dongola, and it is they who would have carried the English soldiers to the deliverance of Khartoum and the rescue of Gordon, and have got them there on time, if Mr. Gladstone's government had only been wise enough to buy its Gordon-rescue and Khartoum-relief expedition-tickets at their office.

Our farewells to prince, pasha, and preacher who saw us off at the station were spoken regretfully. The gardens and villas about the city were passed, the slender minarets of the beautiful Citadel Mosque, and later the awesome Pyramids disappeared from sight, and we were out amid the trees and fields and watercourses, the oxen, the donkeys, the camels, the corn, and the cotton, the flocks of white ibises, and the black-legged farmers, and mud-walled villages, and all the indescribable greenness and fertility of the Delta.

In three-quarters of an hour we reached the town of Benha, famous for its grapes and mandarins; and here the

train turned eastward, stopping again at Zakazik, a city of twenty thousand people, the centre of the Egyptian cotton-trade, and in the vicinity of the ancient Bubastis, where Herodotus saw erected to Aphrodite the finest temple in the world, which sometimes drew seven hundred thousand people to its unclean festivals. And then we passed into the land of Goshen, swarming with people, as fertile to-day as when Joseph placed his brethren here and came down from his chariot to meet his father Jacob. What a country for Israel to leave to plunge into the Sinai desert! We crossed the fresh-water canal, an old channel reopened to bring the waters of the Nile to the twenty-five thousand workmen employed on the Suez Canal, who had previously been furnished with drinking-water brought by sixteen hundred camels. The train carried us through Tel-el-Kebir, where Arabi met his defeat in 1882, and through Ramses, near the sight of Pithom, a treasure city built by Israelites for Pharaoh and recently uncovered by the explorer Neville.

Before reaching Tel-el-Kebir we had come to the edge of the Arabian desert, and fields of sand and fields of grain presented their strange contrast. With a fine view of the Bitter Lakes, through which the Suez Canal passes, we came finally to Ismailiya, a very important town in the days of Lesseps; and here we were changed to a steam tramway, which, following the course of the Suez Canal, brought us early in the evening to Port Said. Before reaching that town we had seen great ships, veritable leviathans, lifting their backs above the desert rim of the landscape and throwing lines of electric light five miles over the smooth waters of the channel. How Joseph would have been surprised to see them, and to be told that these black and fire-breathing vessels were carrying wheat to relieve the famine of India! Our train had traversed the length of the Balah and Menzaleh lakes, — great shallow sheets of water, aflame in the sunset, and the homes of vast flocks of pelicans and herons. Our rest that night was in the Hôtel de France, close to the quay of the Messageries steamers.

The next morning we saw what little of interest is discoverable in this new town of about forty thousand people, among whom are twelve thousand Europeans, mostly French. The Governor of the Suez Canal, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, sent an English captain and sailors of the police force to take us aboard our ship. The "Natal" of the Messageries line arrived at about noon from Marseilles, and after coaling resumed her voyage late in the afternoon. Our cabin had been secured last July, and fortunately was in the centre of the ship and on the port side. The canal, which is a hundred miles in length, was passed in about fifteen hours. Vessels here move very slowly, so that the wash may not injure the embankment. It was with a strange feeling that I passed for the second time through the great canal which has changed the course of the world's commerce, separating Africa and Asia only to unite them more closely, and which has brought London more than seven thousand miles nearer to Bombay than in the old times, when vessels rounded the Cape of Good Hope. This great achievement absorbed one hundred million dollars. But over three thousand vessels, of more than ten millions of tons, and carrying more than one hundred and fifty thousand passengers, pass every year over this watery highway of the nations.

Early in the morning of December fifth we were off the town of Suez, and after a very brief delay, during which letters were received and sent, the voyage was resumed. On the African side of the Gulf of Suez towered the steep mountain-range of Attaka, which shut in the fleeing Israelites, and on the Arabian side was "that great and terrible wilderness" of the Sinaitic peninsula. Between stretched the waters through which occurred the Exodus, "the greatest event before the Christian era." Whether the passage of the Red Sea took place opposite Suez or farther north, the main geographical features are the same. Those features are mountains, desert and sea, the three distinctive elements also in the scenery of the peninsula between the Gulf of Suez

and the Gulf of Akaba, the "wilderness of wandering." What a region for the discipline of a nation! What a field for the display of divine power and mercy directed to moral ends! Before that hour when the Israelites passed through the waters, the drama of human life, whether in Egypt, India, or Babylon, appeared to consist of unconnected scenes. But, as Bunsen has profoundly said, "History was born on that night when Moses led forth his people from Goshen." Since then, the drama has been continuous, progressive, and sublimely significant. In place of meaningless cycles, there was from that hour orderly advancement. The main course of human development ran through these waters, and yonder, on our left to the wells of Moses, and on to Sinai, to Jerusalem, to Christian Europe, to Christian America. That this mighty stream, the main current of human history, is destined in the next great age to gather to itself the auxiliary and subsidiary currents, is beginning to be evident to Christian and other students of human affairs.

As we sailed down the Gulf of Suez, the range of Mount Sinai lifted its red and jagged peaks into sight. The mountain of the giving of the law was hidden, but the range itself, the scene of such tremendous events, is one of the strangest and most impressive spectacles. Here were great peaks of over nine thousand feet in height, treeless, verdureless, rugged masses of rock, fit symbols of those severe moral truths which are the foundation stones of true religion. But remembering the Christian's position, I could but say in my heart, "We are not come unto Mount Sinai, but unto Mount Zion." The next day both Africa and Arabia had disappeared. Our ship was in the middle of the Red Sea. Its coasts are lined with dangerous coral reefs and islands. But though Arabia was invisible to the eye, I could but remember that the great sandy peninsula lay there to the east, the birthplace of Mohammedanism. There was Jedda, the rich seaport of Mecca, the chief market for coffee and coral and pearls, and the meeting-place for Mohammedan pilgrims, flocking hither from the Malayan Archipelago and

from Mozambique, and from every town in Africa and Asia where the Arabian prophet is reverenced as the chief messenger of God. And not fifty miles from that port is Mecca itself, which, like Medina, the sacred city of Mohammed's exile, is forbidden ground for the feet of Christians. When I was in Cairo, some Arabic-speaking friends gave me what I never before had seen, — a photograph of Mecca, showing the black Kaaba and the pilgrim's tents gathered around that holy shrine.

The Red Sea, fourteen hundred miles in length, receives no rivers. Both sides of it are desert, and the heat which the traveller experiences down the length of this caldron is usually very intense. But everything is done to provide for human comfort. Pre-eminently was this true on the "Natal," our strong ship. Rarely — or never, I may truly say — have I enjoyed sea travel so keenly. The vessel itself was as steady as a rock. There was none of that rolling and pitching which our frisky Atlantic steamers practise on comparatively still waters. Our cabin was large and central. The ship was not crowded, and there was plenty of room beneath the huge, thick double awnings covering the long deck. The service was quick and excellent. The table was the most satisfactory that I have ever known at sea. Six meals a day were provided for those who cared for bread and coffee before breakfast, tea and cakes at four in the afternoon, and iced drinks and biscuits from eight to eleven o'clock in the evening. Red and white wine, Marsala beer, and brandy are provided free at all the meals and at any time. But I discovered that those who suffered greatly from the heat were those who partook most freely of these beverages. Lemons, ice, good water, and fruit were also provided in abundance.

On the second day in the Red Sea great white punkas began to wave above the dining-tables, adding to our comfort. The punka-puller was a Chinaman, whom I occasionally relieved, to show him how the work ought to be done. Our ship is one of the smaller and older vessels,

but no one could crave anything better. The quiet, gentlemanly French officers do their work without any fuss. With their spotless white garments, they make you feel cool. The ship's bells are not clanging all the while on the "Natal," and you are not pestered with prohibitions. After what I have reported about the wines, perhaps this remark is unnecessary. Quietness and freedom are the rule. The only important prohibition is one requiring gentlemen not to appear on deck in nightgowns and slippers except between the hours of nine P. M. and nine A. M. ! Of course the baths, which one can have at any time, are a great comfort. The voyage from Port Said to Bombay is very expensive on all the good lines. Our cabin, for two, cost eighty-four pounds ten shillings.

On the afternoon of the fifth day from Suez we reached Aden in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. This has been an English harbor and fortress since 1839. It occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, and is one of the hottest places in this world and perhaps in any other. A barren mountain rises back of it, reminding me of Dante's mount of purgatory. The fortifications, clock tower, signal station, like the mast of a ship rising from a tall barren peak, made the view from the deck strangely picturesque. There are no trees and grass in sight, and most of the town is hidden behind the hills. More than half the passengers went ashore in boats rowed by strong black men, and drove up the winding road to the tanks, where water is stored for this dry and thirsty region. The town is made up of a motley crowd of English soldiers, sailors of many nations, Parsis and other Indians, Jews, Portuguese, Egyptians, wild Bedouins, horrible-looking Africans from Zanzibar, and Arabs from the whole savage region round about. I did not land, as I had not yet purchased my pith helmet.

Our ship was boarded by black barbarians and others who offered us ostrich boas and feathers, ostrich eggs, and well-made Arabian baskets. Tall, slim, dark men thronged the deck and the saloon, jingling great piles of Indian

rupees to exchange for napoleons and sovereigns. A silver rupee should be worth two shillings; but this piece of changeable value is worth now only one shilling and threepence. There were also offered large silver coins bearing the head of the Abyssinian King Menelek.

The funniest sight of our twelve hours in Aden was the rusty-headed negro boys, who rowed around the ship, some of them in little dug-outs, and dove for coins, which sink slowly. Sometimes the sea had on it only empty boats, floating oars, and the white soles of upturned feet. At Aden we left several of our passengers. Among them was a genial and intelligent French Catholic Bishop of Aden, with a Franciscan Brother and a few Sisters. Two others who left us there were Mr. and Mrs. Bent, famous travellers and explorers. They have journeyed a good deal in Arabia, and will now explore the Arabian Desert, so far as the savage tribes will permit. At midnight we moved on, and the next day were out in the Indian Ocean, enjoying, if not Milton's "Sabean odors from the spicy shores of Araby the blest," still, what has been equally grateful, a beautiful sea and the most refreshing of breezes.

Before closing this chapter I must unveil the little world of human life which gathers from all parts of the earth on an Oriental steamer. It has more color and more variety than the world with which one becomes familiar in Atlantic voyages. While the officers and sailors are French, quite a number of the servants are Chinese, Hindu, and Malay. The stokers are black men from Aden. On the forward deck are gathered about sixty Mohammedans from Bombay and from Singapore. They have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and came on board our ship at Aden. I know of only four Americans among the passengers, including ourselves. One of these is a veteran traveller from California, a lame, soldierly old gentleman, talking both French and English, and now on his way to Borneo. The other is the wife of an English captain. She has just returned from America, and has her three little children with her. She

had a severe hemorrhage the night we passed through the Suez Canal. Her husband has been in the Egyptian army, and was sick with the cholera. At Aden she learned that the transport which takes him back to India had just left for Bombay. Opposite me at the table is an English lawyer who has been seven years in Siam. On my right is a French gentleman who has travelled much in the East, and is now on his way to Tonquin and San Francisco. I asked him why he did not travel on a P. and O. boat. He replied, "There is nothing to eat but grilled bones and ham and eggs."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BOMBAY AND THE RIDE TO BENARES.

ON the morning of December fifteenth we rose rather early, and soon saw the mountainous range back of the coast-line of the great peninsula, and began to realize that India was before us, — India, ancient almost as Egypt, a continent in itself, down whose mountain-passes came the primeval settlers and conquerors, over whose plains have swept the invading armies, — Greek, Scythian, Afghan, Tartar, French, and English; India, the spoil of the nations and the theatre for the activity of all the great religions.

Bombay, built mostly on an island, looked beautiful from the sea. We turned southward and entered the harbor, which lies back of the city. As we drew nearer, the great English buildings loomed large before us. The old fort, the lighthouses, and a long array of shipping in the harbor all gave the impression of bigness and importance,— an impression which was not lessened when we caught sight of Mr. Rockefeller's great oil-tanks. At last the ship came to anchor, perhaps half a mile from the docks. A variety of tenders drew near, on which the passengers and their luggage were taken, but slowly and with infinite confusion. A package of letters was soon placed in my hands, and we were at once in communication with all the world again. At Aden a bundle of Reuter's telegrams was brought aboard, and we heard of President Cleveland's Message and other things of interest. But our own private world had been shut out from us since the morning of our reaching Suez. Now, however, the old avenues of communication are reopened. The letter which is torn open first of all brings

us photographs of our little children, and all Asia fades away for a moment in the vision of something far closer to our lives. And here are letters from Hindus, representatives of the Brahmo-Somaj, Buddhists, and others, welcoming us to India, and a messenger leaves a printed welcome from the Jains with the information that a delegation is waiting for us at the docks. As we were busy with our trunks, the American missionaries, the Reverend Robert A. Hume and his brother the Reverend E. S. Hume, made their appearance, and with no reluctance we put ourselves into their vigorous and kindly hands. We and our luggage were taken on board a rather large boat, and we were rowed over the broad harbor by dark-faced Indians of the Moslem faith, whose oars ended in a broad circle. After we had climbed to the top of the stone stairway leading up from the water to the landing, we were met by a very courteous committee of Jains, who had been appointed to give us greeting in behalf of the Jains of India, who number about one and a half millions. As Mr. Gandhi, who represented the Jains at the Chicago Congress, was a guest at my house, very kindly and grateful mention was made of this hospitality in the printed address which was presented in a beautiful ivory and silver box. Then, in accordance with the graceful Hindu custom, long garlands of white flowers intertwined with gilt tinsel, were placed about our necks, and bouquets were put into our hands. This ceremony would have occurred on board the ship had the plague not been raging in Bombay, and strict orders given prohibiting Indians from going on to the vessel. One of our American friends saw one hundred and fifty bodies cremated in one day. Business has been very much lessened. A pall hangs over the city. The colleges are scarcely able to get any classes together.

Arriving at Mr. Hume's house, we found the boys and girls of the American Mission School drawn up in line, one hundred and sixty in number, who surprised and thrilled us by singing, —

"My country 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

Such a song in a far land, coming from such voices gave me one of the gladdest and deepest thrills that I have ever known. After a few minutes we sat down to luncheon, our first meal in India, at which we learned not only that bananas are here called plantains, and that grape-fruit which is red inside is called pomelo, but also that barefooted, dark-legged Indian servants, moving noiselessly about the room, are as faithful and satisfactory attendants as one can have at table. We soon became acquainted with our own servant, who had already been secured for the India pilgrimage. He is a large, serious, very dark, middle-aged man from Poona, named Marutee, which is also the name of the Hindu Monkey-god. He is to accompany us in all our travels, providing his own food and lodging, and receiving thirty-five rupees a month. After luncheon we were taken to Mr. and Mrs. Hume's beautiful school, with one hundred and sixty pupils, both boys and girls. They sang to us in English and in Marathi. Two little girls garlanded our necks and wrists with flowers, and two little boys brought us bouquets, after which I made a heartfelt address full of gratitude and congratulation. The Indian teachers were then presented, and Mrs. Hume conducted us through the dormitory, where we inspected the boys' clean beds, and felt happy and thankful that these children were delivered from the dirt which is one of the main afflictions of Bombay and an underlying cause of the plague. The pupils in the American School are children of Indian Christians, and, as Mr. Hume said, know nothing about "heathenism" by personal experience. At five o'clock on this busy and eventful day, a reception, admirably arranged by Mrs. Hume, was given us at her home, attended by over forty missionaries of the city, at which an address of welcome was given by Dr. Dugald Mackichan, of Wilson College.

That evening we left Bombay for Benares, a journey of two nights and two days. The Victoria Station, where we

saw immense numbers of people belonging to all the sects and divisions of India, is regarded as the handsomest railroad station in the world. On the night of our departure from Bombay it was certainly the liveliest and most picturesque. In this journey to Benares we realized fully two things, — that the midday is like midsummer, and that the midnight is like midwinter. There are no sleepers. But we had bought pillows and had with us our steamer rugs, and managed to escape colds in the night-time, and by keeping always in the shade we avoided sunstroke in the daytime. Very comfortable meals are provided at certain stations, and are telegraphed for by the guard having charge.

On the morning of December sixteenth, I looked out for the first time on the fields of India. During the night we had climbed the coast-range, and the dawn revealed to us the features of a landscape reminding me of the vast prairies of my own country, except that hills now and then appeared on the horizon, some of them jagged and wild. Clumps and rows of trees, all of them strange to us, diversified and colored the dry, brown landscape with patches of green. One's first feeling was the wideness and bigness of India, — a striking contrast to Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. But the evidences of drought were painfully present, and the shivering, half-starved, and half-naked figures which in the early morning came out of the wretched mud villages or gathered at the pretty stations of the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad, showed us that famine is impending. But a poor ragged girl, hardly able to stand, would not take from us a part of the ample and delicious luncheon which Mrs. Hume had provided. Hungry American children would have scrambled for a piece of the cake which this Hindu girl sadly refused. But she picked up the half-anna which I threw to her, equivalent to six pie or one cent. From all this La Signora evolved the first generalization applicable to India. It is this: that starving Hindu children will take pie but not cake from the hands of Christians! In our long

ride through Central India we became familiar with the look of the landscape and the more interesting look of the people, a people of the most various types and costumes. The colors and the garments and the faces and the noises at one of the great railway stations of India make you feel how tame and commonplace was the Midway Plaisance. Such impossible greens, blues, purples, reds, and yellows! Such headdresses of every size and shade and shape! We saw Mohammedans who had dyed their beards and hair orange color, and wore long gold-embroidered robes, and walked barefooted or in stockingless slippers. But to me the most evident fact in India thus far has not been any splendor of foliage or flowers, nor the appearance of monkeys in fields, nor the new kinds of vegetation, nor even the general poverty everywhere apparent. To me the most evident fact in India is the human leg. It is usually bare to the hip. Men with their heads and bodies covered with white cotton cloth walk bare-legged through field and street. Brown legs, slim legs, black legs, hairy legs, legs larger at the knees than at the thigh, so slim and spare that you wonder how the body is supported, legs of boys and young men and old men, of little girls with sweet faces and dark fawn-like eyes, — these are the objects which the non-Christian populations of India thrust before the eyes of travellers. It seems incredible that in the frigid morning hours these Hindus can be comfortably warm. One reason that people can live on so little in this populous land is the abolition of trousers. If India should suddenly be converted to Christianity, the demand for pantaloons would enrich hundreds of wholesale clothiers in New York and London.

Crossing the Jumna by the finest railway bridge in India, we arrived at Allahabad on the morning of December seventeenth. This city of one hundred and eighty thousand people is the seat of the government of the Northwest Provinces and Oudh. It stands not far from the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, and is interesting for the

great fort built here by Akbar; for three large mausoleums in a beautiful garden near the station, which we were able to visit; for the Pillar of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, covered with his famous edicts, dating more than two hundred years before Christ; and also for the Mela, or popular religious fair, which in the month of January brings hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to encamp on the sandy plain between the Jumna and the Ganges, and to bathe in those sacred rivers. At Mogul Serai, which is nine hundred and thirty miles from Bombay, we left our train for another, which brought us in half an hour to Benares. Crossing the steel bridge over the majestic and sacred Ganges, we caught our first view of the venerable city which is Jerusalem, Mecca, and Rome all combined, to the devout populations of India, two hundred millions of whom still hold to the ancestral faith.

Rising from the broad current of the Ganges on its left bank are miles of palaces and temples, with broad stairways descending to the sacred shore, which make a unique and striking picture. Above all this architecture, and in contrast with all, springs high in the air the great mosque, built by the terrible Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb, the Moslem iconoclast, who destroyed nearly all the Hindu temples of idolatrous Benares. But this great emperor, who for forty-nine years ruled the Mogul dominion and stretched it to its widest limits, could not uproot Hinduism and its perpetual fascination. This bigoted oppressor of the princes and people smote fiercely at Benares, and I have seen in its streets tops of temples which his soldiers had broken off, and faces of idols which they had mutilated. But Benares boasts to-day more than three thousand important Hindu shrines, while nearly every Hindu house belonging to a well-to-do man has its own temple and gods almost innumerable. Still, the Moslems constitute one-fourth of a population of two hundred thousand, and Aurangzeb's mosque is the most conspicuous object in Benares. Some one has said of it that its two minarets, rising above this

inflorescence of temples, spring straight upward, white against the blue of the sky, with the ardor of a prayer, with the impetuosity of a cry; and one perceives in them the fervent work of a simple, resolute, monotheistic, and ardent race.

Before reaching Benares we made the acquaintance on the train of Mr. W. S. Caine, for many years a member of Parliament, and the author of "Picturesque India." He has made four visits to this city, and I heard him deliver one of the best of temperance lectures in the town hall. He is wisely anxious that drinking habits should not become fastened upon the Indian peoples. A flourishing temperance society exists in Benares, which was started by that world-encompassing traveller and toiler in the good cause, Mrs. Leavitt. I became acquainted with the President of this Society, Babu R. K. Chandhuri, — an estimable gentleman, who had given up Hinduism.

At the station we were met by our host, the Reverend Arthur Parker, of the London Mission, and within his house we spent five days. The compound of this mission encloses a church building in the Greek style of architecture, the mission-school building, and the broad-verandahed, one-story house of the missionary's family. Mrs. Parker gave us a sight of the compound school, with its two hundred poor children, mostly girls. Some of them were nearly naked; most of them underfed. It breaks one's heart to look at their poverty and wretchedness, to think of the conditions under which they live, and to remember how little life has to offer them. Their happiest hours are those spent in the school, where they are taught to read and sing. Mrs. Barrows saw also the school for high-caste girls of the London Mission, and visited two Zenanas.

On the evening of our arrival I met and addressed about thirty of the missionary workers. More than two thousand in Benares are now under regular Christian influences. Many more are reached by street preaching, in which the women missionaries are quite as active and

successful as the men. A statement having been printed in America that no Aryan in India ever was converted to Christianity, I wish to say that I saw a converted Brahman, a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, preaching in one of the streets not far from the bathing-ghats.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BENARES.

MY days in Benares were among the busiest that I have ever known. Besides a lecture on Shakespeare delivered in the London Mission College, I preached twice on Sunday, December twentieth, and lectured on the Parliament of Religions in the Town Hall. On Monday I made an address on "Reading" to the boys of the high school, and said a few brief words to the children of the compound school. The lecture on Sunday night was an interesting experience, and was my first opportunity of talking religion to a Hindu audience. The cantonment where the English residents are found is perhaps two miles from the city, and we drove about so much that it seemed wise to hire a carriage by the day. The carriage bill for five days was twenty rupees, or about six dollars. I mention this as an illustration of the general cheapness of labor in India. A tailor's wages are about eight rupees a month. A Sanscrit pundit in the London Mission College receives twenty rupees a month, and the Moslem teacher of Persian and Arabic twenty-eight rupees.

I made three visits to the bathing-ghats on the Ganges, getting my first near view of them from the observatory, a lofty building near the edge of the river. We climbed the stone staircases to the roof of this structure, which was built in the eighteenth century by the order of the Mogul emperor, who appointed Jay Sing, a famous astronomer of that time, to reform the astronomical tables. This is one of five observatories erected by him in different parts of India. Interesting, indeed, are the immense stone instruments, — the mural

quadrant, the sun dials, and other devices on an enormous scale with which his work was carried on. The view of the ghats from the observatory is a most extraordinary scene. But we came much closer to it by taking a boat which looks like a diminutive Noah's ark. Seated on the top of this, and shading our eyes from the morning sun, we were rowed up and down the holy stream, gazing in rapt astonishment at the thousands of bathers who had come down to the Ganges. It seemed as if the whole city were taking an ablution and saying its morning prayers.

Here was half-naked humanity in swarms, — old men with bald heads, women of every age, brown figures in inexhaustible variety. Here were the Brahmans at their morning devotions, repeating the prayers which for three thousand years have been spoken to the rising sun and to the sacred river: "O Ganges, daughter of Vishnu, thou springest from Vishnu's foot. Thou art beloved by him. Remove from us the stains of sin and of birth." With minute care the Brahman goes through the prescribed ritual. We saw hundreds taking an internal ablution, lifting the water from the stream to the mouth. On the water's edge the worshippers uttered the solemn syllables of some divine name. We saw multitudes standing in the stream, with faces toward the sun, and then dipping themselves again and again beneath the cold surface. Thousands were drying their bodies or rinsing their clothes. Higher up, and overlooking the bathing, were the "Sons of the Ganges," or the guardians of these vast ablutions. Seated under great straw umbrellas on platforms, they overlook the crouching, gesticulating, praying, bathing, dripping, ejaculating throngs. Every person holds in his hand a brass bowl, which shines like a sun. The movements and attitudes of many of the figures on the bank appear to be those of insanity. The spectacles which one beholds as he moves up and down the river have been well described as visions of some opium dream.

The architecture is noble and impressive. Great build-

ings, some of them the homes of Brahmans, others the mansions of rajahs, others still a variety of many-colored temples, before which are ugly stone images or symbols of gods, make a lofty and broken line against the blue of the western sky. But the picture of human life which one beholds along the bank of the river seems like a sketch from a madman's dream. We go back to the shore. Wreaths of yellow flowers have been thrown into the stream. Some of these are decaying. A sewer empties its filth into the Ganges close to a company of bathers, who seem unmindful of it.

Once more upon the banks, we inspect this strange life more closely still. Pilgrims have come from all over India to this holiest shrine of Hinduism. Two hundred thousand find their way here every year. Benares is altogether holy. He who dies within its walls is in no peril from sin or ceremonial pollution. It has been said that a Christian or a Moslem, or even a man who has killed a cow and eaten of its flesh, is surely carried to the Himalayan paradise of Siva if fortunate enough to die in Benares.

The old and the incurable are brought here, that after their death their ashes may be flung into the river. The great god of the holy city is Siva, the destroyer and reproducer. He is everywhere worshipped under the symbol of the lingam. These symbols of various sizes are in the three thousand temples of the city, in the homes, along the streets, and huddled together sometimes on a platform around a holy tree. One devotee has been known to sit upon the bank of the Ganges day after day, making small mud models of Siva's symbol and casting them into the river. A grain of rice is stuck into each to represent the divine principle. He usually moulds and throws from him two thousand of these models in a day.

And here we saw the fakirs in all their dirty glory, their faces smeared with the ashes of burnt cow-mud, their heads a tangled mass of hair, looking like tarred oakum. Near the Golden Temple, the central shrine of Siva worship, we

became acquainted with a fakir who lives on a wagon, from which he never descends. On his head I saw a monstrous black turban, as I supposed, which in reality was the piled-up folds and strings of an abnormal growth of hair. At Mr. Parker's request he rose and unloosed the mighty mass. It reached down more than seven feet, and was divided into black strings or ropes of hair, ornamented at intervals with rings, and so dirty that it stuck together. The man had a really pleasant face, and one longed to have charge of him; a barber's shop, a Turkish bath, a tailor's establishment, and a Christian dinner-table might in a week transform him into a respectable if not useful member of society.

In our first visit to the Ganges we came close to the burning-ghats, where one body was already nearly consumed. The attendant was stirring up the embers, and with a long pole breaking all the human fragments that remained. Two bodies of women were brought down to the water's edge while we waited. Since they were women, they were clothed in red. While the wood was being piled up, the bodies were immersed in the Ganges to gain a final blessing from its waters. The cremation is intrusted to one particular caste, and none of the relatives are present at the burning excepting the eldest son, if the body is that of his father or mother. It is his duty to set fire to the pile. Mr. Parker informs me that the grief which death often occasions in a Hindu family is an inexpressible agony. The separation to them is hopeless and eternal.

The beggars that beset you along the Ganges are the most pitiful human objects that my eyes ever have seen. Such withered, diseased, maimed, crippled, deformed specimens of abject humanity cannot be described. Almost equally with them one pities the crowd of pilgrims who descend to the Well of the Ear-ring and get permission to cast their flowers therein. Among the temples along the shore is that of the goddess of small-pox. Mr. Caine told me that in one Indian city where vaccination was introduced, the people thought it was deadly, and so they tried

it first on their girls. But when the small-pox came the boys died and the girls lived. After this experience they decided to vaccinate their girls no more. But the boys are vaccinated. No words can describe the religious scenes in the older and narrower streets of Benares, where idolatry appears to be the main business of life. There are more idols than people. Women coming back from the Ganges, holding their brass bowls filled with water, carefully avoid brushing against you lest they be polluted. The shops are filled with gods. Offerings of flowers as well as of rice and of sacred water are paid to ten thousand images. Cows, "conscious of their divinity," walk unmolested amid all these scenes. The filth in some places is indescribable. In the Cow Temple, sacred to the goddess of plenty, I saw the worshippers kissing the cows' tails; and here we saw the popular worship of Ganesh, or Ganesa, the god of wisdom, with an elephant's trunk and a great stomach. Ganesh is the son of Siva and Kali. A brass figure of him appears over the outer door of the Golden Temple, into which we gazed but could not enter.

But we did find our way into the Monkey Temple, which is sacred to Kali. Our clerical guide preceded us, and announced to the guardians of the shrine, "This Sahib gives bakshish!" The monkeys have free access to this holy place, and the screaming and chattering animals, which are frequently fed, make it very attractive. With popcorn in your palm you could shake hands with these lively brethren. The Sahib who gives bakshish was also permitted to see the great knife with which the heads of goats are cut off when bloody offerings are made to the terrible goddess. Kali is usually represented with four hands, a necklace of skulls, and is standing on the body of her husband, the divine Siva. In her ecstasy at destroying a giant she tramples by mistake on her husband, and she is pictured with her tongue out, "to express surprise and sorrow." Some emancipated woman has asserted that Kali was deified because she was the first wife who ever jumped on her husband, but I hope

Americans will not believe this slander against the Hindu people.

This mild race, whom I find it very easy to love, have a liking for the terrible. A showman whom we encountered on the great stairways leading to the river, opened for our pleasure a bag filled with scorpions. The snakes which he exhibited were not unfamiliar; but when he brought out a fine cobra and made him waltz to the music of his pipe, I felt that I had seen something original and even aboriginal. One of the most interesting scenes is a little congregation of old women, seated near a pundit, who reads to them by the hour from the sacred poems of India. I had for my guide one day the Reverend J. J. Johnson of the Church Missionary Society, himself a Sanscrit scholar and a student of Hindu philosophy. From him I could learn what the pundits were reading. In one case it was the story of the coming incarnation of Krishna, and of the efforts made by his enemies to prevent it by killing the infant children. I called with Mr. Johnson at the College of the Maharajah of Cashmere. This is an institution for Indian scholars, where the instruction is far from modern and scientific. The pundits were all away at the time of our visit, but I saw the class-rooms and the building. Everything was a strange contrast with what we see at home. The rooms have no furniture, no table, no chairs, no pictures, no desks, no book-cases, no blackboards, no maps. The rooms were not rooms, but alcoves, about a central square. As we ascended story after story, our youthful guide, a boy of fifteen, grandson of the principal, would call out, "Vedanta," "Astronomy," "Ramayana," "General Literature," "Puranas," indicating thus the places where these themes were treated. This Brahman boy had the most remarkable voice to which I ever listened. It was very loud, sharp, and commanding. It had the tones of a law-giver proclaiming the edicts of heaven. The explanation, according to my clerical friend, was that he spent his time in reading aloud from the Hindu Shastras.

I must give an account of three remarkable men whom I have visited, types of saintly and philosophic Hinduism. Benares is the headquarters of Hindu orthodoxy and of the highest Sanscrit learning. First we called upon Vishuddthanand Swami, who has the reputation of being not only a great pundit, but also the second saint in Benares, inferior only to the famous ascetic Saraswati. In one of the high buildings overlooking the Ganges dwells this Swami with the unpronounceable name. We climbed two or three flights of stone steps before we reached the open space where he sat naked in the sun. His light-brown, heavy body is surmounted by a head that is intellectual, and his face is intensely serious. He spoke with interest of the Parliament of Religions, and said that the idea was a good one, although he expressed profound contempt of the Hinduism there represented, since it was not of his own kind. "How can one teach," he said, "who never has learned?" About this Swami were gathered a number of devotees, listening reverently to every word. He was glad to learn that a new congress may be held in Paris. On leaving him, before descending to the street, we entered a small room where six of his pupils, some of them quite old, were reading aloud from the sacred literature which constitutes almost their entire stock of knowledge. I inquired of them, through my interpreter, if they knew anything of the Christian Scriptures, and received a negative reply, together with this profound aphorism: "A wise man, before learning anything new, inquires, 'What purpose will it serve?'" We expressed the opinion that they ought, for the sake of their own intellectual expansion, to learn the contents of the Christian Scriptures. But it seemed to them foolish, both because they had not yet read all of their own sacred writings, and because the wisdom which these contain is inexhaustible! One cannot but smile at such provincialism, narrowness, and conceit. Here were men deeming themselves wise and teachers of the wise cooped in a little room high above the

sacred Ganges, in a venerable and holy city, surrounded by temples and innumerable images, and by a population that reveres them as the sons of heaven. Yet with all their knowledge they did not realize that their minds were dwelling in a hideous past, and that their lives were girt by a grotesque, wretched, and pitiable present, for which they and theirs were largely responsible. It is ignorance that keeps popular Hinduism going; it is learned ignorance that perpetuates the conceit of orthodox Hinduism. Benares is the great fortress of the ancient faith, which Christianity is but slowly undermining.

Our next call was upon Pundit Ram Misra Sastri, a professor of Philosophy in Queen's College, Benares. This college building is beautiful, and in the spacious gardens about it is a fine collection of sculptured stones, many of them Buddhistic, brought from Sarnath and elsewhere. The pundit received us with real cordiality, and soon we were seated in the library. He was barefooted, and rubbed his feet together under his chair as he talked on high themes in fairly good English. I put to him the question: "What are the fundamental principles of Hinduism?"

"Real Hinduism holds to the reality of the world, the reality of the soul, the reality and unity of the great God, and believes that only through divine mercy can men come into unison with God," he replied.

I said to him, "That is Christian."

"Why call it Christian?" he said. "It is Vedic."

Although the pundit represents a philosophic sect which is small and comparatively modern, he strenuously holds that his Vedism is the only true Vedism. I never have heard more scornful contempt expressed for other men's orthodoxy. He is much interested in the possible Paris Parliament of 1900, but says that unless a railroad is built from India to France in order to avoid crossing the forbidden water, no real Hindu can attend it; and yet he is a highly respected and learned professor in an English government college.

But I think most of my readers will be as much interested in the external as in the internal life of Benares. Who can picture it? Who can tell of this endless succession of scenes, weird, beautiful, disgusting? Who can describe the vast human crowd; the wrinkled or youthful faces; the strange occupations; the men by the hundred sitting down in the street or on the shore of the Ganges and submitting their heads to the barbers' razors; the blue peacocks, the goats, and other animals, wandering about unmolested; the queer ekkas, or bullock carts, though sometimes drawn by horses; the shops filled with Benares brass-work; the naked children walking comfortably along in the bright sunshine?

Our last morning in Benares was a delightfully busy one in company with our host. We went to inspect a great charity, and saw the beggars eat rice and pulse daily furnished by benevolent Hindus. We called on Dr. Lazarus, who has been nearly fifty years in India. He has a large printing-establishment, and is at present engaged in publishing an English translation of the Vedas in full, — something which has never yet been done. We paid our respects to the Well of Knowledge, which owes its supernatural powers to the fact that a stone deity, whose fine temple near by was being destroyed by the Mogul Aurangzeb, kindly jumped into its waters. It is not a very clean or attractive place. We made another visit to the Golden Temple, bought a few idols, saw the Cow Temple, a filthy place where the divine quadrupeds in large numbers were placidly walking about, and touched the pinnacle of our morning's interest by a visit to the Monkey Temple.

I have referred to two interesting Hindu personages on whom I called. After leaving the Monkey Temple we went to see a third, the most interesting of all. This is Swami Bhaskara Nand Saraswati, the ascetic, familiarly known as "The Holy Man of Benares." He lives in a beautiful home and garden given him by a rajah. His attendant wrapped a cloth around his naked body as we appeared.

Had La Signora not been with us, this clean, nice-looking old man of sixty-five years would have received us as Milton's Adam received the affable angel. He remembered my correspondence with him. The Swami told me that he thought Jesus was a very good man. His own ideal of goodness was the character of the Reverend Mr. Hewlett, now dead, and once at the head of the London Mission in Benares. The dear old man's vanity beams all the while from his benevolent face. He had us write our names in his great autograph book, where Mark Twain had inscribed his name, with this touching sentiment: "There appear to be a good many of my fellow-countrymen abroad this year." The Swami gave us a pamphlet about himself, and showed us his life-sized marble image in a shrine which stands in his garden. The image was freshly garlanded, and the Swami enjoys seeing his followers come to worship it. One of the leading citizens of Benares I did not see, Mrs. Annie Besant. She was off on a lecturing tour among this people, whose religion she has wholly adopted.

But Benares should be seen. It never can be described. At most only a sketch of some of its peculiar features is possible. Here Hinduism shows its endurance and elasticity. One afternoon we drove a few miles out to Sarnath, where we saw the remains of two great ruined towers. One of them, Dhamek, is still a noble structure, one hundred and twenty-eight feet high. Buddha, after his enlightenment at Gaya, went to Benares to preach Nirvana and the Law. And this sacred monument is a memorial of his mission to old Benares twenty-four centuries ago. Some of its stones have been gilded by pilgrims from far-off China. Near by this tope, or tower, is a Jain temple, the shrine of a kindred faith. Buddhism came to rule India for hundreds of years, but Hinduism finally drove it out. Islâm smote the shrines of the sacred city with remorseless intolerance. But Hinduism survives. Will Christianity, the religion of reason, of love, of brotherhood, of purity, of unselfishness, ever displace the popular Hinduism? It

seems to me that no one who believes in the order and rationality of the universe can visit Benares without feeling that popular Hinduism cannot always continue. No speedy disintegration is probable, but in the long ages which are before us reason and righteousness will prevail. Some horrible things of the past have been removed already. Along the river bank we saw decorated upright stones, marking the places where women were burned with the bodies of their husbands in those "good old times" before Lord William Bentinck abolished this cruel abomination.

We left Benares regretfully. Our kind host accompanied us to the station, and there Mr. Shiva S. Sing, a young barrister of the High Court, also came to see us off. A ride of about eighteen hours brought us to Calcutta, to Howrah, the station on the west bank of the Hoogly, where our hearts were rejoiced as well as surprised to find a half-score of friends at seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar's was the only familiar face among them, and how delighted we were to see him! The Reverend Dr. Macdonald, Secretary of the Missionary Conference of Calcutta, one of the most influential Christians in India, also greeted us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CALCUTTA.

WHILE the early English colonists in America were planning the settlements, clearing the forests, upturning the soil, and fighting the aborigines, the English traders, the representatives of the East India Company and later of the United Company of the Merchants of England Trading with the East Indies, were establishing their factories and building their forts in Madras, Bombay, and in Hoogly in Lower Bengal. The Portuguese had enjoyed during the sixteenth century a monopoly of the East Indian trade, but they possessed, as Sir William Hunter has said, "neither the political strength nor the personal character necessary to found an empire in India." The Dutch broke through their monopoly; they laid the foundations of permanent supremacy in Java, and struggled with the English for the trade of India. But their policy, which was founded "upon a strict monopoly of the trade in spices," led to the organization of the great English trading company which was the beginning of England's permanent, beneficent, and mighty empire in the East.

The Pilgrim Fathers had been only twenty years in Plymouth when an English factory was established at Hoogly. The Mogul emperors granted concessions and exclusive privileges here and there, but the English trading settlements were in constant danger from the capricious enmity of the native governors; and when orders were issued in 1686 by the Nawab of Bengal confiscating all the English factories in that province, the merchants retreated more than twenty miles down the river Hoogly to a swampy little village now a part of Calcutta.

The story of the enlargement of this settlement and of the English dominion until it embraced a population of three hundred millions is one of the most complicated, picturesque, and tragic in human annals. The struggles with Indian princes and with French armies, the cruelties and extortions practised, the crafty playing off of rival native rulers against each other, the gradually improving character of British rule, the vast changes wrought by contact with Western civilization, — all this is one of the most richly instructive pages of history. The city which England created on the Hoogly is now the seat of government for the whole Indian Empire. It may not have the charms for the sight-seer belonging to Bombay, Benares, and Delhi, but I have found it the centre of influences and activities most varied, interesting, and vital. We have been made welcome in the homes of Principal and Mrs. Morrison of the General Assembly's Institution, and of Dr. and Mrs. K. S. Macdonald of the Free Church of Scotland, and have found them delightful representatives of that intellectual and Christian life which is the true hope of India. We have come to the conclusion that Scotch Presbyterians like these hospitable friends cannot be surpassed by the choicest exponents of any other nation or creed.

Calcutta has a population of nearly nine hundred thousand, of whom thirty thousand are Christians. It is called the City of Palaces, but I prefer to call it the City of Colleges. Within a half-mile of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association are institutions containing forty-three hundred college students; within a mile of this important centre are institutions with about seven thousand college students. It is said that about ten thousand from Bengal take their entrance examinations here every year. The Lady Dufferin Hospital has been purchased by the Young Men's Christian Association, and is being changed and enlarged so as to accommodate their work. Mr. J. Campbell White, the vigorous American superintendent of the Association, has just received a valuable addi-

tion to his working force by the coming of his brother, Professor W. W. White, from the Moody Institute, Chicago. These men justly deem this the grandest opening for Christian effort among non-Christian college men to be found in Asia, or perhaps in the world. A drive through the city shows you colleges, often with Greek columned porticos that have a strange look in India, — colleges everywhere. At the reception given to me shortly after my arrival, at the palace of the Maharajah, it seemed that almost every other man was a teacher, professor, or president in some institution. But I should not confine this statement to men. Learned women are not unknown or unappreciated; and among those present at the reception was Miss Bose, head of the Bethune Government College for Women, a Christian lady of ability and culture, and a niece of the Reverend Mr. Bose, whose work on Hindu philosophy is well known in America.

But my readers must not think that Calcutta is all colleges. It has some fine government buildings and many spacious and splendid residences. I had the pleasure of a conversation with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a man of great force and wide experience in Indian affairs. He is also a warm and intelligent friend of Christian missions. He told me that he always had believed that India was yet to have a national church, which would not be the Free Church of Scotland or the Church of England or any other Western organization. In a recent address he said that he looked forward to the rising of some great Indian apostle, who would kindle the fuel that had been laid by these Christian colleges into one glowing mass of enthusiasm. I found the Lieutenant-Governor not at all in sympathy with the Indian National Congress, which has just closed its sessions in Calcutta. He regards it as a movement led by ambitious Hindus, who do not represent the people, and who are stirring up opposition to British influence and authority. The official classes generally are hostile to the Congress.

We dined the other evening with the Honorable Justice Ameer Ali, well known throughout the world for his literary championship of Islâm. He is a delightful man, and his English wife is one of the most charming of hostesses. It was a great disappointment to him that the British government would not give him a release from official duties, so that he could visit Chicago in 1893 and represent his faith at our Congress. He is engaged now upon a history of the Saracens, and he showed me the great French and Arabic books which furnish the original authorities for this work. Ameer Ali is of Persian extraction, and Persian is one of the languages with which he is conversant. He is looked upon, both within and without the Indian Empire, as the chief defender of Islâm. Dr. Washburn of Constantinople told me that he had read four or five times Ameer Ali's large volume on Mohammedanism. To him it was one of the most fascinating of books, but also misleading, as it enveloped Islâm with roseate and romantic hues.

At the Ameer Ali dinner-table we met some important Anglo-Indians, and among them the Home Secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor. He used to be the English judge at Gaya, where Buddha had his enlightenment, and he gave me the history of Mr. Dharmapala's efforts to re-establish the temple of Buddha-Gaya as a Buddhist shrine. Justice Ameer Ali also is not a friend of the Indian National Congress, which, in his opinion, is designed to advance the interests of Hindus rather than of Moslems. There are fifty-seven million Mohammedans in India, and the leaders among them generally keep aloof from the Congress. However, the President of the Congress is this year a Mohammedan from Bombay, and I listened to a part of his opening address.

In Beadon Square rises the huge Pandal, or tabernacle, thatched with grass, with an opening around its whole circle, and adorned within and without with flags, in which the Indian National Congress has held its sessions. About one hundred slim pillars, fashioned to look like tall, delicate

palm-trees, support the wide roof, which is ceiled with white cloth and profusely and brilliantly decorated. We attended the opening session, at which perhaps five thousand people were present. It certainly was a marvellously interesting gathering; the educated men from all parts of India, of all races and of all religions; the costumes so varied and often so beautiful; the singing by a large choir, made up mostly of Brahmos, of a national hymn to national music, — these were features of great interest. The Brahmo and Christian Indian ladies who sat near us, clothed in light silk dresses with veils of tissue, often embroidered with threads of gold, made a lovely picture. The President of the Congress delivered a very long and able opening address, describing the purpose of the Congress and giving reasons why Mussulmans should co-operate.

The Indian peoples certainly have grievances, not the least of which is the incredible and unpardonable delay of the British government in India to provide famine relief. Furthermore, the Indian peoples have aspirations after national unity and larger privileges of self-government, with which one does in a measure sympathize. The example of the United States, as a Hindu professor of history in a government college said to us yesterday, showing how national unity may be combined with state rights and local self-government, is teaching India, and filling her educated minds with patriotic and laudable hopes.

Parts of Calcutta are exceedingly modern and European; but these are often close to streets and scenes of Indian and aboriginal simplicity. The white-robed, bare-limbed crowds moving quickly up and down the streets in front of the shops; the water and milk carriers, with great jars suspended from an elastic bow over the shoulders; the men dressing their hair, cleaning their ears, cutting their toenails, scouring their teeth, rubbing their bodies with oil, or submitting their faces to the razor right in the street and before the eyes of everybody; the carding of cotton with a rough spring bow; the bathing of men, women, and children not

only in the Ganges, but also in the hundred large tanks provided by the government in different parts of the city; the washing and drying of the strips of cotton cloth which serve for garments, the naked bodies and uncovered heads of perhaps one-half of the native male population; the entirely naked children; the bullock carts, where the driver sits on a projection of the cart between the heads of the little animals, which he mildly flagellates, — all this is far from European and Occidental, and quite in contrast with the government houses, the post-office, the telegraph office, the monuments, the university buildings, and the beautiful cathedral, costing fifty thousand pounds, paid for in part by taxes from a miserable and half-starved peasantry. The fine post-office, surmounted by a lofty dome, stands on the site of the famous Black Hole, which has given to Calcutta a place in the minds of millions who know nothing else of this Indian capital.

Calcutta gets its name from Kali Ghat, the site of a Kali temple which we visited the other morning in company with Principal Morrison. When the goddess was cut to pieces, one of her fingers fell on this spot, and the temple built at this sacred place brings great wealth to the priestly family who manage it. The shrine is not a cleanly one and very far from attractive. We did not see the famous image of Kali, as the doors were not yet open; but in another temple we saw one almost equally fine, that is equally horrible. We have also visited the Zoölogical Garden, and duly admired the Bengal tigers and the superb collection of Indian reptiles. I have seen too the Jain temples, surrounded by gardens, which a wealthy Jain opens to his fellow believers. The whole region is a stately pleasure-house. The tanks are full of fish; the garden is full of statues, a curious combination of Greek and Oriental sculpture. Jain worshippers paint their foreheads with yellow. They are said to be surely becoming Hinduized, and are likely to be absorbed by the most omnivorous of religions. The Jains here are a wealthy and benevolent part of the population, and their

annual procession is the most brilliant spectacle of the year.

Rarely in my life have I been so occupied as during our Calcutta visit. The weather has been fine, not excessively warm, and I have been able to undergo an amount of work which the "old Indian" deems rather unusual. I have averaged two addresses a day, and probably have driven fifty miles to make them. I like the domestic arrangements, which furnish an opportunity for the greatest amount of work. Maruti wakes me before seven in the morning, and brings in the chota hazri, or little breakfast. I thus get two hours before the nine-o'clock breakfast. This interval is usually filled with calls. The Indians call at this time; the Europeans between twelve and two. Tiffin, or luncheon, is at half-past two o'clock, tea at half-past four, lectures at five and at half-past six, dinner at half-past eight. The manners of the Indian people are the most courteous and pleasant possible. They could give Saxon peoples valuable lessons in conversation and demeanor. I find that the Indians are not pleased with the ordinary ways of the Englishman, who is often needlessly domineering, brusque, and discourteous. The English are one of the greatest of nations; they have wrought for the Indian peoples an immeasurable service; but they have not gained their hearts. In saying this I do not forget, however, that many noble Christian missionaries, men and women, have won the deepest affection of their Indian converts and friends.

I could write a dozen chapters detailing interesting conversations and giving my experiences in Calcutta in connection with the founding of the Indian lectureship. It must suffice, however, for me at this time to record my appreciation of the mind and spirit shown by the non-Christian educated Hindus. Such patient attention, such hearty and general responsiveness, such constant courtesy, such intelligent insight into the best utterances I have been able to offer, such freedom from taking offence at the most pro-

nounced Christian sentiments and convictions, I did not expect to find. The demonstration made at the close of the last lecture was especially gratifying, and Mrs. Haskell's name and generous deeds were enthusiastically and repeatedly applauded. On every occasion where her name has been mentioned, — in the Maharajah's palace, at the various receptions given by the Brahmos in the homes of Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar and the late Keshub Chundar Sen, in the hall of the London Missionary Institution and of the General Assembly's Institution, — it has awakened immediate response.

The impression seems to be at present strong in Calcutta that the University of Chicago's lectureship in this city was needed, and that its continuance will be permanently useful. It is well known that Christianity has not made large inroads as yet into the higher ranks of Hindu society. The most gratifying feature of the India lectureship thus far has been the presence at our meetings of many who have not heretofore attended distinctively Christian lectures. These are men who are not reached by the evangelistic methods which are so useful among other classes. Still the educated Bengali Christians whom I have come to know are as refined and pleasant people as one would ever meet. A number of them were invited by Mrs. Macdonald to dine with us; and added to the pleasant company was the Hon. A. N. Bose, a foremost man among the Brahmos, a Cambridge wrangler and a member of the Lieutenant-Governor's Council.

I think most of my readers will be interested in a sketch, however hasty and imperfect, of the reception given me on December twenty-third, in the palace of the Maharajah, the leading nobleman of Calcutta, by representatives of the Hindu, Mohammedan, Jain, Parsi, Buddhist, Brahmo, and Christian communities. The Maharajah Bahadur, Sir J. N. Tagore, belongs to a historic line, and is an orthodox Hindu in belief and practice, though his family lost caste several generations ago by involuntarily smelling food which

had been cooked by Mohammedans. The palace is surrounded by many of the poorer buildings and residences of the Hindu quarter. Across the street from it is the new palace, in process of erection, which has some of the features of Windsor Castle. As we entered the Maharajah's residence, we passed between red-coated Indian soldiers, and up the stairway, through an army of servants, to the spacious and splendid drawing-room, carpeted in red and adorned with portraits. Two hundred guests assembled here. The Maharajah, who has an intellectual face and gentle manners, received us, assisted by his adopted son.

Of course no ladies of this Hindu household were visible, but among the guests were perhaps fifty ladies, either Europeans or Americans or members of the Brahmo and Christian communities. Among these were several who had taken their degrees at the university. Nearly all the Bengali ladies wore the Indian costume, which is beautiful and picturesque. The scene was varied and brilliant, and reminded us of the receptions given to the delegates to the Parliament of Religions by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bartlett and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Blatchford in 1893. The costumes were more picturesque in Calcutta, but the faiths and nations represented were more varied in Chicago.

Among those present were the Prince of Mysore; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ameer Ali; Justice D. G. Banurji, an orthodox Hindu, and one of the most respected men in the city; Mr. R. D. Mehta, a leading Parsi; the Honorable Surendra Nath Banerjea, a former President of the Indian Congress; Professor and Mrs. Tomory of Duff College; Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, and perhaps twenty other leading representatives of the Brahmo Somaj; Rai Jotindra Nath Chowdri, a landed proprietor, who is very active in the present Hindu revival; perhaps forty representatives of the Christian community; many Hindus, several Jains and Buddhists, together with heads of colleges in this great collegiate centre. No words can do justice to the courtesy with which these representatives of many faiths spoke of

SIR J. M. TAGORE, MAHARAJAH BAHADUR.

the kindnesses shown to the Oriental delegates by American friends. The heart of this great Indian people has been touched by the regard and sympathy with which the Indian delegates were received in my own country. Many beautiful and loving words have I heard spoken of America since I came to Calcutta.

The reception lasted three hours. Of course the gracious Hindu nobleman could not provide food as a part of the evening's entertainment. But we had something better, — fine Hindu music, skilful and wonderful Hindu jugglery, and all the amenities of Hindu courtesy. Dr. K. S. Macdonald made the address of welcome, and in my reply I spoke of the great privilege at last given me of standing on the soil of India and of bringing a loving salutation from the young and vigorous West to the thoughtful East. I described the hopes and purposes of the lectureship on Christianity, and I took special pleasure in referring to the great past and greater future of India, and expressed the conviction that the best ministry of religion lies in the years to come, when men shall be bound together into a cosmopolitan fraternity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. — THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

IT is one of the truest of old sayings about travel that you find what you are looking for. In India we find everywhere missions, and I can easily make fun of those globe-trotters who see in India tigers and temples, bazaars and nautch-dances, but no evidences that Christian Europe and America are doing anything for the evangelizing of this great land. Missions and missionaries in Bombay, missions and missionaries in Benares, missions and missionaries in Calcutta!

The problems are so many, vast, and complicated that one becomes convinced that there is no man living who thoroughly understands India and Indian missions. Still, there are some things which I am certain that I should be just as sure of after a residence here of forty years as I am to-day; namely, that India needs Christianity and that Christian missionaries are doing good work. A number of the Brahmos realize and acknowledge that Christ is to have a great part in the regeneration of India, while Hindus and Mohammedans understand perfectly well that the schools and colleges which Christianity has fostered have created some of the better conditions of the new national life.

In Benares we saw popular Hinduism, and were far from fascinated by its phenomena. In Calcutta we met very many of the educated Bengali converts to Christianity, and we were highly pleased by what we saw and heard of these fine-hearted Christian men and women. The educated Indians who are Christians do adorn the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. K. C. Banurji, who presided at one

of my lectures and was very active in the recent Indian National Congress, is greatly loved for his character, and has a wide reputation as a persuasive and eloquent speaker. I have assured him that he ought to go to Great Britain and America. He could speak with a sweet, reasonable authority in regard to the needs of India. Another whom I would mention is Mr. B. L. Chatterjea, a subordinate judge of Bengal, whose decisions were never over-ruled by a higher court. When our hostess, Mrs. Macdonald, invited him with others to dine with us, he gave me some "Papers for Thoughtful Men" which he had prepared. One of them, which has passed through four editions, is called "A Brahman Convert's Testimony for Christ," in which he tells us how the doctrine of atonement, instead of being a stumbling-block in his way, became the staff of his life. He told me that Channing converted him to faith in the divine origin of Christianity, and that Moses Stuart's reply to Channing converted him to faith in the divinity of Christ. I have seen and heard many things which lead me to place a high estimate on the value to India of the best Christian literature, and particularly of a Christian literature prepared especially for the Hindu mind. Among the educated Christian women whom we met in Calcutta I have mentioned Miss Bose, the superintendent of the Bethune College for girls, a government institution with about a hundred and eighty students, whom I had the pleasure of addressing last Monday morning. She is a M. A., and is greatly esteemed. It was pleasant to see the Hindu pundits and teachers of philosophy and history who serve in Bethune College under this lady's direction. Miss Bose rightly believes that India will never be regenerated until women are educated. When Macaulay was here and saw fourteen hundred Bengali boys studying English in the government schools, he prophesied that in thirty years idolatry and its accompanying evils would be swept away! The fatal mistake of the government was not to take in hand the education of women from the very beginning. Society cannot

rise much higher than the household, than the mind and heart of the mother. A radical Hindu reformer from Madras expressed to me the opinion that most Indian young men take on an English education simply to get an appointment and thus make a living. And he believes that if the government would reserve for women exclusively a large number of the lower civil offices which were to be theirs after the usual examinations, this change would do much to solve the problem of woman's education. I need not say that idolatry has not disappeared; and however strong and enduring the hold of Hinduism over the popular mind, and this hold is social more than religious, the Brahman priests are not generally respected by well-informed persons. At the recent Indian Social Congress in Calcutta a resolution was passed asking the government to superintend the administration of the funds of the temples, where the worship is sometimes attended with well-known immoralities. When I said to Professor Max Müller that it had been denied that such immoralities were practised, he smiled and said, "One has only to consult the reports found in the Indian Census prepared by the British government."

Christmas was a strange, busy day, in a strange, far-off land, although among very friendly people. Our Christmas letters from America did not arrive until a week later. But there were tokens from friends in Calcutta, and a generous gift of Indian fruits and sweetmeats from Mrs. Mozoomdar. I attended Christmas service at the Dharamtala Methodist Church, and preached on "The Living Christ." In the evening I gave my second lecture, Dr. K. S. Macdonald in the chair, on the "World-wide Effects of Christianity." The next evening I gave a lecture on "Christian Theism the Basis of a Universal Religion," Mr. K. C. Banurji, the Christian Bengali to whom I have already referred, being in the chair. After the three first lectures I felt much more at home with the acute and sympathetic Hindu mind. Not only did I greatly enjoy bringing my message to their earnest attention, but I felt that each

address belonged to the world of action. It was a serious business stamped with reality. It appeared to me a very different thing from proclaiming a similar message before Christian audiences, already persuaded of the truth. On Sunday, December twenty-seventh, the various Brahmo communities gave us a reception in Albert Hall, with addresses by four of their Calcutta leaders, among whom was the Honorable A. M. Bose. Another of the speakers was Mr. M. N. Bose, editor of "Unity and the Minister," the favorite disciple of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, a man full of enthusiasm for Christ and full of the spirit of Christ. From Albert Hall we went to Beadon Square, to the out-door preaching service in which Dr. Macdonald has been for many years actively interested. A chorus furnished by the Young Men's Christian Association led in the musical service, and I preached from Christ's invitation "Come unto Me" to a standing company, among whom I recognized a number of Hindu college students. Beadon Square is now a historic place, for there was fought out and won by the missionaries, headed by Dr. Macdonald, the battle for the right of open-air preaching in the squares of Calcutta, without let or hindrance and without the need of securing a special license liable to be revoked by caprice or malice. For two years before 1881 the open-air preaching in the squares of Calcutta had attracted larger audiences of non-Christian listeners than had ever before been secured in the city. The municipal commissioners, the chairman of whom was a Roman Catholic appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, determined to stop any meetings for religious preaching in four squares of the city without special permission from the chairman. This man was also the head of the police of Calcutta, and was appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, who was hostile both to missions and to morality. Orders were given by the police commanding Dr. Macdonald and another preacher to stop, while they were speaking to an orderly company in Beadon Square on Sunday the first of May. They refused to obey what they deemed an illegal

order, and at a subsequent meeting were arrested. The crusade against the preachers caused immense excitement, and the missionaries, obedient as good citizens to due authority, having no wish to infringe the rights of other people, not desiring any special privileges in connection with open-air preaching which had been going on for fifty years, believing that the stopping of preaching could not well be effected without an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the citizens, informed the head of the local government that they had the same right to enter Beadon Square with other people, and the same right to speak there with those who were ready to listen. Without going into further details of the history let me say that the case was finally brought to trial before a court consisting of four justices, one a Moslem, one a Hindu, and two of them Christians. The missionaries engaged the best native lawyers, and the trial lasted two weeks. The decision of the judges was unanimous, and was written and read by the Moslem, Justice Ameer Ali. It was a crushing defeat for the Lieutenant-Governor and his allies. Although at first there was a purpose to appeal to a higher court, it was abandoned. There was no desire to stir up the Christian and liberty-loving public of England. And Beadon Square is now a sanctuary of free speech. On Sunday evening I attended a meeting of the Fourth Indian Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, and spoke on the "Truth and Comfort of Christian Theism."

On Monday, December twenty-eighth, I gave my first lecture at the southern end of Calcutta in the London Mission Institution at Bhawanipore. On Tuesday morning we accepted the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald to spend the rest of our stay in Calcutta with them, and on both Tuesday and Wednesday I gave two other lectures in Bhawanipore. On Wednesday afternoon a reception was given us at Peace Cottage by Mr. and Mrs. Mozoomdar, which I must briefly describe, as it illustrates Indian ways of welcoming guests. A conch shell sounded its note as we entered the gate. As

we drew near the house, rose-petals were showered upon us from a balcony. Mr. Mozoomdar was dressed in the white robes which he wears when preaching. Mrs. Mozoomdar, who does not speak English, made an address to Mrs. Barrows in Bengali. We were garlanded, and then presented to the Brahmo ladies, a beautiful group of about twenty young women. Our host made an address, to which I responded, after which some remarks were made by the Reverend Mr. Harwood of England. Incense sticks were burned, — another note of welcome. Seventeen different kinds of fruits and Indian sweetmeats were spread before us. Some of these were delicious. Then Sanscrit and Bengali hymns were sung by the "Singing Apostle" among the Brahmos, to the accompaniment of a violin played by a beautiful young girl, who also sang. Among the twenty Indian gentlemen present, several were Brahmo preachers. Before leaving we were shown through our host's pleasant and simply furnished cottage. I was glad to see a marble cross standing on Mr. Mozoomdar's table. The hour we spent in Peace Cottage was one of the most beautiful of our lives.

On Thursday morning I addressed a Boys' Reading Club. In the evening I resumed my work in the General Assembly's Institution, giving my fourth lecture, which has for its theme "The Universal Book." At half-past six I was driven to the Calcutta University, where I delivered an address on "The Parliament of Religions," — a vital theme here in India, involving questions of perpetual interest.

Friday, January first, was a novel opening to a new year. In the afternoon we accepted the invitation of the Maharani of Kuch Behar, the daughter of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, to visit her mother and herself at Lily Cottage. A bell sounded as we entered the yard, and "Welcome" in silver letters was over door and stairway. It is thirteen years now since the eloquent reformer, the best-known Hindu of this generation, entered into his rest. The first day of January is a sacred day with the family, who always

spend it at Lily Cottage together. Keshub Chunder Sen died January eighth, 1884; but on the first day of that year he made his last public prayer, dedicating the sanctuary near to his house and connected with it. We found it filled with flowers; and the monument near by, under which his ashes are buried, was garlanded. On his tomb are inscriptions in four languages, and above it is a marble symbol composed of the cross, crescent, and trident. Within the house garlands, sweets, fruits, tea, singing, and playing entertained us. The Maharani is the wife of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and is a beautiful and accomplished princess. When in England, she was a guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle. The widow of Keshub Chunder Sen is a sweet-faced lady, rich in the love of her ten children and eighteen grandchildren. She was glad to hear that her husband's words had been widely read and were much appreciated in America. A lovelier family and a sweeter family life I have never seen. Not only the Maharani, but several of her brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces were at Lily Cottage, together with some Brahmos, and among them the "beloved disciple." The room where the Indian reformer died is kept as he left it, and was fragrant with fresh flowers. The household revere him not only as husband, father, and grandfather, but also as a prophet. Two portraits of Keshub Chunder Sen were given us, together with a set of his works. The best utterances of this great man are among the classics of the Spirit. That afternoon I lectured on "The Universal Man and Saviour," a leading Hindu land-owner, Rai J. N. Chowdry, presiding, and later in the evening made an address at Keshub Chunder Sen's church.

Saturday afternoon the Missionary Conference of Calcutta gave us a delightful reception at the residence of Principal and Mrs. Morrison. Most of the time was taken up with addresses made by Principal Morrison representing the Church of Scotland, the Reverend Mr. Kerry of the English Baptist Mission, the Reverend J. E. Robinson of the "In-

dian Witness" representing the American Methodists, Dr. Macdonald of the Free church, the Reverend G. H. Parsons of the Church Missionary Society, and others; full of congratulation over the establishment of the lectureship and of thanks to Mrs. Haskell for her wise generosity. After the reception I gave my closing lecture on the "Historic Character of Christianity as establishing its Claim of Universal Authority."

On Sunday afternoon, January third, I lectured on "The Spiritual World of Shakespeare" before the young men of Calcutta, Justice Banurji presiding and making a beautiful address. After tea with Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell White at the Young Men's Christian Association, I drove to St. Andrew's Church, Dalhousie Square, and preached for the Reverend Mr. Taylor of the Church of Scotland. The prominent feature in this large building is a pulpit about twenty-five feet high, which the preacher ascends by a narrow spiral staircase. It is really not a bad place to preach from. Looking around me, I saw the audience seated in the lofty gallery, and then looking into the depth below I descried dimly another congregation. In this way the preacher gets a double inspiration. On Monday morning, January fourth, after visiting Bethune College, I called on the Maharajah who gave the reception at the beginning of my Calcutta experiences. At half-past four we left for Darjeeling, the representatives of four religions coming to the station to see us off.

This is a very imperfect account of one of the most delightful and interesting fortnights that I have ever spent. I have not written of the breakfasts, teas, and dinners at which I met many pleasant people, nor of the scores of callers who turned the drawing-room into a veritable Congress of the Faiths, nor of the visit which I made at the office of the Maha Bodhi Journal, where I met a Japanese Buddhist priest, a Singhalese Buddhist priest, and other friends of Mr. Dharmapala; nor of conferences with representatives of the Newer Hinduism, one of whom brought us

a bushel of fruits on the day of our departure. There were incidents and associations connected with my visit to the church of Keshub Chunder Sen which would furnish materials of themselves for a chapter. Nor have I spoken of the kind offer of the "Indian Mirror," a Hindu paper, to publish all my lectures in full. I should have been glad to accept the offer if I had not been under appointment to give the same course in other Indian cities.

CHAPTER XXX.

DARJEELING, LUCKNOW, AND CAWNPORE.

A FOUR hours' dusty ride brought us to the Ganges. We had passed through the suburbs of Calcutta, through a rich prairie-like country of rice-fields and palm groves, and in the darkness of early evening had reached the Mississippi-like flood of the sacred river. Maruti, our "boy," comes to the railway carriage with a squad of light-footed, quick-handed coolies; and soon our luggage, excepting the "boxes," which have been registered "through" to Darjeeling, is on the heads of these nimble servitors. It takes five of them usually to carry our light luggage, which they do very quickly. One German "Träger" with his strap would transport it all. The terminus of the railway changes with the variable banks of the Ganges. The train runs out on a temporary track to a great ferry steamer. On this we have our dinner; and our companions are a young English gentleman and two ladies who were table companions on our voyage from Egypt. They have come for tigers, and in two weeks the preparations for the hunt will be ready for them somewhere in Central India. That night in our "carriage" there is much noise and dust. At Siliguri in the morning we change trains and have breakfast. We are still in a vast level country, which suggests to some travellers the Russian steppes, but to me the Western prairies. There is no sign of the Himalayas a hundred miles away; and the pale, precise outline of snowy peaks in the clouds, which from this point sometimes appears to the traveller, suggesting "an inaccessible paradise hung in ether, an abode of the luminous, sovereign devas," did not greet our eyes.

In the new train, which we boarded at Siliguri, we began our gradual climb to the foot-hills. This train runs on a two-foot gauge. It is but fifty miles to Darjeeling, but we are eight hours in reaching it over one of the most interesting and picturesque routes in the world. In about a dozen miles we get to the foot-hills, and then La Signora and I were glad that we had taken the comfortable arm-chairs of an open carriage. The cars are very short, less than eight feet long, in order to accommodate them to the sharp curves. The line winds or zigzags as it climbs the seventy-four hundred feet up the rugged gorges and over the wooded sides of the huge-backed hills. A profusion of vegetable growths surpasses anything I have seen before. The clumps of grass look like sheaves of small sugar-canes, while the clusters of bamboos appear like vigorous and thick-planted saplings. In the deep jungles one thousand feet below us wild hogs, bears, deer, buffaloes, tigers, and rhinoceroses are said to flourish, finding an almost safe home in the impenetrable wildernesses. Our eyes are delighted by Nature's growths, so lavishly abundant, — by the oaks and banyans, the mulberry and India-rubber trees, the figs and acacias, the peaches and almonds and chestnuts, by the intertwisted or down-hanging vines of almost endless length, and by what I never had seen before, except in conservatories, the lovely tree ferns.

Tea plantations come in sight, and they look very pretty, — prettier, I think, than the close-pruned vineyards along the Rhine. It is the abundant rains, produced by the clouds from the Indian Ocean striking the Himalayan wall, that call forth this superabundant vegetation. But the railway itself interests us continually. It twists and turns, now making a loop so that we pass over our former track; and sometimes we look down on three almost parallel lines, the second rising above the first, and the third above the second. It grows very cold as we ascend to the four thousand feet station, and when five thousand, six thou-

sand, and seven thousand feet are reached we feel as if winter were rushing down upon us from the high home of the gods.

One of the striking things of the journey to Darjeeling, from Siliguri, is the gradual change in the types of the people. The delicate-looking, thinly clothed Bengali, with his light-colored robes, gives way to the square-faced Mongol mountaineer, with his thick dark woollen cloak, his coarse, unintellectual face, his felt boots and his great triangular yataghan, big enough, as one has said, to disembowel an elephant. We have struck another race. We are on the confines of a new world, the world of Thibet, China, Tartary, Siberia. The Himalayas are the dividing wall of huge tribes. But over the passes the rough, thick-legged, and warlike Mongols have found their way, and now live in the villages which are strung like coins along the line of this mountain railway. They have brought their religion with them, — a debased kind of Buddhism, which mingles often in a strange, confused way with the popular Hinduism.

At the Darjeeling station we were met by a son of Keshub Chunder Sen, and also by the Reverend A. Turnbull of the Church of Scotland mission, who was to be our host. We were soon settled in Mr. Turnbull's mission house, and succeeded after a while in thawing ourselves out by his hospitable fire. The great mountains were covered by clouds, and we had hoped that on the morrow the shining home of the Hindu divinities might be revealed to us. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment, although about ten o'clock one patch of dazzling white was visible high up amid the clouds. It was so high up and so far away that at first we might have mistaken it for a cloud. But no, it was a peak soaring ten thousand feet nearer the sky than the loftiest height of Switzerland. In the afternoon we strolled through the rather interesting bazaar and looked in at the Bazaar mission school. In the morning we had seen two other schools where the children

appeared to me half frozen. Night came, and the clouds thickened, and we went to bed with no hope of seeing on the morrow the unspeakable magnificence of that view which draws travellers to Darjeeling from every part of the world. At about half-past six the next morning our watchful host pounded at the door, with the joyful cry, "The snows are out. Come at once, for the clouds may soon cover them." Barefooted and stockingfooted, we two rushed across the frosty lawn, with steamer rugs over our shoulders, and saw and rejoiced and worshipped. The spectacle lasted three hours. After dressing and "chota hazri," accompanied by our host, we walked through one of the upper streets of Darjeeling, around Observatory Hill, with eyes turned in adoring awe to the heavens. Forty miles away were the great snow peaks. Perhaps ten thousand feet below their summits was a billowy sea of white cloud. These white giants among all mountains appeared to have no pillared hills to support them. There they floated, unspeakably sublime, the double peak of Kinchinjunga rising nearly twenty-nine thousand feet. One is satisfied with such a spectacle.

There is no tinge of disappointment, but only a continuous and joyful longing after the perpetual vision. Below us six thousand feet the valley deepened down into mists, beneath which was an invisible stream. Before us and around us was a broad vista of colossal and darkly wooded hills. And yonder, forty miles away, were the pillars and gates of heaven. The sun kissed into dazzling radiance the white darlings of God, from whose faces the morning beams had taken the cloudy covering. And we, gazing, rapt in joyful astonishment, uplifted, satisfied, felt some sympathy with the Aryan forefathers of our race, who found in these snowy altitudes the inaccessible habitations of the gods. Here were virgin summits which no human foot had ever touched, on which no mortal may ever walk. But such visions as ours could never, after all, repaganize the world. God the Creator sits enthroned above all heights, and no

instructed mind hereafter can worship aught but God Himself.

We passed near the summer home of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. We saw the villas, churches, sanitariums, and schools which whiten the sides of the great hill. Then we climbed a few hundred feet higher to get a new view of the backbone of the world, the mighty mountain wall, ending in the frost-impearled peaks, whose whiteness the sun changes sometimes to flashing gold, such as the Hindu poet saw when he named that summit Kinchinjunga, — the Golden Horn. On Observatory Hill we beheld not only the far-off snows, sublime and pure, but close at hand idolatry, ignoble and degrading. The bushes flared with red, white, and yellow rags, tied there to keep away demons, and papers covered with Buddhist prayers fluttered in the morning wind. The guardian of the summit knelt before a shrine composed of three upright stones. There were flowers stuck in an old bottle, and rice offerings, and Siva's trident, — all telling how Buddhism and Hinduism had been mixed together. The Mongol caretaker gave us some of the rags and prayers as mementos of our visit, and showed us the cave where he slept. The whole scene stamped upon my mind a strong impression, and deepened the conviction that Nature, however sublime her disclosures, is unable to dignify worship and to purify character. Human eyes never witness anything grander than what was unveiled before us; but many a slave's cabin has been the scene of worship infinitely more pure and spiritual than the debasing and mongrel idolatries upon which the snow-peaks of the Himalayas look sadly down.

At eleven o'clock we left Darjeeling for Calcutta. The sellers of cheap jewelry gathered about the train: the women offered us their enormous ear-rings and breast-ornaments, made of blue stone, like turquoise; the men pressed upon us their broad-bladed daggers; but I contented myself with a simple prayer-wheel, revolving which I could say, "Om, Mani, Padmi." In twenty minutes we had lost sight forever of the

mountain deities; but the nearer giants of the hills were friendly and sociable; and a pleasant young Anglo-Indian told us of leopard-hunting and tea-gardens and the varied experiences of his life. In the early evening we were once more on the plains of Bengal. The ride to Calcutta was dusty; but we were glad to be where warmth ruled again. Before eleven o'clock the next morning we were in Calcutta, and at twelve o'clock I was lecturing to three hundred students in Duff College, in a building a good part of which was erected by money which Dr. Duff raised in America. That evening we said good-by regretfully to the City of Colleges, and to the friends there, of all religions, who had treated us with constant kindness. That night our engine was disabled, and we were belated four hours, and unable to make connections at Mogul Serai for Lucknow, and did not reach that historic city until Sunday morning.

Our host and hostess were Reverend and Mrs. William A. Mansell of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. At twelve o'clock I lectured in Reid College, at four o'clock we heard Bishop Thoburn preach to a large Indian congregation in Hindustani, and in the evening I lectured again in the Methodist Church. The North Indian Methodist Conference was in session, and I met many representatives of aggressive Christianity, who are now doing very successful work in India.

But our readers know of Lucknow from the famous siege, from the heroic resistance made by British valor, from the names of Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Henry Havelock, and perhaps from Whittier's poem of "The Pipes at Lucknow." Mr. Mansell informed me that the scepticism which has attempted to discredit the story of the sick Scottish maiden who heard before all others the pipes of Havelock and the wild MacGregor's clan-call is itself now discredited. We visited the Residency, — a mass of flower-covered ruins, — within which Sir Henry Lawrence gathered the women and children, and around which raged the long and terrible battle. British valor and piety had never per-

haps grander illustrations than at Lucknow. The garden about the ruined Residency is one of the most beautifully kept places in the world. We saw the room where Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded by a shell, and near by the cemetery with his tomb, on which is the inscription, dictated by himself: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul." It is hard to realize that amid so much peace and beauty as our eyes looked upon the demons of war ever shrieked and raged. But Whittier's words were ringing in my ears, —

> "Day by day the Indian tiger
> Louder yelled and nearer crept,
> Round and round the jungle serpent
> Near and nearer circles swept."

And then the sad and terrible story is told of anguished prayer and the fearful expectation of death, and worse than death, till amid the roar of Sepoy guns the sick Scotch girl, with her ear to the ground, faintly heard the pipes of Havelock, until after delay other ears caught the notes of the droning pibroch, and at last other eyes saw the far-off dust-cloud, which changed to plaided legions; whereupon

> "Full tenderly and blithesomely
> The pipes of rescue blew.
> Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
> Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
> Breathed the air to Britons dearest, —
> The air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'
> O'er the cruel roll of war drums
> Rose the sweet and homelike strain,
> And the tartan clove the turban
> As the Goomtee cleaves the plain."

The impressions of Lucknow have been deepened by this day at Cawnpore, — a large and flourishing city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, but interesting to travellers chiefly on account of the terrible massacre of two hundred English women and children by the orders of the rebel leader, Nana, at the time of the mutiny in 1857.

The dying and the dead were thrown into a well near the place of the massacre, July sixteenth, 1857. A beautiful grass-covered mound has been raised over the well, and is now crowned by a Gothic wall, with iron gates, within which is a beautiful figure of an angel in white marble. Her arms are crossed on her breast, and each hand holds a palm of victory. Above the archway of the iron gate are written the words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Not far from the tomb is the tree on which the captured Sepoys were hanged after each one of them had been compelled to lick up a square foot of the bloody floor of the house where the diabolical massacre occurred.

We drove, in company with one of the ladies of the Methodist mission, to the Memorial Church, and also to the landing-place on the Ganges where the English prisoners were treacherously murdered after their surrender. One feels that with a great price England has gained possession of her Indian empire, and one can but pray that her beneficent dominion may grow wiser and more beneficent with the lapse of time, and that animosities like those which found expression at Lucknow and Cawnpore may never be revived. On the veranda in front of the window where I sit, an Indian juggler has just been performing his tricks. Following the advice given in Caine's "Picturesque India" for those who come to Cawnpore, I let it be known to some of the servants that a Hindu showman would be welcome. And an hour ago he appeared with all his apparatus tied up in a handkerchief. For us the mango-tree, with its fruit, sprung from a seed in a pot of sand; for us the rupee fled from my hand to the centre of an orange; and, by the stroke of the magician's wand, a ragged little fowl, not larger than a robin, was transformed into a flock of ten beautiful chirping birds. The singing beggars have also gathered around the "Sahib" and the "Mem Sahib" this afternoon. An indiscreet gift of bakshish, altogether too large, evidently started the rumor in Cawnpore that an American millionaire was within the missionary compound,

and a great assortment of poor wretches have been howling piteously about us. A tiny performer stood on his head and sang, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your promise true," and our hostess assured us that the rash gift of perhaps a dime would gather for days a throng of importunate mendicants about her veranda.

The panorama of India, with her temples, mosques, cities, mountains, and various peoples, has been passing before me in the last few weeks, with swiftness, strangeness, and splendor. Bombay, with its palaces; Benares, with its ghats and temples; Calcutta, with its colleges; Darjeeling, with its background of stupendous mountains; and now Lucknow and Cawnpore, with their tragic and heroic memories, — such are some of the elements and phases of the great spectacle which passes before the inner eye as I sit this afternoon in the home of an American Methodist missionary, the Reverend C. G. Conklin, here in Cawnpore. In the vision appear dusky and smiling faces, dark eyes beneath darker hair, looking out upon me in the twilight of memory, a memory that already grows ancient and poetic. Into the eyes of almost twoscore congregations have I looked, and they have been kindly as well as keen with intelligence.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DELHI, LAHORE, AMRITZAR.

A VISIT to Delhi, often called the Rome of Asia, is an introduction to the grandeur and splendor of Shah Jehan, the builder, grandson of Akbar. We were the guests of the Reverend S. S. Thomas of the English Baptist mission, in a rented house which once belonged to Lord Lawrence, before he became the ruler of India. Here I met Dr. F. E. Clark, the leader of the Christian Endeavor movement, and I assisted him in Christian Endeavor meetings both in Delhi and in Lahore.

My first lecture at St. Stephen's College in Delhi, which is conducted by the Cambridge mission, was on the "Parliament of Religions," — a fact of some little interest for the reason that it was Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul emperors, who called together his debating-school of rival priests, — Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, and Christian, — who contended like mediæval knights in a tournament, in no spirit of fellowship and fraternity, but each anxious for an imperial verdict in his favor. Akbar was an eclectic in religion and in matrimony.

European residents have their homes outside most Indian cities, and in almost all our explorations of the native bazaars we drive a considerable distance through English cantonments, by the side of the bungalows inhabited by missionaries, civil and military officers, before we reach the town. Delhi, although it has a population of nearly two hundred thousand, and although its bazaars are rich with enamelled jewelry, exquisite miniatures, engraved gems, cashmere shawls, embroideries, potteries, and carved ivory,

has the usual squalid look of Indian cities, dignified, however, by the walls and gates of the town, by one magnificent and unequalled mosque, the Jumma Musjid, and most of all by the imperial fort-palace, which, in its golden prime, before the building of barracks and its devastation by the English military occupants, probably was unsurpassed by any royal residence in the world. The red sandstone walls enclosing an area three thousand feet long by five hundred feet wide, are grandly imposing, and the gateway is indeed noble. Mr. Fergusson, the architect, calls it "the noblest entrance that belongs to any existing palace." The three objects of interest within the royal enclosure are the public hall of audience, the private hall of audience, and the Pearl Mosque. The last of these buildings is a tiny three-domed marble jewel, called by one the daintiest little building in all India, and which, as another has said, "should be kept in a jewel-case."

The hall of public audience is a red sandstone structure, richly inlaid with marble, open on three sides, and supported by beautiful colonnades. The Emperor's throne and canopy, made of white marble, and adorned with birds, flowers, and fruits in semi-precious stones, stood in the centre of the back wall of this court of audience. But the crowning glory of the palace was the Diwan-i-Khas, or private hall of audience, an open, white-marble building, richly adorned by inlaid work, formerly decorated in gold, while the ceiling was plated with silver. In the centre of this superb hall still stands the white marble dais on which was formerly placed the world-famous peacock throne, whose value was from twenty million to thirty million dollars. Shah Jehan employed the services of a French jeweller, Austin de Bordeaux, to construct this matchless royal seat, which was decorated with the figures of two immense peacocks, whose spread tails were inlaid with emeralds, pearls, and various colored gems, while between them perched a parrot, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. The throne itself was six feet long, and stood on

six golden legs, incrusted with all kinds of precious jewels. The Kohinoor was probably set at one time in Shah Jehan's imperial chair. No one acquainted with human cupidity would expect that a throne into which had been worked a cartload of jewels would last forever, especially in a land of changing military dynasties.

As I sat on the marble dais, where all this splendor once gleamed, and summoned before my imagination the gorgeous scenes on which the proud Emperor gazed, and as I thought of the Persian inscription on the north and south arches of the hall —

> "If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
> It is this, it is this, none but this," —

I felt anew, not only the transitoriness, but the moral unworthiness, of the glories which were made possible by the spoliation of millions and by the practical enslavement of a whole people. There is no reason to believe that the condition of the Indian nations was better in the time of Shah Jehan than in the time of the Queen-Empress Victoria. Indeed it must have been far worse. There are native patriots to-day who imagine that the "simple life of India" is preferable to the "luxurious and enervating civilization" of the West. I have even been asked if I would like to live the "simple life of India." If by this expression is meant the half-clothed distress, the pitiful hunger of the many millions who, not merely in years of famine, but generally, live in mud hovels without the comforts that are enjoyed by some of the aboriginal tribes of North America, I should neither like it for myself nor for the poorest and most abject people of Europe.

One feels almost hopeless for a people living in such material conditions. Of course, the general distress is aggravated in this year of plague and famine. Thousands, we are told, have died of hunger. The British government was altogether too slow in bringing relief, and it seems that it was finally almost driven to take decisive action by the

indignant clamors of those who would not disbelieve what their own eyes saw. I myself have seen pitiful wretches, lean and haggard, gathered at the stations. I have been told of deaths from famine by those who knew the special circumstances. I am credibly informed that mothers have offered to sell their children for one good meal. The camera does not lie, and I have seen pictures of some of the famished subjects of the British Empire taken in December at Jubbulpore, when Lord George Hamilton was dissuading the English people from helping the sufferers because the "situation had not fully declared itself"! But taking our thoughts from the awful contrasts of splendor and squalor, we leave the palace-fort, drive home to breakfast, and then go to the Baptist mission, where Dr. Clark is speaking to a room full of young people, mostly Indians, on the claims and advantages of the Christian Endeavor work. I was glad to add my testimony, which an interpreter made intelligible, to this form of Christian organization and effort. It was a very pretty scene, — the girls, with their white saris, or head coverings, seated on the rug-covered floor in the centre of the room, with the young men and teachers occupying seats around the sides. The peacock throne was a tawdry bit of workmanship compared with the human jewels gathered by the missionaries out of the homeless, darkened, and degraded lives of the Delhi population. The Jumma Musjid, which we next visited, is deemed the finest mosque in Asia. An elevated court reached by staircases, surrounded by walls, with a domed sanctuary on the western side, facing toward Mecca, with an area large enough for twenty-five thousand worshippers, who sometimes are gathered here, — such is the Jumma Musjid. It would have been an inspiring spectacle to have seen on some Friday in the feast of Ramidan the army of worshippers going through their devotions with mechanical precision. In this land of polytheism and idolatry it is not to be forgotten that there are more than fifty million stern monotheists ready to fight beneath the banner which carries

the words: "There is but One God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

The next day Mem Sahib and I took the celebrated drive to the Kutub Minar. We stopped at the pillar of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, and surveyed the great plain around Delhi, covered with the ruined monuments of three religions. I doubt if anywhere else in India, perhaps anywhere else outside of the plain of Egyptian Thebes, are there such architectural desolations and splendors combined as present themselves in this drive. More than a dozen empires have been lost and won in battles about Delhi. And yet one feels in this an almost languid interest, largely because the history lies outside the main current of human development. At Indraput we saw the beautiful Killa Kona mosque, and farther on we visited three superb tombs, — one of them that of Humayun, the founder of the Mogul dynasty of Delhi and the father of Akbar. This was built by his widow. But the tombs of these two and of some other members of the family are without any inscriptions. They are of beautifully carved white marble. At Delhi we began to realize what can be done with chiselled marble. There is a screen near the hall of private audience in the palace-fort which is so exquisitely patterned and daintily cut out that it looks like marble lace.

In our drive we also visited the tomb of Nizamu-din, a renowned saint. It is in a large enclosure, wherein we saw the tank, forty feet deep, into which, with my encouragement, six men and boys leaped from the lofty domes of the neighboring sepulchres. As this is a sacred well, no lives are ever lost by these athletic and aquatic performances. A saintly poet is also buried in the enclosure. There was a red cloth over his tomb, and the interior of his sepulchre was comfortably carpeted. We saw the people worshipping here, and heard a small orchestra and chorus play and sing at this shrine of poesy and piety. Here is also buried a daughter of Shah Jehan. But the tomb of the saint Nizamu-din is the finest of all. The road from Delhi to the

Kutub Minar brings before the traveller's eyes many scores of Mohammedan and other tombs, most of them ruins. And the Kutub Minar itself — the most beautiful thing, excepting the Taj, I have seen in India — rises up from the midst of a mosque and other buildings which time and iconoclasm have shattered. I shall not attempt to describe the soaring splendor and beauty of the great five-storied tower, rising nearly two hundred and forty feet in height. This tower of victory, made of red sandstone and white marble, has been standing nearly seven hundred years, and seems like a curious and graceful palm, or rather like a colossal jointed bamboo in colored stone. We both ascended it, Mem Sahib in the strong arms of coolies, and from the top we looked out on the ruin-covered plain clear to the gates of Delhi.

Descending, we visited the ruined mosque, a strange mixture of Mussulman and Hindu architecture, together with an ancient iron pillar, dedicated to Vishnu, and erected, it is said, in the fourth century. Orders had been left at the Dak-bungalow for tiffin, and for the first and only time we enjoyed the opportunity for rest and refreshment afforded by an institution managed by the government of India for the benefit of travellers. The price of food, drinks, and lodging is fixed by State regulation, and everything about this bungalow was to us quite satisfactory. We found the heat rather oppressive in our eleven-mile drive homeward. But it was comfortable during the night, which was occupied by our railway journey northward to Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub. Indeed, we did not reach Lahore until four o'clock the next afternoon.

We find Indian railway travel, on the whole, quite comfortable, partly because we have been exceedingly fortunate in always having a first-class carriage to ourselves. The great, broad seat is not particularly easy, like our luxurious chairs, for the sitter, but one can stretch himself out on it in the daytime, and, with the aid of his blankets, make a very good bed of it at night. There is a

lavatory attached to each carriage, and the windows and shutters are easily adjusted so as to secure good air or protection from the sun. Some of the windows have brown or blue colored glass, to shield the eyes from excessive light. All the cars have "topes" on. That is, they have a double roof for protection from the heat. The trains are slow and the carriages are not very steady, so that reading and writing are difficult. This, on the whole, has been an advantage, for in the long railway journeys I have had my only rest from the excitement and weariness of constant lecturing, visiting, correspondence, and sight-seeing. The first-class cars are painted white.

The expense of first-class travelling is, on some lines, eight times that of third-class travelling. What has surprised me as much as anything in India is that in this impoverished land the third-class cars are almost always crowded with natives. When we come to a station, they swarm out and fill their brass bowls with water and buy the sweetmeats, cakes, and condiments so dear to the Indian palate. Our meals are often good, though I have grown a little tired of rice and curry. The meats in India are indifferent, but the made dishes are often excellent, and one may purchase soda-water for two annas a bottle. Breakfast and tiffin cost one and a half rupees; dinner, two rupees.

It was January fourteenth when we arrived in Lahore. On the morning of that day we ran into a fine rain, and thanked God for this inestimable mercy. People truly said, "It rained gold!" A similar rain over all India we were told would almost put an end to the famine by insuring the next crop, and thus lowering the price of food. As our train passed through Lodiana, from which our whole mission is named, I thought of Dr. E. M. Wherry, who had lived here for years, and whose name, as we found, is greatly loved and honored throughout the mission. At the Lahore station we were met by the Reverend Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, Principal of Forman Christian College. His family are now in America, and we were taken to the delightful home, which

Dr. Ewing now makes his own, of the Reverend and Mrs. H. D. Griswold. Mr. Griswold, a Sanscrit and Urdu scholar, teaches the Scriptures and philosophy in Forman College, and is highly esteemed as one of our ablest and most scholarly men. At his home during our five days in Lahore we enjoyed not only the company of Dr. Ewing, but also that of the Reverend and Mrs. Arthur H. Ewing of the Christian Boys' High School in Lodiana, — a school with an enrolment of more than a hundred students, that is doing important work, and among other things is preparing boys for the college in Lahore. Mr. Ewing edits the Urdu paper of the Mission. I may also add that Mr. Griswold is the acting pastor of the native church in Lahore, and that he is now preparing a pamphlet in which he exposes the errors of the Arya Somaj, who are very active in the Punjaub and even bitter in their opposition to Christianity. We found Dr. Clark at the Griswolds', and were able shortly after our arrival to attend the closing meeting of the Christian Endeavor Convention which for two days he had been holding. I wish that all my Christian Endeavor readers could have seen what we saw, and heard what we heard from Dr. Clark at this meeting. Delegates had come from various societies in the Punjaub. The singing was spirited and spiritual. After I had given an address Dr. Clark made one of his tender and searching speeches, leading up to the Consecration Meeting which was to close the convention. As the names of the different societies were called, they rose, in numbers ranging from one to half a score, and expressed their feelings and purposes, usually in Scripture selections. I was greatly moved when I saw and heard the testimony given by the Reverend N. P. Das, a beautiful man and a sweet Christian soul, now pastor of the Lodiana Church, the oldest of the Presbyterian churches in India. Not only did I come to have a new appreciation of the service of the Christian Endeavor Society, but I felt also, and as never before, the moral sublimity of that mission work whose fruits are such earnest and loving confessors of Christ as rose in this

convention and renewed their consecration. Things seen are greater than things heard, and I sometimes feel that with all my reading and with all my familiarity with the testimony of missionaries, I never before had any adequate understanding of what it means, for earth and heaven, for time and eternity, to bring one soul to the light of Christ.

These days in Lahore in the company of Dr. Ewing and his friends were almost like getting back to America. The close and delightful fellowships with such Americans with whom we had the joy of those who think and feel alike concerning the things of the Kingdom of God will be gratefully cherished. Dr. Ewing has a great name in India as a foremost Christian educator, beloved by missionaries of all churches and highly respected by non-Christians. A company of Brahmos who called last Sunday, speaking of Dr. Ewing's approaching visit to America, said to me, "Please do not keep him there one day longer than is absolutely necessary." We heard much of Dr. Ewing before our arrival in Lahore, and ever since our departure we have heard men sound his praises. We have every reason to be thankful for the high character and sympathetic wisdom of the American missionaries in India. The morning after my arrival I lectured to the students of Forman Christian College, one of the finest bodies of young men that I have seen, and a larger company of students, I am told, than is found in the Government College at Lahore. The Punjaubis are physically more stalwart than the Bengalis. The new college building was the gift of Miss Kennedy of New York. What a glorious history is associated with the names of Forman and Newton here in Northern India! We had the pleasure of meeting one of the sons of Dr. Newton and the widow of Dr. Forman, and also quite a number of the missionary ladies who had come to Lahore to attend the convention and the lectures. Many will remember what reverence was paid by all classes of the Lahore community, Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh, when Dr. Forman died, and the story is told of the sister of an Anglican Bishop who, coming to the city

and making a call upon a leading non-Christian family, thought that it would make a favorable impression to have it known that she was the sister of the Bishop. She was surprised to receive this reply, "We are not acquainted with the Bishop, but if you are related to Dr. Forman we are happy to make your acquaintance!" The Church Missionary Society came to Lahore at the invitation of the American Presbyterians, and as one of the Church missionaries was speaking to some of the natives about the claims of Christianity, they said: "We do not intend to become Christians; but if we do we want to be Christians of Dr. Forman's kind!"

Most of the inhabitants of Lahore are Mussulmans. There are more than eighty thousand of these disciples of Islâm, while the Hindus number about fifty-four thousand and the Sikhs five thousand. Among the two hundred and ninety-eight students enrolled in Forman College, thirty-eight are Christians, sixteen are Sikhs, while the Hindus considerably outnumber the Mohammedans. Such colleges as this are, in my judgment, of essential importance in the evangelization of India, although the number of conversions and baptisms in college life may be few. Such is the power of prejudice, bigotry, and caste that if even a small number of these college men were baptized in one year, such an event would produce violent agitation, "would nearly empty the class-rooms, and the institution would for a time be shunned as a pestilence-haunted place." This fact shows the supreme importance of the Christian training of boys in the preparatory schools. But the college itself is a preparatory school for the sure-coming exodus of a host from the Egypt of Hinduism and Islâm. The colleges of India have made possible such English-speaking missions as those of President Seelye, Joseph Cook, Dr. Pentecost, John McNeill, the Y. M. C. A. and Student Volunteer Movements, and the India Lectureship. Forman College ranks first in the Punjaub in the success of its students in passing the university examinations.

I am assured by Dr. Ewing that the spirit in which for more than forty years the Presbyterian work has been carried on here has been that of the Parliament of Religions, — that is, the spirit of Christian courtesy. I was glad to meet in Lahore the son of one of my Christian correspondents, the Honorable Maya Das, and I was sorry that another of these correspondents, the Pundit Shiv Narain, the founder of the Deva Dharm Somaj, did not present himself. He has relapsed into Hinduism. We had the pleasure, however, of meeting Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of Bombay, one of the Brahmo delegates to Chicago, who seconded, in a bright and sympathetic speech, the vote of thanks given at my closing lecture. One of our happiest experiences in India was an hour spent at our Boys' School known as the Rang Mahal, intimately associated with the name of Dr. Forman and now greatly needing a new building. It was the Prize Distribution day, and Mrs. Barrows distributed to the winners perhaps a hundred volumes, among which were Webster's Dictionaries, Atlases, well-bound English Bibles, and books of good poetry. The three hundred and fifty boys, most of whom sat upon the ground in the open court, were attired in costumes and decked with turbans of all colors, so that they looked like a flower-garden. It was as bright and happy looking a company of children and youth as I ever saw together. My young friends on the other side of the sea would have been greatly interested in the songs and recitations which we heard in English, Sanscrit, Urdu, Punjabi, and Persian. What American could listen unmoved to these Punjabi boys rendering a dialogue from William Tell about freedom from oppression, or reciting the second chapter of Matthew, the Twenty-third Psalm, the "Burial of Sir John Moore," Phillips Brooks's "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"! At this High School I met an old native Christian who told me with pride that he was one of Dr. Forman's first scholars.

We visited the Forman Memorial Chapel, a new building

on a busy street, where the gospel is daily proclaimed, and Sunday morning we heard the venerable Reverend Mr. Chatterjee, who will be remembered as having visited our churches in America, preach in the vernacular to a large audience of native Christians and others. We enjoyed the service, although I understood but two words, "civilization" and "consecration." I gave in Lahore four of the Indian lectures, — three in the Town Hall and one, Sunday evening, in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Sime, who is at the head of the Department of Public Instruction in the Punjaub and is himself an earnest Christian, presided at the first of the Town Hall lectures; the Bishop of Lahore, a scholarly man and a contributor to the Presbyterian school-work, presided at the second; Colonel Robinson, the English Commissioner, took the chair at the third. The arrangements made for these lectures were admirable; and the audiences, composed mostly of thoughtful Hindus and Moslems, listened with patient attention to my earnest argument for the world-victory of Christianity. The final vote of thanks was moved by Justice Chatterjee, perhaps the leading Hindu of Lahore. I regard the opportunity given me in the Punjaub capital as one of the privileges of my life.

Yesterday we turned our faces southward, spending most of the day in the city of Amritsar, where we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Clark of the Church Missionary Society. This sacred city of the Sikh nation, and one of the chief commercial portals from India into Central Asia, has a population of more than one hundred and fifty thousand, and is the wealthiest city in the Punjaub. The Golden Temple, which rises from the sacred tank in the centre of the city, is the main attraction in Amritsar, except to those who find one of the chief joys of life in the examination and purchase of beautiful carpets. I confessed to extreme weariness, and inquired of Dr. Clark if it would take much time to see the Golden Temple. He replied that it would take three days to see it thoroughly. I told him that I would give one hour. He replied that it was an

American who said, "I guess we 'll do the Alps to-day, and I reckon we 'll do the Apennines to-morrow!"

The Golden Temple is well worth seeing. It is tiny, but beautifully situated in a little lake, the Pool of Immortality, which gives to it its sacredness. The domes are apparently all of gold, and this beautiful shrine is exquisite as it gleams both above and from the water. It is approached by a marble pavement, and inside it is elaborately decorated. This is the temple most revered by the Sikhs, a religious sect, somewhat military in character, which rose in the fifteenth century, monotheistic, with a high and pure morality. Its sacred scripture is the Granth, which forbids idolatry. But such are the tendencies here to idolatrous superstition that a great copy of the Sikh bible is worshipped in the Golden Temple. We saw the high-priest sitting behind the covered book, while hundreds of people streamed into the beautiful place and cast before it their offerings of rice, flowers, and shell money. So far as I know, this is the only place in the world where literal bibliolatry can be seen. In another part of the temple we witnessed a strange spectacle. Relays of men were reading the Sikh bible through aloud. They were under contract to do it, and the reading did not cease day or night. All this was for the purpose of stopping the plague in Bombay. After a delightful lunch party at Dr. Clark's, a visit to the carpet factory on the part of Mem Sahib, where she saw the autographs of the Czarowitz, Prince Albert Victor, and other distinguished visitors, came the lecture in the City Theatre, and then a long and refreshing night ride on the way to this pearl of Indian cities, Agra, where we are the guests of the Reverend J. P. Haythornthwaite of the Church Missionary Society, Principal of St. John's College.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AGRA AND THE TAJ MAHAL.

AGRA is the crown of Asiatic cities, and the Pearl Mosque and the Taj Mahal are the fairest jewels in this diadem. Three names shine in Agra, — Akbar, greatest and wisest of Mogul emperors, the builder of the Fort; Shah Jehan, his grandson, the builder of the Pearl Mosque and of the Taj Mahal; and Mumtaz-i Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace, the Emperor's wife, for whom he built the most beautiful of all sepulchres.

Akbar is a name great and pure enough to achieve and hold world-wide reverence. He was intrusted with a most difficult task, that of wisely and successfully governing an empire composed of different races and religions. Himself a Moslem, a disciple of the Koran which enjoins the extermination of infidels, he was better and more merciful than his own scriptures, and his name has become the synonym of religious toleration. In the famous Congress of the Creeds, which he assembled at his palace in Fatehpur-Sikri, were gathered representatives of the leading religions of Asia, although it is still a matter of historical dispute whether or not Buddhists were present. But the spirit of Akbar was more tolerant than that of the priests and moulvies who contended before him. The Jesuit "padres" who had made a forty-three days' journey from Goa on the West Coast in response to the invitation of the Emperor, appear to have employed the language of theological acrimony; for the report has come down to us that they applied to Mohammed the name and attributes of the devil. Still these clever men made a great impression upon Akbar,

for he intrusted to them the instruction of his second son, Mourad, and the young prince used to begin his lessons with the words "O Thou whose names are Jesus and Christ." Akbar chose his wives from women of various faiths, and permitted them to worship each in her own way. Although his scheme of a practical religious eclecticism was a failure, his vision, which Tennyson has embodied in crystal poetry, was more than a dream. The world reverences him who cherished it, and surely some evidences of truth and wisdom were not wanting to it. If Comparative Theology should ever build a temple, Akbar's would be a chief figure within it.

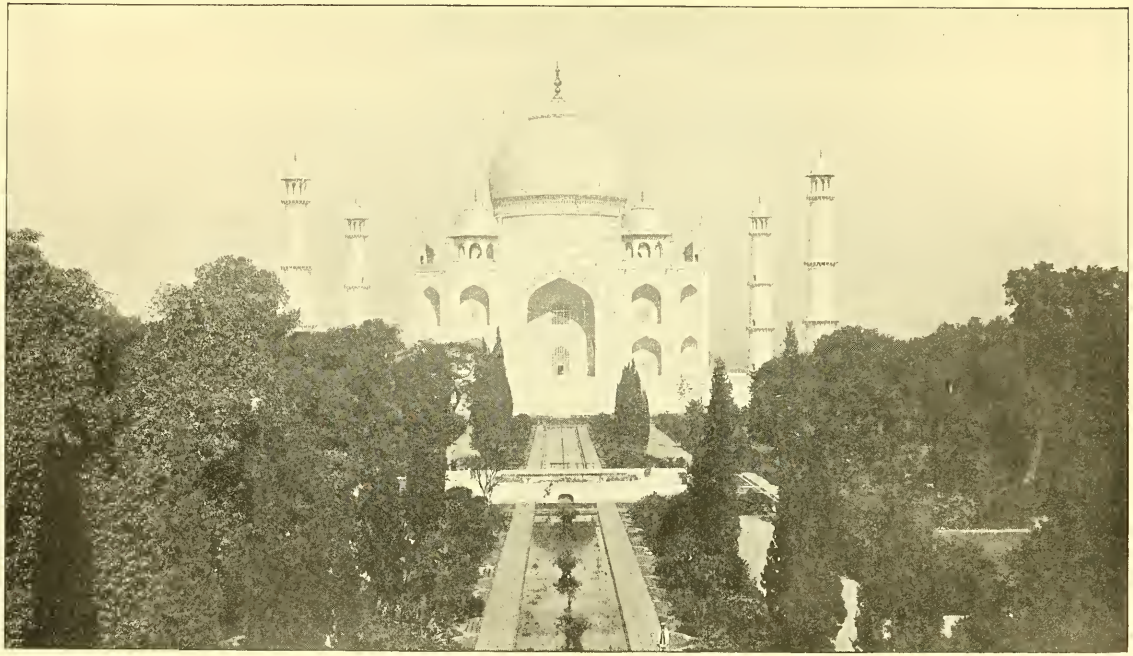
Yesterday we stood by the alabaster slab in Akbar's magnificent tomb on which are written the ninety-nine names of God. Many-sided are the aspects of the Divine Nature, and many are the gates of the palace of darkness out of which men have walked into the light of the Eternal. At Secundra, six miles from Agra, is the massive red-sandstone, pagoda-like structure, inlaid with white marble, in whose gloomy vault rests the body of the great Emperor. But on the highest platform, under the blue sky, is the beautiful cloister of lustrous marble, cut into lattice-work, in the centre of which is the cenotaph on which in Persian are inscribed the words "God is Greatest," "May His Glory Shine." Near by is a marble pillar, formerly covered with gold, which once held the Kohinoor, most precious of all diamonds. The true Kohinoor, the Mountain of Light, in the world of religion, is genuine toleration; and this has been removed from Moslem hands, and gleams in the treasury of the Empress-Queen, whose dominion has been called "the hugest outstanding Parliament of Religions in the world." As I stood, in the early morning of this January day, looking out on the world of Indian life and the green fresh beauty of the Indian landscape, from the marble balcony of the Emperor's tomb, I could but remember how the Emperor's name was honored by those that, a few years before, had gathered from all the world in

an American city whose foundations were not laid till more than two centuries after Akbar had ended his weary life.

Inside the magnificent red wall of the Agra Fort we saw what is left of the palaces and mosques of the Mogul rulers. These buildings are now jostled by English barracks, and some of them are sadly mutilated by cannon-balls; but they surpass by far anything that we have yet seen of Mohammedan architecture. The audience halls; the suites of palatial rooms; the latticed balconies, with their superb views over the Jumna; the balcony from which Shah Jehan, in the years when he was the State prisoner of his own son, Aurangzeb, used to gaze along the river at his wife's beautiful tomb, the Taj Mahal; and above all, that purest and most perfect of Moslem shrines, the Moti-Musjib, or Pearl Mosque, with its cloistered court and three white airy domes, — who that has seen all this can forget the day and the hour when such visions of white splendor became a part of his life?

But what I have written of tomb and mosque has been put down mostly because of the hesitation which I feel in approaching the Incomparable, the Immortal — I will not call it temple or sepulchre — whose stately dome of pearl haunts the life of all those who have gazed upon it in moonlight or sunlight or starlight, and permitted its tender and pathetic magic to penetrate and captivate their souls. I did not feel the impatience which many travellers have recorded to see, in close proximity, the palace-crown of all the marble structures now borne on the bosom of the earth. My feeling was rather one of awe, mingled with a deep loving joy that such a marriage with the spirit of love and beauty was now awaiting me. I felt like lingering in the halls of anticipation, like asking the driver not to hasten over the moonlit road which led us to the great gateway of the garden-court in whose centre the Taj stands. I was glad to pause and to look with wondering admiration at this magnificent portal of red sandstone, surmounted by

marble cupolas and decorated with sacred sentences from the Koran. But when at last the gate was entered and the eyes looked up the long cypress-shaded avenue to the white and stately mausoleum, bordered with gardens and streams and fountains, lifting its bubble of a dome into the moonlit heavens, then and there the soul's marriage with the spirit of the beautiful was consummated in a deep of holy ecstasy. Slowly, almost reluctantly, we walked the long shaded path leading toward the white marvel, whose four sentinel towers appeared to guard it joyously like slender white-robed maidens standing about a princess-bride. We sat down by the central fountain to look at the great platform of marble, and the stately portal which rose above it, and the half-shadowed recesses on either side, and the two tiny cupolas and slender minarets above, till the vision ended in the swelling and soaring white dream of a dome which seems almost to lift the whole marvellous fabric into the skies. I was prepared by the pictures and by the words of travellers, historians, and poets, for something supremely beautiful which might be likened to a cut and polished jewel; but I was not prepared to find this jewel of heroic proportions, its loveliness expanded into majesty, its grace wedded to magnificence. What we saw was a crown, but it was the crown of Asia and of the world; it was the greatest and fairest expression of royal love, wielding unlimited wealth and power, ever inscribed on the checkered page of history. The waters glassed and reflected the stately and pearly shrine; the pointed cypress-trees and the gloomier and darker foliage beyond were not only the artistic setting of the mighty jewel, but by contrast deepened its splendor, while their shadows seemed sympathetic with that royal grief with which our hearts were instinctively in accord. Then the softness and stillness and brightness of the moonlit night made an atmosphere bathing everything and filling our own souls with thoughts and dreams, with memories and hopes, beautifying and sanctifying all life.



THE TAJ MAHAL.

Finally, we mounted the marble platform, where an army might stand. Oh, what artists these Moslem architects and their Christian assistant proved themselves to be! How they prepare the eyes and the heart for the sacred beauty and the more sacred love which they have revealed or memorialized! Where we now stand we can see that there are two wings to the marble mausoleum, one of which is a mosque, far enough removed to appear only sacred guardians of the holier shrine. As we walk about the platform, we repeat with so many before us, "The work of Titans," and finally, drawing closer to the Palace Crown, we exclaim, "The work of jewellers." No other building in the world has such an ornamentation of precious stones, their colored beauties bringing out the wisdom of sacred Persian texts around the majestic portals, and elsewhere in the spandrels and angles and screens and tombs within, spreading out into an infinite wealth of scrolls and wreaths and arabesques of jasmine, columbine, poppy, and carnation, filling our eyes and souls with the joy and wonder of seeing all most beautiful things here lavished in fadeless embroidery. The delicate bas-relief ornamentation of white marble found everywhere satisfies and delights the lover of beautiful forms. But when, standing beneath the central dome by the tombs of the Emperor and the Emperor's wife, with the soft light coming in only through the exquisite screens of marble, one gazes in bewildered joy at this wealth of jewelled ornamentation, with its richness of abiding colors; he feels that art and love and faith have here reached the climax of beautiful expression. It was the light of torches which revealed to us the interior on our first visit, when the full moon was shining on the dome above; but the next morning the jewelled splendors of the Taj seemed lovelier still in the sunlight. Side by side in the vault below, on the level of the ground, are the real but plainer tombs of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz-i-Mahal. But immediately above them, in the apartment which rises into the matchless dome, are the jewelled sepulchres surrounded

by the exquisite trellis-work, where one lingers and lingers, loath to depart. And yet, as he walks once more on the spacious platform in moonlight or sunlight, looking up at dome or slender sentinel towers or down upon the blue sliding waters of the Jumna, he feels himself to be in a world of beauty not less exquisitely beautiful than that within.

He who has seen the wonders of the world may contrast the Taj Mahal, especially after he has gone away from it, with the florid gorgeousness of St. Peter's; he may feel a certain deeper intellectual sympathy with the world of thought and emotion brought before him by King's Chapel in Cambridge and the ivy-mantled towers of Oxford; he may feel his soul drawn nearer to God in mighty aspiration and in memory of the world's Christian past, in the columned aisles of the Cologne Cathedral; and standing amid the statues and sculptured flower-garden on the roof of "many-spired Milan," beholding the sunlight breaking through the clouds on the snowy peaks of St. Gothard, he may have a keener sense of the grandeur of man and the greatness of God; but nowhere else so fully as in the Taj Mahal have I had such a sober certainty of the waking bliss of beauty and of human love embodied in architecture. Standing beneath the dome, Moslem lips breathed forth the name of Allah, and melodious echoes, softening and dying away, brought back to our ears the sacred syllables. The Palace Crown of Asia is not out of harmony with the spirit which ascribes all glory to Heaven. "Earth with her ten thousand voices praises God."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JEYPORE TO MADRAS.

WE found Jeypore, which we reached after a ten hours' ride from Agra, the most interesting, in certain respects at least, of all Indian cities. The Reverend Mr. Macalister, of the United Presbyterian Mission of Scotland, was our courteous and delightful host, and he gave me a day of sight-seeing unembarrassed by lectures. It was early in the morning when we had our first drive through the high-walled and rosy city, a town of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by rugged and fort-crowned hills, and the capital of a prosperous Native State with a population of two and a half millions. The Maharajah who governs this community intrusts nearly all the affairs of state to his prime minister, a very enlightened man who called on us in the afternoon. I found him a person of commanding mind and liberal spirit. He was graduated from Duff College, Calcutta, and although himself a nominal Hindu, he gladly owns his large obligations to the Christian missionaries. Fully one-half of the hour's conversation which we had together was devoted to Shakespeare, of whom this Indian statesman has been a profound student.

Jeypore was to us the greatest sensation since Benares. It is a city of pink houses and broad streets where elephants, monkeys, cows, and tens of thousands of pigeons are equally at home. Such costumes, with more than the colors of the rainbow, apparently devised by some Hindu Turner in an hour of madness, I have never seen elsewhere. Here is a city into which European life seems scarcely to have intruded, and which is apparently happier and

more prosperous than most Indian cities. In reality, however, Western civilization has done a large work beneath these Oriental ways and forms, for Jeypore is lighted by gas, and rejoices in an immense Public Garden, laid out by European skill; in a great college, which is affiliated with the University of Calcutta; in a hospital; a school of art; and in an almost magnificent museum, Albert Hall, designed and built by Colonel Jacobs, the presiding genius and good angel of Jeypore. But driving by the fantastic Hall of the Winds, or the tall tower which overlooks the city, or wandering through the Maharajah's palace and pleasure-ground within which his Highness employs and feeds ten thousand attendants; inspecting and buying the beautiful enamel-work done in the bazaars; taking a peep at the splendid tigers, or watching the horrible alligators snatching great pieces of meat in the immense royal tanks; beholding the monkeys scampering along the houses, or even gazing at the curious and colossal instruments in Jey Sing's Astronomical Observatory; and above all, looking at the motley and many-colored procession of people, moving along the pink streets, which in color and material appear like the scenery of some gorgeous and fantastic stage, — one loses sight of everything Occidental, and says in his heart, "This is the East, the quintessence of all brilliant and bewildering Orientalism."

The old capital and the old palace are at Amber, five miles from Jeypore, picturesquely situated at the entrance of a steep mountain gorge, in the vicinity of a lovely lake. Every traveller is eager to visit this now deserted city, inhabited only by a few mendicants and many monkeys. We had expected to ride an elephant up the steep which leads to the old palace; but a plague had broken out in the Maharajah's stables, and seventeen of his elephants had died, while the rest had been sent into the country. Thus, instead of a gigantic quadruped, a "transport" was sent to carry us to the empty but still very impressive palace, where we arrived too late to see, in a small temple, the daily kill-

ing of the goat as a sacrifice to Kali. The Rajput artists, for we are now in Rajputana, knew how to build fine courts, audience-chambers, stairways, and to decorate palaces with glittering magnificence. Within the great deserted rooms we saw the mica decorations, inlaid in plaster, making thousands of tiny mirrors, so that when I waved my arms I surpassed the thousand-handed deities of the East. Sir Edwin Arnold has employed all the wealth of his colored and brilliant words to describe Jeypore and Amber; and although his praise may be extravagant, his vivid word-pictures make no such enduring impression on the mind of the reader as even a day's visit makes on the memory of the traveller.

We left Jeypore early in the evening, and arrived at Ajmere at the sleepy hour of two in the morning. Dr. Husband was on the veranda of his home to meet us, however, and we soon had a second sleep, from which we rose to a quiet and delightful Sunday in an ancient and beautiful city. About one-third of its population is Mussulman and two-thirds are Hindu. The Moslem architecture here is said to be unsurpassed in delicacy and beauty. But my day was given to rest, except that I lectured in the afternoon to one of the best audiences of non-Christians that I have thus far met. Later, too, I preached in the Presbyterian Church. All this, however, was consistent with the ideas of a restful day which I have come to cherish in India.

It is a long ride from Ajmere to Indore, — that is, long in time. The three hundred miles were accomplished in twenty hours! The trains in Rajputana are deliberate. We reached Indore at about six in the morning, and found there, waiting to welcome us, the Reverend Mr. Wilkie and the Reverend Mr. Ledingham of the Canadian Presbyterian mission, two native Christians, several Brahmos, and a carriage with men in red and green livery, sent by his Highness the Maharajah of Indore. This carriage was at our disposal during the day, and I felt that it gave me an importance not

altogether clerical. After "chota hazri" we drove with our missionary friends through the interesting capital of this Native State, saw the Maharajah's gardens, visited a section of the town where effective mission work is carried on in a "mahalla," or court given up to poor people who work in leather, went out into the country, which is largely planted with poppy, and gained a deal of information from Mr. Wilkie, who is one of the most energetic missionaries I ever have seen.

Indore is a centre of the opium trade and a quantity which sells here for twenty-eight rupees sells in Bombay for six hundred rupees. The government puts a fairly heavy tax on it! It is generally believed that the use of opium as well as the use of intoxicating drinks is growing in India. The government has these things in its own hands, and is pursuing, as many believe, a wrong system. It sells the privilege of making and retailing intoxicants. A privilege which once cost only fifteen thousand rupees in Indore finds a buyer now, according to Mr. Wilkie, at more than one hundred thousand rupees. Is not this of itself ample evidence that the use of alcoholic liquors is gaining ground? India, beyond most nations, has known the destructiveness of war, the destructiveness of plague, and the destructiveness of famine. If, according to Mr. Gladstone, intemperance has wrought for mankind more woe than war, pestilence, and famine combined, what damage will drunkenness not work upon the physically weak races of India if the Hindus ever become a drunken people! Some of these considerations Mr. Caine has been urging upon the government of India in his lectures during the last winter.

We visited the girls' boarding-school and the hospital belonging to the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, after driving through a lovely park, where I saw for the first time the bo-tree, the Ficus Indicus, under which Buddha received his enlightenment at Gaya. The Canadian flag waved above the college, where in the afternoon I delivered my lecture in one of the most beautiful halls I have seen in India.

Mr. Wilkie was greatly pleased to bring together in the audience most of the leading non-Christians of the city. Earlier in the afternoon we had a reception, given by the Brahmos, at their mandir, or place of worship. I was surprised to see some of the Brahmo ladies wearing nose-rings, which are discarded by Christians in North India, and, so far as I have seen elsewhere, by Brahmos also. Just before the lecture we made a call by invitation upon the Maharajah, the absolute ruler of more than a million people, with a military establishment of about nine thousand troops and with revenues amounting to about four million dollars. He is a large man physically, much too large for his own comfort, and he received us barefooted, — a mark of respect. He was dressed in a long white silk robe, with a white cap. He sat in a chair, and proceeded to ask me questions regarding America and especially Chicago. He had particularly stipulated that I should not speak to him of religion. He was interested in inquiring about the railroad riots of 1895, which he thought a symptom of great weakness in our civilization. He was astonished to learn of the wages received by workmen of different classes in America. He inquired about Mr. McKinley's policy, and evidently was surprised when I told him that the average wealth in America was greater than that in England, while that in England was thirty times that in India. He spoke of Canada, and when I expressed a wish for continental union in America, he said: "I hope that the country will then all of it come under the rule of good Queen Victoria." A servant brought us betel leaf filled with spices and covered with silver paper. This was the signal for our departure.

I have reserved for the last the unique and most interesting experience of the day. At tiffin-time the Maharajah sent to our temporary home a colossal elephant, so that we might enjoy a ride. He was almost as tall as Jumbo and thicker set. He had a back on which a Hindu temple easily could have been carried. After photographing him,

we mounted him, four of us. His elephantine majesty, obedient to the stroke of the driver's iron rod, knelt down, and we climbed by a ladder to seats in the howdah. When he rose to his feet, his riders thought for a moment that my lecture tour in India was about to end! The tower seemed on the point of tipping over. Things came to rights, however, and our lofty perch was pronounced a delightful seat, and, as the elephant-puncher put in his work behind, and the great beast trotted down the road, we regarded our exaltation and locomotion with princely self-complacency. For daily comfort and convenience, however, give me, in preference to an Indore elephant, an out-door donkey.

The Reverend Robert A. Hume, D.D., of Ahmednagar, has made all the arrangements for my India pilgrimage, answering correspondents, accepting or declining invitations, and furnishing an exact itinerary down to the minute of our arrival and departure in the case of every city. He is now called "Major Pond." On leaving Indore we looked forward with great pleasure to meeting the kindly Major. He had promised us two days of rest in his home. We arrived at two o'clock in the morning, and, finding the American mail awaiting us, closed our eyes in sleep about four. For three successive mornings the Major's sweet voice awakened us at half-past six. I faithfully submitted myself to the detailed programme which he had arranged, and in the two and a half days of our sojourn in his delightful home, under his restful superintendence, I made six addresses, enjoyed three receptions, visited four schools, went to a native concert, made several calls, attended service in a village church six miles away, there baptizing two native converts, visited the famine-relief works seven miles from Ahmednagar, answered some correspondents, and received many friendly visitors. As the heat had destroyed my appetite, I went through these days of rest on the strength of Indian tea.

Dr. Hume has one of the most successful missions we have seen in India. He took especial pains to have me see all

sides of his work, and to call on several Christian families and even at the home of a Hindu Brahman gentleman. This man, a lawyer, accompanied us through the different rooms of his house. We saw his shrine, the apartments of the women, which we did not enter, his store of grain for the year, the children's play-room, and his library, where I discovered on the walls three framed pictures, all exactly alike, of Charles Bradlaugh ! In this room were several of his clients ; and before we separated, at Dr. Hume's suggestion and with the Brahman's kind permission, I led the company in prayer, all standing. One afternoon while I was visiting the Normal School and the Industrial School, Mrs. Barrows addressed the Christian women of the town, a church full of them. She complained that although she spoke in loud, clear tones, the women paid her languid attention, compared with what was given to Miss Emily Bissell, her interpreter ! One morning we drove out with several missionaries, one of them on a bicycle, seven miles into the country, to Hingangâw. The Christians of the village, knowing of our approach, came out to meet us with strange music of horns and native drums, escorting us to the schoolhouse, which is also the village church. And here I had one of the chief privileges of my life. I was permitted to baptize two young men, recent converts to the gospel. Never before have I been so deeply moved at such a service. It seemed to me that he who stooped to the lowliness of Bethlehem and Nazareth was almost sensibly present in this little meeting-house, which the dark hands of humble people had decorated with fruits and wild flowers, out of regard to one of Christ's ministers who had come to them from the other side of the world.

On leaving Ahmednagar, with its Sabbath quiet and repose, we began our journey to Poona. The awful plague not only closed Bombay to my lectures, but closed the schools and colleges and half the houses of that fated city. At Poona we were the guests of the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Small, of the Free Church of Scotland Mission. Principal

Mackichan of Wilson College, Bombay, was also a guest in the same beautiful home, and I shall never forget the stirring address which he made at the close of my last lecture. The full course of my lectures was given here instead of in Bombay, and, as the intellectual capital of Western India and as a great centre of Brahmanic influence and of the most intense Hindu spirit, Poona was deemed hardly second even to Bombay in importance. It would require a whole chapter to give even a meagre account of our experiences and various doings in Poona, to speak of the receptions accorded by Hindus, Brahmos, missionaries, and the native Christian community; to tell of the Christian workers whom we came to know, among whom was Mr. Wilder of the Students' Volunteer Movement; and to describe a few of the interesting natives who came to talk over their religious convictions. Four of my lectures were given in the theatre right in the midst of the plague-smitten portion of the city, for Poona, too, is suffering from the pestilence that walketh in darkness and smiteth also at noonday. In driving to the theatre in the early evening we passed by the fires, burning disinfectants, and saw houses unroofed where death had been. Only a handful of missionaries ventured to leave the cantonment or pleasant European quarter outside of the town, but an average of five hundred English-speaking Hindus were present at each address. Only those who had received a ticket were admitted, and an earnest effort was made to keep out the "Young Poona" element, the proud Brahman youth who have gained notoriety for their bitter opposition to everything Christian and Western, and who made riotous demonstrations even at the meetings of the Indian National Congress. At the first lecture there was one hiss directed against some distasteful Christian sentiment; at the second lecture there were three or four brief outbursts of disapproval, of which I was apparently unconscious, proceeding in the rapid delivery of my lecture with a voice that would probably have been audible in a cannonade! The hostile

noises proceeded, however, only from a few. The body of the house was filled with as grave and attentive a company as I ever addressed. At the third lecture Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., presided, and was to hold a Temperance and National Congress meeting in the theatre after the close of my lecture on Christian Theism. The room was packed with dark-faced, white-turbaned hearers, among whom "Young Poona" was not wanting. There was a crowd in the street yelling to get in and anxious to have my audience get out. Mr. Caine opened the meeting by recalling what splendid services America had rendered to India, through schools, colleges, hospitals, and churches. For half an hour my lecture proceeded without disturbance. During the second half-hour there were several brief outbursts of dissent, which kept the speaker on his nerve, but which were evidently distasteful to the good sense and good feeling of the weightier part of the audience. In the three following lectures there was no disturbance whatever. The local papers, even those most bitter against Christianity, read lectures to "Young Poona" from editorial pulpits; but to me this was one of the amusing and much prized experiences, which I should have been sorry to have missed. With this exception, and with a single moment's hostile demonstration at my closing lecture in Bangalore, Indian audiences have been unvaryingly courteous and attentive. The truth is that I could have preached Christianity in India in the ordinary way and have excited no hostile feeling whatever. But it has been my mission to speak of Christianity from the standpoint of Comparative Religion. This is one of the fairest ways of setting forth the claims of the gospel. But if it is done thoroughly, no matter with what kindness and courtesy of speech, the method is the most disturbing to Hindu pride which one can use. I have moreover spoken to many thousands who have not been accustomed to hear an earnest, direct presentation of the claims of Christianity. Under these circumstances the patient and attentive kindness of my

Hindu audiences has been remarkable and admirable. Before leaving this subject I must record an experience which came to the Reverend Joseph Cook at the close of his lecture in Poona. One of the Cowley Fathers (English High-Churchmen) presided. At the close of his address Mr. Cook asked if there would be any objection to all uniting in the Lord's Prayer. The chairman arose and made decided objection, ending his ill-chosen remarks by saying that we had the command of Christ Himself, forbidding us to cast pearls before swine! This was like the explosion of a bomb. Men sprang to their feet shouting and gesticulating, and the meeting closed chaotically.

It was on February ninth that we reached Bangalore, a beautiful city with a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, situated on a healthful plateau more than three thousand feet above the sea. The cantonment where the English reside is one of the largest in India. Here is the palace of the famous Tipu Sahib. The native quarter is one of the cleanest that I have seen. Bangalore has fine Roman Catholic institutions, a Wesleyan college, good public buildings, an immense parade-ground, one of the finest halls in which I have spoken, a Hindu temple where I heard some really stirring music, and a Cosmopolitan Hindu club, where I met fifty as agreeable and intelligent Hindu gentlemen as I found in India. In Bangalore we first saw the serpent stones, — rows of slabs on which snakes are carved. Around these women were perambulating and making their offerings. My three lectures in Bangalore were given in the three different halls, so as to accommodate the different parts of the city, for these Hindu cities resemble our national capital in their magnificent distances.

I had a reception one morning at the reading-room and library of a native gentleman, who, with his long beard and bare feet and the white ash-marks of his god on his forehead, might almost be taken for a fakir, but who is one of the most intelligent and liberal-minded of men. In his library I saw Mr. Gladstone's edition of the Works of

Bishop Butler, and, as showing what contrasts exist in this land, I may say that attached to the library is a Hindu temple which our Christian feet were not permitted to enter. Connected with the temple and library was a Hindu orphanage. At Bangalore we were the guests of the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Vanes of the English Wesleyan Mission, and we met the missionaries of all churches in a delightful reception at the home of the Reverend T. E. Slater, of the London Mission Society, one of the most scholarly missionaries in Southern India.

From the cool and beautiful plateau we descended in a hot and restless journey to Vellore, a lovely city of the plain, where we were the guests of the American missionaries, the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Chamberlain of the Reformed Church. In this, the Arcot Mission, Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder, one of a great family of Indian missionaries, toiled for many years. It was our privilege, when Dr. Scudder left Plymouth Church, Chicago, for Japan, to give him a farewell dinner, at which his brother ministers bestowed upon him a gold-headed cane. How I wish now that I had known the Hindu forms of affectionate greeting and farewell! In that case we should have read to him a gold-printed address, placed garlands around his neck, sprinkled him with rose-water, touched his hands with fragrant oil, filled his pockets with limes, and burnt incense sticks in his honor! This affectionate ceremonial would have reminded him pleasantly of many scenes in far-off India, where his great work still lives after him. In the Arcot Mission the Scudders and Chamberlains rule, and we had the good fortune to meet nine of them among them Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, whose delightful book of Indian sketches has just been issued.

Vellore is certainly one of the brightest spots in our memories of India. A reception committee composed of Hindus, Mohammedans, Theosophists, and Christians was organized to take charge of us, to arrange for the lecture, to show us the fort and temple and city schools, and to give the lecturer a morning reception on the day of his depart-

ure. My address was given in the American mission high-school building. The hall was crowded with what Mr. Chamberlain reports to have been "the finest and most intelligent audience that could probably have been gathered in the district." The chairman was the Moslem mayor of the city, Mr. Habibollah Sahib, and the address of welcome was read by Mr. N. R. Narasimmiah, B.A., B.L., the district judge. I had a new impression of the respectful courtesy and admirable patience of this Indian people. It is my habit here to put into my lectures the full force of my deepest and most fervent convictions. I speak with the absolute assurance which I feel, and I am well aware that my addresses put a tremendous strain on the courtesies of my non-Christian hearers, particularly at this time when Hinduism is undergoing one of those revivals through which the doomed and dying system spasmodically passes. I am continually telling my hearers that Christianity alone has in it the elements that fit it to become a universal religion, and that the Gospel of Christ alone is adequate to the regeneration of India. Hindu national pride often passionately protests, but the Brahman judge who in Vellore conducted us through the fort and elaborately sculptured temple freely acknowledged to me the vast changes that had come from Christian influence, and confessed that Hinduism must purify itself by going back to its sources if it hoped to survive. The caste system he found a burden, and he believed that it was doomed.

My connection with an American university led the committee in Vellore to arrange for a visit to the representative educational institutions of the city. Accordingly I was first received at the missionary high-school, where an address was presented on behalf of the teachers and eight hundred pupils, after which I was conducted over the school by the manager and head-master. I next visited the Hindu middle school, where I was met by the district munsiff, or circuit judge, the manager and head-master, and was shown the various classes. The founder of this school was the mahunt

who had charge of one of the greatest temples of Southern India. The enormous revenues of this temple he misappropriated, and a few years ago he was tried, condemned, and imprisoned. It was proved against him that the kegs of gold coin which he exhibited as the treasure of the temple were gold only on the surface. Copper coins had been substituted for the greater part of the temple's wealth.

Vellore surpassed all other places in floral welcomes. Did not Mem Sahib photograph me decked in thirteen garlands and holding three bouquets in my hands? But Vellore is hot, and my pleasantest experiences there were in a great swimming-tank built by one of the benevolent Scudders. At half-past eight in the morning the Hindu Club gave me a reception with the usual printed address of welcome. People here are very fond of titles, and they think it discourteous to omit any which justly belong to a guest. Between two banana-trees was suspended a large red banner whereon were these words in white, —

WELCOME TO DR. BARROWS, M.A.

The Mem Sahib insisted that the last two letters made the welcome include her!

February thirteenth we drove to the junction, five miles away, to take the train for Madras. It was a beautiful drive through a rice country, where the green fields and the many sheets of water reminded us of the valley of the Nile, and where I should not have been surprised to see the Pyramids taking the place of the rocky hills which came frequently into sight. Southern India escaped the famine this year. Its turn came in 1877, when millions were swept away. The Reverend Mr. Vanes of Bangalore told us that in walking from his house to the high-school he sometimes counted a dozen dead bodies by the roadside. But this year Southern India is a delight to the eye, and our visit to the south land has been in many respects the most interesting part of our long journey. The Moslem mayor of Vellore was at the station to bid us good-by; and our host,

Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied us to Madras, where a large committee of reception met us at the station. Among them were Colonel Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society, one of the editors of "The Hindu," Dr. Murdoch of the Christian Literature Society, the Reverend Maurice Phillips, who was present at the Religious Congresses in Chicago, and several other of the Christian missionaries.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MADRAS — THE MALABAR COAST AND MADURA.

MADRAS, a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, capital of the Southern Presidency, rises along an exposed coast-line and is not a favorite halting-place for tourists. It has no magnificent temples to attract the visitor, and its heat is of the muggiest. But to me it has proved one of the most interesting cities in India, the climax of all my long trip. From the windows of the Christian College, where we are housed, or at least from its tower, we may look out upon the artificial harbor, protecting ships from the violence of cyclonic tempests; we may look over Blacktown to the north, and turning southward may see Fort St. George, the beginning of England's empire in India. Just across the way from the college are the magnificent Law Court buildings, the tallest tower of which is used for a lighthouse. Madras is a series of great villages, divided by parks, rivers, and railroads. More than two miles from us to the southward is that part of the city called Triplicane, where I met some Hindu disputants this morning; and three miles farther is aristocratic Adyar, sacred to theosophy. Far away on the southern horizon is Little Mount, where a church covers the supposed burial-place of St. Thomas, the apostle to India. From the college tower we can see also the splendid library and museum, one of the finest modern buildings in the Indian Empire, and also the tall steeple of old St. Andrew's Church. The pleasantest drive in Madras is the Marina, along the surf-beaten shore, where one may see the peculiar boats of the almost naked Madrasis, some of them nothing but a raft of light logs bound

together and propelled by a stout paddle. It was one of these unclothed sailors, wearing only a yellow hat, that convulsed Macaulay with laughter when he arrived in Madras, when he first touched India, I believe in 1832.

There is something very strange in the conjunctions which one continually meets with in the East. In yonder harbor are the steel cruisers, the perfection of the modern art of navigation; and here are the log boats to which I have referred, or the catamarans, with their projecting outriggers, or the masulas, used in landing passengers, which are nothing but open boats of thin boards sewed with cocoanut fibre to a strong framework. But from our windows the other morning we saw something more remarkable still. It was a procession of half-naked idolaters carrying an ugly god down to bathe. The idol was in a palanquin, sitting in front of a mirror, that he might not lose sight of his beauty; and about him were, perhaps, one hundred of his friends and worshippers, some of them making barbaric music. This procession crossed an electric-car track, swept by the Law Courts, and disturbed the studies of the eighteen hundred boys and young men who were in the Christian College. Hindu superstitions die hard, but they are dying. The crowds at the procession and bathing festivals are far smaller than they were a half-century ago. English education is undermining the old beliefs. There is something hollow, fantastic, and transient in the popular outburst which last week welcomed to Madras a Hindu missionary just returned from Great Britain and America.

But perhaps the most interesting glimpses which I can afford my readers will come from a brief journal of our hot days in Madras. On Sunday, February fourteenth, we endeavored to rest, until at five o'clock in the afternoon we went to a meeting of the Students' Volunteer Conference, where we heard an impressive address from Dr. Francis E. Clark, whose path here again crossed ours. At the next hour I preached in the college church to a company of young men, who did not seem aware of the, to me, almost intolerable heat. Two

immense punkas waved over the audience, and a smaller punka was kept vibrating above the preacher's perspiring pate. But the temperature has been such that I shall always cherish an intense distaste for the expression "a warm welcome." They say of the climate here that for two months it is hot and the rest of the year it is hotter.

We are fortunate in living with the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. George Pittendrigh at the Christian College. I am occupying the spacious study of Dr. Miller, the president of the college, one of the great men of Scotland and India. He has been seriously sick in the house of one of the college teachers, and, as an indication of the love and veneration in which he is held by all classes of the community, I am told that a lamp is kept burning for him in one of the Hindu temples. My reception occurred to-night in Victoria Hall. The platform was occupied by the committee who represent the various sections of the Hindu and Christian community. The usual address of welcome was read by the Reverend Mr. Kellett of the Wesleyan Mission, and then I was let loose on the audience for perhaps thirty-five minutes. After this I was escorted through the hall and had the opportunity of meeting and talking with many men of many minds.

Tuesday, February sixteenth. — A great, and for this season of the year unprecedented, rain-storm flooded Madras last night. We breakfasted in the spacious bungalow of the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Phillips, of the London Missionary Society. Then came some shopping in the most beautiful "store" that I have seen in India, at which the service is so slow that one melts away half his existence before the parcels are ready. My first lecture occurred to-night in Victoria Hall. A respected Hindu judge presided, and at the close departed from the rules of the lectureship, which forbid discussion. In this case, however, I was glad of the transgression. It gave the Hindu portion of the thronged and excited audience the opportunity of showing

their feelings, and it gave the Christian auditors an opportunity of watching the strange movements of a perplexed Hindu mind. The speech was touching, almost pathetic. He said that he knew nothing of Christianity, a confession for which he has been strongly criticised, and that he trusted the Almighty knew what was the best religion for each man's soul and would give him that.

I have heard all sorts of odd speeches at the beginning and the end of my lectures. I could make an amusing letter out of them, telling of how one Oriental speaker said, "For me to introduce the lecturer of the evening is like a mosquito presenting an elephant." Another Hindu followed the lecture with remarks like these to his fellow-Hindus: "You see that Dr. Barrows believes with his whole heart in his religion. He has presented his ideas in regard to the supremacy and world-wide prevalence of Christianity with all the vigor of his profound convictions. Now, what shall we Hindus learn from this? We should learn that it is our duty to be just as earnest, sincere, and devoted to our own religion as he is to his!"

February seventeenth. — I am compelled to have my "chota hazri" at six o'clock in the morning, for Dr. Murdoch, who is putting my lectures through the press so that a copy of each may be offered to the hearer immediately after its delivery, is hurrying us both for "copy" and for "proof." I worked hard till nine o'clock, when the Brahmos came with a fine address and the most beautiful garland that I have seen in India. Work, visitors, and writing occupy the time until we drive to Victoria Hall for the lecture. It puts nerve even into a tired man to face such an audience, and to feel that he is not only hammering away at one of the most obstinate of erroneous systems, but also is striving to make apparent the glory of that which is perfect and final. When I get back to my rooms, a cold bath and dressing for dinner are followed by the inevitable and always delightful dinner-party, from which we escape by eleven o'clock.

February eighteenth. — This has been a repetition of yesterday in the sort of work which has been done, except that in place of the usual lecture there occurred in Memorial Hall a reception by the native Christian community, with whom are many missionaries from the city and vicinity. Addresses of welcome were given by Mr. Theophilus, the President of the community, and also by the vice-president, a graduate of Cambridge University and Professor of Philosophy in the Presidency College. Then I spoke for an hour in a hall which was full of blazing lamps which made the heat like unto a furnace. It was refreshing that night to meet at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Cooling; but I slipped away from the company early, and entered into happy sympathy with the vast unclothed population of India. No one who has not been in India — I may add in Madras — quite appreciates either the delights of a cold bath or the genius of Sydney Smith's remark about taking off one's skin and sitting in his bones.

My Madras campaign ended nine days ago, with an undiminished temperature. The interested newspapers gave as many columns a day to the discussion of Christianity as to most other topics put together. One morning I had a reception by the Triplicane Hindu Club, followed by a delightful breakfast with Colonel Olcott. One afternoon I was garlanded by boys in the College. One evening a reception was given by the Indian Social Reformers. On Sunday, February twenty-first, I was permitted to call on President Miller of the Christian College, and the chief educator in South India, whose serious sickness has been the anxiety of all classes of the community. Later in the day I preached in St. Andrew's Church. On Monday evening, February twenty-second, we dined with Mr. McConnaughy, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, a fine-spirited American, rejoicing in Mr. Wanamaker's recent gift of twenty thousand dollars to the new Madras Association building. At this dinner-party, where several Scudders were among the guests, did we not sing, beneath the

punka's cooling breath, "America" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom"? The next was our final day in Madras. The heat and the callers continued; the first intolerable, the second innumerable. Among the kindly visitors were two young Madras poets, who did me the honor of addressing to me an acrostic sonnet, which is such a fine specimen of Anglo-Indian poetry that although this gem of the muses came into my hands several years ago, its freshness of thought and originality of expression and measureless kindness of sentiment will be appreciated to-day. It is printed on heavy straw-colored paper in gilt letters with an illuminated border.

"Religion is life's great poesy,
Emits she a living soul into the earth;
Virtue, her tenderest daughter, with mirth
Joined by duty, giv'n; this courtesy
Heav'n has freely granted, still heresy
Blinded many. To bring close by a girth
All creeds in the universe, and give birth
Rightly to the doctrines and prophecy
Religions claim, is a grand design.
Oh, Holy Doctor! though such a congress
Was held by Asok and Akbar, no sign
Seems now to remain, but yours much progress
Doubtless make, so, may Lord His grace consign
Down to you, to lead aright those transgress."

The missionary's heated toil has its compensations! Much of the ancient poetry of India is not so good as this; and if any of my readers think this English sonnet imperfect in expression, let them strive to write equally good verses in Tamil.

After my closing lecture Colonel Olcott, the founder and President of the Theosophical Society, moved, by appointment of the reception committee, the vote of thanks. His words were hearty and generous; but in the middle of his address he turned aside to make a strong attack on the sins of Christendom, and particularly of the English government in India. He asserted that Christianity could

make little progress while the British army immoralities, the collection of revenue from the demoralizing liquor and opium traffics, and the taxation of starving peasants to build Christian cathedrals continued. In my closing remarks I endeavored to take the sting out of these assertions by saying that these and other sins of Christendom were quite as familiar to us as to non-Christians. We reprobated them, denounced them as un-Christian, and fought them wherever they appeared; and I reminded my hearers that the most potent voice heard in India during the last winter, calling upon the British government to amend its ways, was the voice of a Christian Englishman, Mr. W. S. Caine.

The next morning, at four o'clock, we were among the hills in Salem, rejoicing in a day of comparative coolness and quiet. Some of these smaller cities of India are extremely beautiful in their broad shaded avenues, magnificent trees, and comfortable English homes. After one lecture and two receptions in Salem, we left our kind hosts, the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dignum, of the London Mission Society, and drove in the early morning three miles along the banyan-shaded and monkey-haunted road to the station, from which we departed for Coimbatore. It was a restful railway journey through a lovely country. Rice-fields, cocoanut palms, little lakes, blue hills, now and then a hideous group of monstrous village gods, — such were the views given us in our uneventful journey. In the evening we were in Coimbatore, a sweet and almost heavenly place in its natural scenery. The hills were a benediction to people tired of the plains. Our hosts, the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Brough, were Australians, but connected with one of the English missionary societies. The lecture was given in the Hindu College hall, packed as only Hindus are able and willing to pack a public meeting. The Black Hole of Calcutta may not have been intended for a place of torture.

But I will not linger over Coimbatore, where we should

have been glad to remain a week, but will hurry on to an account of our visit to the Malabar coast, the shore where the pepper-tree grows and where Christians have lived, flourished, and suffered since the fourth, and possibly since the second, century. Our friend Prince Nouri told us in Cairo that he probably would be elected this winter the Patriarch of the Chaldean or Syrian church of India. His prophecy was realized, and on the seventh of February this youngest of all patriarchs — he is only thirty-three years of age — was crowned on his birthday in the Chaldean Cathedral at Trichur. He promised us a great welcome from the Chaldean people if we would only turn aside to the west coast. His promises were amply fulfilled. There is no railway line as yet to Trichur. From Coimbatore we took the train for Shoranur, about twenty miles from our destination. The youthful Prince and Patriarch and Father George, his secretary, welcomed us at the station. A bullock-cart received our luggage and Marutee, our "boy." We were put into a nice jutka, a shaded and cushioned cart, drawn by a smart pony and driven by a little Malabari, naked to the waist. A similar vehicle received the Patriarch and Father George.

The twenty-mile drive was over a perfect road, usually shadowed by great trees, amid which we saw scores of thatched huts and clustering villages, looking precisely like pictures that used to appear in the missionary Sunday-school books of our childhood. This day, for the first time, we saw the peasants, not wearing a protecting turban, but carrying flat palm-leaf umbrellas between them and the implacable sun. At a little Christian village five miles from Trichur we visited a Syrian church, and were welcomed by the priests, who gave us refreshing water from cocoa-nuts. Hundreds of the friendly Christian villagers swarmed curiously about us, their genuine kindness taking away the discomfort of being stared at. We here left our jutkas, and entered the purple-lined carriage of the Patriarch, which had been sent to meet us. As we entered Trichur, — a

well-shaded city of seventy thousand inhabitants, nearly half of whom are Christians, — crowds of young men began to gather about and to follow the carriage. Their number soon reached into hundreds, and from the bazaars there was a constant succession of the most kindly greetings. The men, boys, and children wore amulets, some of them crosses, around their necks. "All of them Christians," said the Patriarch, over and over again. Arriving at the cathedral and patriarchal palace, we found the great courtyard lavishly decorated with hundreds of streamers and with flowers and foliage. Over the gateway and above the word "Welcome" in gilt letters were the English and American flags. We were received by the bishop in a purple satin robe and by the attending priests and elders. A thousand people followed us into the courtyard, to whom I spoke from the balcony. Before this a printed address of most cordial welcome from the Chaldean community was read to us inside the palace, and I made a somewhat lengthy response, which was translated into the Malayalam language.

The next day was Sunday, — our last Sunday in India. In the morning the Prince accompanied us in a drive to the hospital, English residency, and the Maharajah's palace. Trichur is in a Native State, and appears very well governed. It was a great relief to get away from the painted foreheads, daubed with the marks of various deities, to this Christian community, where such sights are rare. At half-past nine we attended high mass in the cathedral, conducted by the bishop, who offered special prayers for America and for us. My name and that of my country were the only words I recognized in the entire service. The Gospels were read both in Malayalam and in the old Syriac version. We sat with Prince Nouri in chairs directly in front of the altar. The church was crowded with clean, fine-faced, happy-looking worshippers. Nearly all of the men are naked to the waist. All the clothing that we saw was pure white. During most of the day the courtyard was half full of people waiting to see us come in or go out.

At half-past one o'clock the elders had an interview with me, and told the sad story of the persecutions from which they are suffering on account of the attempts of the Roman Church to get possession through the courts of the Syrian churches. They have been compelled to spend many thousands of rupees to defend their ancient rights and property. I am glad to report that the effort to take from them the Trichur Cathedral was defeated. When the Portuguese became dominant on the western coast early in the sixteenth century, the Romish priests resolved to bring the ancient Syrian Church under the papal yoke. The Syrian bishop was seized and sent to Portugal, and there tried by the Inquisition. The Syrian Church was oppressed, and by very unrighteous means papal authority established over a part of it. A Chaldean bishop, on his way to the help of those Syrians who resisted the Roman oppression, was captured, sent to Goa, imprisoned, and burned as a heretic in 1654. With the advent of the Dutch and the decrease of Portuguese power, the Syrians regained their freedom and some of their rights. But Rome retained her dominion over the greater part of the people. To-day in Travancore and Cochin she has more than four hundred thousand of them. The Syrian Christians number two hundred thousand. Some of them are decidedly evangelical, as is the new Patriarch. The Syrians are not united, however, and they have a relentless foe that is striving through legal processes to deprive them of their ancient and precious inheritance. The sympathies of liberty-loving people the world over are with this faithful and long-suffering church. I am confident that there are many Roman Catholics in America who, if they knew the condition of things here, would heartily reprobate the effort to accomplish by law in the nineteenth century what the Inquisition failed to do in the sixteenth and seventeenth.

Everything was done for our comfort at the Patriarch's residence, and in the evening he read a second address of welcome from himself and the bishops, which was Oriental

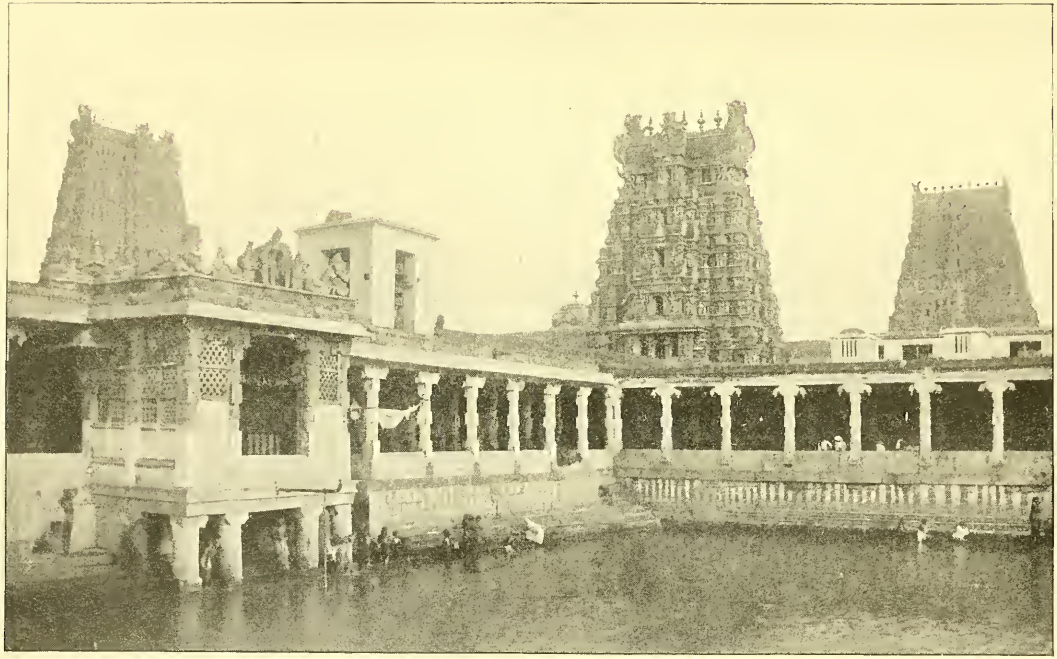
in its warmth and coloring. The good bishop, Mar Augustinos, himself a Chaldean, has been devoting his life for twenty years, without a vacation, to his diocese. One of his best friends is a beautiful green parrot, which he has had for seven years, and who talks to him, I know not in what language. In the evening I had a call from a learned, fine-looking priest from Travancore, with whom and the bishop Prince Nouri and I carried on a fraternal triangular conversation. I spoke to Prince Nouri in English, he reported in Arabic to the bishop, who transmitted the message in Chaldean to the priest. Thus the ages and the continents were linked together. The shores of Lake Michigan, the sands of Arabia, and the banks of the Euphrates drew near to each other on the coasts of India; while hundreds of the Christians of Trichur looked up from the courtyard to the balcony where this strange conjunction occurred!

At three o'clock Sunday afternoon I made another long address to one thousand people in the courtyard, and later I lectured to two thousand Christians and non-Christians in and around the Hindu College. The Governor of Trichur, a Hindu, presided. Prince Nouri made an eloquent address, and our carriage was followed by many hundreds, — one of the strangest sights that my eyes ever rested on. The next morning we regretfully bade good-by to our generous-hearted friends. The Prince accompanied us five miles on our way to the little village before referred to. With tears and Oriental embraces separation took place. The Prince returned in the patriarchal carriage to Trichur. We entered our jutka, and were driven to Shoranur, saying to ourselves that we had passed through an experience strange and new.

Those interested in Oriental customs may like to be told that on the Malabar coast we saw an extreme fashion in ear-rings, — a fashion with which we became still further familiar in Southern India. A hole is made in a girl's ear, which is enlarged by inserting bigger and bigger disks until

the lobes often reach to the shoulders, and attached to these lobes are gold or silver ornaments. I was sorry to find this barbarous custom prevailing sometimes in Christian schools, though usually among older persons. It cannot last long among those trained as Christians.

Our next halt was in Madura, capital of one of the old Indian kingdoms, — an interesting and splendid city of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants. *En route* we saw the historic rock and fort of Trichinopoli. Our journey from Trichur occupied twenty-eight hours. Before reaching the city of Madura we could see the famous temple — one of the largest in India, and, on the whole, the finest — lifting its lofty gopuras above the verdant plain. A large delegation met us on our arrival, among them the Reverend J. P. Jones, D.D., one of the foremost men of the American Board. The garlands which Madura gives are not of flowers, but of gold and silver thread, and famous throughout India. We were glad to have some relic of this sort that would not fade on the voyage to America. We were guests for a part of the time of the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, and for one of our two nights at Dr. and Mrs. Jones's pleasant bungalow three miles away at Pasumalai. Madura gave me a crowded programme: a reception and address at the East Gate Church; two lectures in Hindu club-houses; a meeting with the American Board missionaries; a morning conversazione, where I answered questions for an hour; a delightful breakfast with Judge and Mrs. Russell, in whose compound is the finest banyan-tree that I have seen in India, a tree which both the Prince of Wales and the present Emperor of Russia have tried to climb; a visit to Miss Swift's Zenana training-school for Bible women, a very useful and important institution, where the Bible women who were there being trained kindly gave us limes and garlands; a visit to Miss Noyes's girls' school; tea at the picturesque home of the British commissioner, Mr. Twig, — a peculiar house, built by Tirumala, an Indian king, for tiger fights and gladiatorial shows, at the door of which, as we came out, the servants



THE LILY TANK, MADURA.

killed a green poisonous snake six feet long; a visit to the boys' school, theological seminary, and Brahman hostel in connection with the American Mission at Pasamulai, and an address to the Christians of that interesting community. After this came two delightful days in Tinnevelly among the good people of the English Church Missionary Society. Here I gave my closing lectures in India in a large pavilion, which the native Christians had constructed for the occasion. Besides this I addressed the students of the Church Missionary College and the girls in the Sarah Tucker College. In this fine institution we saw and heard some new things. Here were blind girls who read to us from the first chapter of Matthew, — and sang to us while one of them played the piano. Then we saw quite a large number of deaf mutes, who deeply impressed us as with faces and fingers they told us the story of Jesus down through the flight into Egypt. There are a hundred thousand Protestant Christians in Tinnevelly district; and how the scepticism which some people feel in regard to foreign missions would be dispelled, and how some apostles of Hinduism would be enlightened, should they become familiar with the educational, charitable, medical, evangelizing, and other work of this noble and successful mission! I had a strange feeling of thankfulness and relief when, at Tinnevelly, the last of my lectures in India was given. And it seemed to me significant and almost prophetic of the great Christian victories of the future, that, while I began my speaking in India in Benares, the capital of Hinduism, I ended it in the Christian light and hope pervading this splendid mission. I was promised an audience of twelve hundred native Christians if I would stay over and preach on Sunday, but I could not well remain. Tinnevelly is doubtless the "show place" of English missions, as Beirût is for the Presbyterians, and the Hawaiian Islands are for the American Board. It is said that English churches have been told so much of Tinnevelly that they close their ears when the name is mentioned by missionary speakers. But I have heard of one who captured his auditors by a

thrilling account of the work in this district in which he mentioned only unfamiliar names, taking great care never to say "Tinnevelly." We had no more delightful hosts in India than the Brahman Christians, Mr. and Mrs. Shreenavassa, who entertained us here.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CEYLON.

ON March sixth we bade good-by to our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Shreenavassa, and, equipped with sandwiches and a big bottle of tea, entered the train for Tuticorin. This is the jumping-off place for men, as it formerly was for gods, who wish to escape to Ceylon. Arriving there, several kindly Christian catechists of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel met us with garlands and with cordial words of greeting and farewell. The health officers made us no trouble, and we boarded the little launch which carried us seven miles out to the "Katoria," the biggest and best of the British India steamers running to Colombo. Soon after I went on board, a young Indian connected with the ship's service said to me: "You are, I believe, Dr. Barrows. I wish to thank you for your services to Christianity in dispelling falsehoods which are being circulated in Southern India to the effect that England and America are being Hinduized." I learned that he was a Roman Catholic, and belonged to a Christian community that reached back more than three hundred years to the work of Xavier.

Soon the long, low coast of India faded from our view, and that great land which drew to it the covetous eye of Alexander and where British adventurers founded an empire greater and more durable than Alexander's — India, which climbs from its plains and plateaus to the loftiest heights of the world, — India, the spoil of conquerors and the inspiration of poets and sages, the land of sorrow and distress and blighting pestilence, which is to-day dear to the world's

pitying heart, a land, too, which is of all lands the battle-field of the world's religions — became for us henceforth a memory, a memory which gathers to itself a host of kindly thoughts and courteous deeds and friendly faces, many of them "dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed." Land of sorrow and struggle, of intellectual greatness; land of gentle manners and keen intelligence, of undying hope and unwithering national pride, — thou bearest on thy bosom the ashes of Gautama Buddha, the grave of Keshub Chunder Sen, the peerless beauty of the Taj Mahal, the throbbing hearts of millions who love thee and who look in faithful aspiration to God and to a golden future which shall not fail thee, — farewell, and count us ever among thy lovers, ready to serve thee, eager to befriend thee, unable to forget thee!

At half-past eight o'clock the next morning we were anchored in the harbor of Colombo. After another medical examination we and our luggage were landed by means of a small boat, and without a second's delay at the custom-house Mem Sahib and I were soon rolling in jinrikishas along the sea-road a mile away to the Galle Face Hotel, overlooking one of the finest beaches in the world. The cooling tub, the sea-breezes, which, if not "spicy," were fresh and healing, iced drinks, and a bamboo couch helped to mitigate the intense and overpowering heat. The Reverend Mr. Moscrop, a Wesleyan missionary, called to inform me that my two lectures in Colombo were to be on the next Friday and Saturday evenings. Therefore we had nearly a week of freedom. I felt like an escaped schoolboy.

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly or I can run."

And the next day we took our flight from Colombo for Kandy. Colombo itself is interesting, the chief city of an island, part of which may have been the original paradise of man. Half the size of the Empire State of New York and with half its population; set like a jewel in the Indian Sea;

luxuriant in palm-trees and cinnamon groves; covered with tea and coffee plantations and with immense forests, through which herds of elephants still rove; rising into great and beautiful mountains which lift one into the regions of physical comfort, and yet almost everywhere covered with a rank and indescribably vigorous vegetation wherein nature displays not only her stupendous power but also her tropic violence, — Ceylon affords so many attractions, so much of interest, with its great variety of populations, with its picturesque ruined cities, temples, and its unmatched health-resorts among the hills, that I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of traveller and poet. Literally, every prospect pleases, and I do not think that man here displays any conspicuous or unusual vileness. Indeed, a few days on the island and among its people made me feel how much superior, as a civilizing and humanizing force, is Buddhism to the degrading Hinduism, which, fallen from its higher ancient philosophies, has perverted the life of India.

Colombo, a city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, seems to be buried, most of it, in vegetation. Where the sun is nearly vertical, one welcomes any amount of shade. The houses are almost hidden in palm groves. A drive to the cinnamon gardens or Victoria Park leads one to pass many a charming and picturesque bungalow, and by the sites of several important schools, churches, and colleges. The Portuguese, Dutch, and English have had their hands on the rice-fields and sugar-canes, the feathery bamboos, nutmegs, and breadfruit-trees, of this most wondrous of tropic isles. The years of British rule have brought material prosperity. Colombo is now a great port, and really the meeting-place of the North and the South, the East and the West. Great French, English, German, Italian, and Austrian lines of steamships centre here. From Colombo you sail for Melbourne or Marseilles, Madagascar, or Java, Calcutta or Shanghai, Alexandria or Yokohama; Aden or Saigon, Liverpool or New Caledonia, Trieste or Singapore.

But we were impatient to leave Colombo for Kandy, where

we might find coolness and quiet in the midst of scenes as beautiful as the hand of God ever created. "The fairest view that these eyes of mine ever rested on," said General Booth, speaking of Kandy. It was a ride of seventy-five miles, — the hottest ride, for a part of the way, which we have on our record, — a ride that carried us up through pretty views of forests and sloping tea-fields and terraced rice-paddies, nearly seventeen hundred feet, to this old capital, for which the Cingalese, Portuguese, Dutch, and English have struggled, but sacred forever to the memory of the calm and peaceful Buddha, whose tooth consecrates the little temple which rises on the shores of a tiny lake. In the Queen's Hotel we made our home for nearly four days. To me the most delightful experience of this time was an occasional spin in a jinrikisha around the palm-fringed and hill-shaded lake. It is a place for perfect, dreamy quietness. Nature is not so violent and gigantic as at Darjeeling; the sea is not present with its everlasting moan and its terrible power of dragging the mind far, far away to "inhospitable shores" of thought and feeling. All seems like a picture of Eden from Milton's fifth book of the "Paradise Lost." How profuse is the bloom from the tops of these trees, how wondrous the fruitage of these various palms, how friendly these hills, how homelike and tranquil these villas embowered in foliage! One morning, lying in bed, I heard the musical drums of the little Buddhist temple amid the trees by the lake. The sound had a strange effect on my imagination. It seemed an echo from remote centuries recalling the cry of the self-exiled Siddartha for deliverance. It seemed the voice of millions on the far-off Asiatic plains and the northern Japanese Isles, in a bewildered way calling to prayer. It was another expression of the sweet, sad music of humanity, stirring in the heart humane and pitiful feelings toward those — and how many they are —

> "Who, groping in the darks of thought,
> Touch the Great Hand and know it not."

The morning after our arrival we drove to the world-famous royal botanical gardens in Peradeniya. It was a drive of four miles through such displays of bright tropic verdure and bloom as one may have dreamed of, but never realized before. The garden itself would have been a perfect home for Adam and Eve in the blissful morning of time. Adam's Peak, it is well known, dominates the island of Ceylon. One must come to Peradeniya to learn what nature really can do when sun and shower and soil give her the chance of displaying her prodigious force. The wealth and beauty of the tropic world are in that garden. Here we saw the wondrous India-rubber trees, their roots spreading like enormous crocodiles or writhing serpents, some of them four feet thick. Here we saw the taliput palm, sometimes called the queen of all palms, which in thirty years pushes its white and polished trunk and plume of dark verdure straight upward and then blossoms, shooting upward for forty feet a white pyramidal spike, each bloom of which forms a nut, the seed of other palms. The tremendous effort of nature has been too much for the mother tree and she dies. Here the nutmeg and clove trees flourish, and the ebony and mahogany, the coffee, the vanilla, the camphor, and the cacao, and two hundred varieties of palm-trees. Here is one which can be put to a hundred uses. Here is the breadfruit-tree, and near it the traveller's tree, which remind us of "Swiss Family Robinson." Here is the sugar-palm from which fortunes are made in Southern India. Here are the ivory-nut palm, and the prickly palm, and the cabbage palm, and the date palm, the toddy palm, the sago palm, and the cocoanut palm. Accompanied by a very intelligent Cingalese guide, we walk through wondrous arches of foliage, through the orchid and fern houses, and gaze with joyful astonishment at riches of color and miracles of nature's workmanship, cheapening the tapestries and museums of kings.

How poor would the world be without such growths as abound in these gardens! The physician's art would be

less potent without the cinchona and cocaine. The world of childhood would be impoverished of one of its delights without the cacao, from which chocolate is made, and the world of commerce without the nutmeg and clove, the mahogany and ebony, the coffee and the pepper, the rubber and the cinnamon. We saw the Napoleanum Imperiale, whose blossoms look like a crown, and the giant maidenhair, big enough for the tresses of Hindu goddesses, and we saw here, as we had seen elsewhere, the jackfruit-trees, where the green clumsy fruit, sometimes weighing sixty pounds, clings close to the trunk. Along the beautiful river which waters this garden, we saw clump after clump of the giant Malacca bamboos. These enormous thickets with their close-clustering stems, each as large as a Western tree, shoot upward to an enormous height, and well have been likened to a petrified botanical geyser. Nowhere else have I been so impressed with the vigor — I may say the violence and venom — which aroused nature displays in these portentous and almost incredible growths.

Of course I visited the Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha, — not an imposing shrine, but the centre of Buddhist devotion in Ceylon, revered also in China and Japan, and rich in annual tributes from Burmese, Siamese, and Cambodian priestly and princely personages. The sacred tooth, brought to Ceylon in the fourth century, was taken back to India one thousand years later, but was recovered and hidden. Later, however, the persecuting Portuguese found it, and it was burned by an archbishop in Goa on the West Coast. The new tooth, which was manufactured of ivory, to take its place, is two inches long and almost an inch wide, and would find itself at home in the mouth of a rhinoceros. When I said to the guide that the tooth was too big for a man, I received this information: "Our religious books tell us that Buddha was eighteen feet high." The beggars are thick at the gates of this shrine, and a red cloth-covered plate is pushed before you at almost every turn within it. We saw a Burmese woman telling

her beads in one of the porches. The masses of flowers before the holy places were exquisitely beautiful. One fragrant flower which here takes the place of the yellow marigold in India is called the temple flower. The library in this Buddhist shrine has a large and valuable collection of Buddhist literature. On the outer walls of the temple I saw the hideous frescos representing the punishments inflicted in the Buddhist hell, and reflected that this religion of pity and gentleness on earth surpasses the mediæval Christian theologians and poets in its pictures of cruel material tortures for those who rob a Buddhist shrine or steal from a Buddhist priest, or commit less heinous crimes.

This morning we left Kandy with regret, but soon found ourselves filled with delight over the glorious mountain views which reward the sight as the train climbs the four thousand feet to Nawara Eliya. It was a beautiful ascent, with its glimpses of tea plantations, waterfalls, mountain vistas, hedges of lantanas of many colors, and of other beautiful blooms, such as we find only in our hothouses. A three-mile drive from the station brought us to this, one of the loveliest spots in all the world. Some rather decrepit members of the English aristocracy are here, and all the sports, driving, riding, bicycling, tennis, cricket, golf — most dear to the English heart — may be enjoyed in the midst of climate and scenery on which experienced travellers are now lavishing the praises which have been given to Honolulu, Pasadena, Cashmere, the Riviera, and the New Zealand Alps, all combined in one! But alas! it rains this afternoon, and our drive to the botanical gardens and around the Moon Plains must be given up, and to-morrow night, in Colombo, I return to my old habit of lecturing. My whole course of lectures was asked for by the Missionary Conference of Colombo, but I gave only the fifth and sixth. These were delivered in Wesley Hall, where I had my first opportunity of addressing a large number of Buddhists.

The Indian Lectureship takes its important and per-

manent place among the factors of Indian evangelization. Every two years some well-equipped speaker for the cause of Christ will go forth from Great Britain or America to reach tens of thousands of the educated youth of the Indian colleges. Christian lectureships, setting forth the claims of Christianity, to meet the changing wants of the modern mind, are found eminently useful in the universities and cities of Western Christendom, where men are familiar with Christian truth and largely in accord with Christian philosophy. But in India the case is very different and the need much greater. The government colleges, where most of the Indian youth are educated, are not Christian. Many of them are decidedly anti-Christian, and some of the professors in them by their words, temper, and lives, give the false impression that Western scholarship has little or no sympathy with Christianity, and especially with the evangelical type of it represented by the missionaries. I shall never forget how eagerly some of the native Christian teachers of Benares welcomed my lecture on "The Spiritual World of Shakespeare." They said: "It will have a good influence in showing these young men that the greatest of poets was in sympathy with Christian truth." The great majority of our missionaries are overworked already, organizing and teaching schools, preaching in bazaars and villages, attending to the business details of missions, making out reports, settling accounts, overseeing catechists, busy with correspondence. Some are translating the Scriptures, editing vernacular and English papers, visiting the sick, and preparing for long preaching-tours in camps. Only a few, comparatively speaking, can find leisure to make themselves specialists through a thorough knowledge of Hindu philosophies, or by the preparation of elaborate apologetic lectures. In the years to come the Lectureship will give a breath of fresh, strong inspiration to the toilsome and in some respects restricted lives of our noble missionaries, by bringing them into contact with Western Christian scholars, rich

with the spoils of special investigation and afire with heaven-kindled faith. And more than this, the Lectureship will bring to eager-minded Hindu youth, who are usually very willing to listen to men of eminence in whose works or lives they have been taught to take interest, such clear, strong, wise statements of Christian truth as will furnish materials for subsequent thought, and help to correct the intellectual attitude of the people who have been trained, as Sir Henry Maine has said, in "false morality, false history, false philosophy, false science." For these and other reasons the Indian Lectureship is far more needed in India than similar endowments are in Oxford or New York.

Furthermore, as the Hindus are pre-eminently a reading people, and as India is the land of cheap printing, inexpensive editions of the lectures may reach a wide circle and be a useful legacy for years to come. Dr. Murdoch, of Madras, of the Christian Literature Society, is deemed by everybody one of the most influential Christian forces in India. By him five thousand copies of my lectures have already been printed; and it has certainly been cheering to me that several missionaries have ordered a hundred or more copies for their own special use. Besides all this, I apprehend that the lecturers themselves going back to Great Britain or America, will have a useful mission in the homelands. They certainly must be very dull of perception and feeling if they cannot speak with more interest and vivid personal knowledge of the needs of Christian missions and of the progress of Christ's Kingdom in the Orient. My three months in India, where I became familiar with work carried on by the American Board, American Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, and the Reformed Church; by English Wesleyans, the London Mission Society, English Baptists, the Church Missionary Society, the Free, Established, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, the Canadian Presbyterians, and others have strengthened in me several convictions, toward which I had been inclined by previous

study. I went to India with an open mind. No previous opinions, however, have been changed, except in this, that they have been deepened during three eventful months into which were crowded experiences enough for many years. Let me enumerate a few of the convictions which I profoundly feel.

Christian missions have all the greatness and importance which have ever been claimed for them. Christ is the essential factor in the regeneration of India. Only the Divine Christ as revealed in the Gospels, the incarnate Son of God, the atoning Redeemer, the risen Conqueror of the grave, is adequate to human needs. The missionaries are a faithful, devoted, and self-sacrificing body of men and women, deserving our affectionate support and our full confidence. There is among them an unusual amount of willingness to adopt new methods and to adapt themselves to changing necessities. The methods of missions are not stereotyped. The results of missions are great, various, and encouraging. Much more preparatory work must be done before the largest harvests are reaped. The educational work in Christian colleges should have a foremost place in our confidence and in our expectations for the future. The chief men in this Christian college work thoroughly understand the situation and are laying firm foundations. The men who are doing most to fill up the gap which has been distressingly wide between the educated Hindu and the average missionary, are those who have taken time to become familiar with Hindu thought, and whose wisdom and love have given them the spirit of openly expressed sympathy with the nobler aspects and elements of philosophic Hinduism. The religion which the educated Hindu is forming and adopting to-day and is vainly hoping may prove a substitute for that Christianity whose progress he fears, and some of whose representatives he does not approve, is a composite of Vedic, Vedantic, and Christian ideas and sentiments, which he labels Hinduism. Very much of village, zenana, and primary educational work in India may be

successfully carried on by men and women of consecrated spirit and loving hearts who are not largely equipped with the learning given by a study of comparative theology. But there are many intending missionaries whose work in India will be much more thorough, wise, and acceptable if they secure in advance that special preparation for meeting the educated Hindu mind which Dr. Ellinwood and others have strongly recommended.

Ceylon, as well as India, is now a thing of the past. At Nuwara Eliya last Friday morning the sun smiled again, and the dawn was superb and refreshing after the much-needed rain. We took a drive about the lake, and gained a good idea of a region which seems to fascinate all who come to it. On the breakfast-table the flowers were those of the temperate zone, — daisies, pinks, geraniums, coreopsis, and larkspur, — and out of doors the callas, fuschia trees, and eucalyptus reminded us of California. The slide down hill to Colombo took most of the day, but the temperature went up as we went down. Had it not been for the entrancing views, the refreshment car, and the interest of "Sir George Tressady," the heat might have disturbed our tempers. The Reverend Mr. Moscrop received us into his comfortable bungalow among the slender cocoanut palms, on the marge of the loud-resounding sea. Wesley Hall was thronged on that night and the next. On the first evening the presiding officer was a Christian Cingalese lawyer, a member of the governor's council. The audience was half Christian, and it was quite a relief to address so large a proportion of hearers in full sympathy with my words.

Ceylon has a Christian population of more than three hundred thousand, of whom about fifty-six thousand are Protestants. The Portuguese and the Dutch used force to persuade the people of this island to accept Christianity. Mr. Moscrop says that "Ceylon has been christianized twice over, or, rather, ecclesiasticized, — a very different thing." When the coercion was removed, thousands, of course, went back to Buddhism and Hinduism.

Better methods prevail to-day, and Christian progress has been genuine and hopeful. Saturday afternoon I was honored by a call from Sumangala, the high-priest of Ceylonese Buddhism, a man of great learning and distinction. In his yellow silk robe and bare feet and shaven head he preserved the general characteristics of the Buddhist monk as he has appeared in Asiatic history for the last twenty-four centuries. But he himself is a modern man, familiar with recent thought and radiant with the spirit of gentleness and tolerance. We had much pleasant talk of Dharmapala, at whose father's house we were entertained that night at dinner. In the days of Portuguese and Catholic ascendency European Christian names were freely given and received by the people. Dharmapala's father bears the name of Don Carolis. This is his business designation, and he is a man who has been eminently successful. It was pleasant to meet in his large and beautiful home his wife and sons and daughters, some of whom are familiar with the English language.

Colombo has a warm place in my recollection, not only on account of its beauty and the kindnesses of its people, but also because there I heard the first sermon in English to which I have listened since leaving Cairo. Yesterday morning we made our final arrangements for the long voyage of twenty-one days between Colombo and Japan. Our host accompanied us to the ship. This was not the "Yarra," as we had expected. That vessel had touched at Bombay, and had been quarantined at Marseilles and taken out from her published schedule. Marutee, our "boy," who had been with us from December fifteenth to March fifteenth, left us and our luggage on the steamer and departed. Dear Marutee! What a solemn, faithful boy he was! His age was perhaps fifty. Strong and very dark, he waited for us like a black, solemn sentinel at the door of every carriage, bungalow, shop, and bedroom. How familiar he became with our belongings! How carefully he guarded us from thieves! How many useful offices he filled! He

packed and unpacked our boxes and bundles, bought our tickets, engaged our railway carriages, hired our coolies, acted as our interpreter (until in South India he struck languages which he did not know), waked us at night when trains were to be left or changed, and waited on us at table. We never saw him smile, and scarcely ever saw him sit down. We are told that he has spoiled us for travelling in other lands. And all this for his railway fare and thirty-five rupees a month. Provided with his wages, an allowance for food, a recommendation, a photograph of "master," which he had asked for, and a ticket back to Poona, our faithful companion left us to the tender mercies of French stewards and of the eternal sea.

The shores of Ceylon, after a few hours, faded from view, and we dreamed of America and were joyful. A beautiful rainbow arched itself from the shore out into the sea, and our hearts welcomed the hopeful sign. That for which I left church and city and native land has now been done. The faith and foresight of Mrs. Haskell have been justified; and her name is already a household word, beloved and revered throughout India, and to be as familiar in the coming Christian history of that land as the name of Bishop Heber or of Alexander Duff. The lecturers who follow me in the years and generations to come will have a cordial greeting and find a large field of usefulness. I am grateful not only for the opportunities which the India pilgrimage has afforded, the thousand courtesies which have been extended, but also for the providential care which through heat and plague and wearing labors has brought us, in health and safety, to the present hour, when my mind is divided between happy memories of "eldest Ind" and delightful anticipations of the young, fair land of which we so often think and speak as "God's country." The six days' voyage on the French steamer "Yang-tse," across the Bay of Bengal, down the straits of Malacca, along the shore of the great island of Sumatra, were days of grateful rest and happy memories. As we neared Singapore, we prom-

ised ourselves never even to think disrespectfully of the equator again. One afternoon we saw some queer-looking black things floating off to the south, and the rumor was started and soon gained currency that the heat had finally told on the equator so that it had melted and broken up and we saw its fragments. The men on our ship were in one respect like the habitants of heaven, — they were clothed in white! Shall I ever cease being grateful to our hostess in the Christian College of Madras who sent for a tailor and for my comfort had made two cotton suits of exceeding lightness, costing two dollars and a half apiece, but worth far more than their weight in gold? We arrived at the island of Singapore on Sunday morning. It is a delightful place for those who enjoy tropic foliage and immeasurable heat. England of course has stamped upon it the impress of good government, and fully appreciates an island which stands warder at the gates of the Pacific and Indian seas. The Chinese, however, are predominant even over the Malays in Singapore; and they give one the impression of good living, good-nature, physical vigor, and worldly prosperity. We had our breakfast Sunday morning at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and then rode in jinrikishas to a Presbyterian church. We found the service had been at half-past seven in the morning. Think of that, O lazy Americans! Then we went to find the Chinese Methodist Sunday-school, which Bishop Thoburn told me was the largest Sunday-school in Asia. But this meets on Fridays! Then we went to the Public Gardens, and at three o'clock set sail into the Pacific Ocean for China, Japan, and home!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON THE CHINA COASTS.

WE have skirted the coasts of China, touching at Saigon, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. But we saw the representatives of the Chinese Empire and realized some of the extent of the Chinese industrial domain long before we looked at the rocky and iron-bound and storm-lashed shores of the world's hugest nationality. Was not our "punka" pulled by a Chinaman on the way to Bombay? Did not a Catholic Chinaman in the Hindu city of Madras make for me the slippers which I now wear? Did we not see hundreds of stout-legged Chinamen in the streets of Singapore? And when I arrive on the American shores and reach my own city and go thence to the Atlantic coast, I shall be conscious that the Chinese industrial empire already has nearly belted the globe.

We left Singapore March twenty-first and arrived at Saigon, a thriving city in the Frenchmen's China, on the twenty-third. We had a rough sea nearly all of that day until we passed Cape St. James and entered the Donai River, up which we steamed forty miles through a flat and rather uninteresting country, until we reached Saigon, a city of which I have the most unpleasant recollections. Our cabin was on the port side of the ship, and was jammed up against the dock so that our one window was closed, and in such stifling heat this made life almost unbearable, except on deck. We arrived early in the evening, and, engaging a Chinese cabman, who knew a little "pigeon English" but no French, we were driven to five different hotels in search of a room in which to spend the night. Our search was

vain; all were full, and we thought there must be a presidential convention bringing to the city a multitude of ardent patriots. There is no doubt that France has got hold of a good piece of property in the Orient, and a Frenchman whom I met this morning in Kobe and who had spent several months in French China, was very enthusiastic in his account of the natural productions of the country.

Quite a number of our French fellow-travellers left us at Saigon. There were three of them from whom we were very anxious to part, but they remained on board our steamer until we reached Hong Kong on the twenty-eighth of March. These were a gay and brilliant couple, with their infant daughter, perhaps three years old, who was the *enfant terrible* of the steamer. I never have seen elsewhere a child so badly trained. She excited much pity. Little Marie had wine for breakfast, beer for luncheon, wine for dinner, and brandy and soda before going to bed at ten o'clock. Her parents were whimsical and irritable toward her, severe and indulgent by turns, and the poor child was worn out and nervously upset all the time. Occasionally she acted like a fiend. The story was current that the child's underclothing had not been changed since she left Marseilles. The brandy and soda made her sleepy some time toward midnight, and she was laid upon her berth in the clothes that she had worn through the day. At Saigon little Marie was dressed very brilliantly and taken by her parents to see "Hamlet" in French opera. Those who saw it reported the performance incredibly bad, and this may have had its effect on the sensitive Parisian child.

We were thirty-six hours at Saigon, and one night I slept on deck and tried to realize where we were. Our environment surely was strange and almost unbelievable. Beneath us was the ship, representing the scientific victories of the nineteenth century, — our floating, temporary home; at the table we had the luxuries of modern civilization; around us were people who had come from all parts of the earth; on the shore began that populous continent of Chinese life

which stretched northward to Siberia and westward to Thibet, and in yonder theatre men and women were enacting the scenes which three centuries ago had haunted the mind of an English country tradesman's son, whose present intellectual empire shows that he is the poet of humanity.

Besides two nights, we spent an entire day at Saigon, or, rather, on board the ship, for I had no desire to leave the vessel for anything that was visible on the shore. The day was almost unbearable, with the hot, close, and stifling atmosphere. The passage in front of our cabin door was crowded with freight, with boxes of Benares opium, which the coolies were landing, and with an enormous amount of boxed silver coin, which the Chinamen, carefully supervised, were carrying ashore. I spent the day writing and in watching the queer boats, which made the scene on the river very odd and lively. These boats, covered with matting, like long, low market-wagons, or like Noah's ark, with sails of matted grass, were everywhere and alive with people. One of our English companions, who had lived thirty years in China, affirmed that he never had seen a fine-looking Chinese woman, and certainly the features of those whom we saw managing the boats were far from beautiful. In every country where women are set to the tasks which in America usually are allotted to men, that fineness and beauty which we associate with femininity is soon lost. We saw here, as later at Hong Kong and Shanghai, how populous China has spilled over into the sea. What multitudes live on the water! Hundreds of thousands of families have their homes, if such they may be called, in boats. Here the children are born. A woman, two hours after recording an addition to her family, will be propelling the boat with the new-comer strapped upon her back. Sometimes, it is said, the children have bamboo sticks tied to them, so that when they fall into the water they may be dragged out easily. But in spite of the animalism, the narrowness, and the poverty of such lives they did not appeal to us with the distress which always disturbed us in India. These Chinese families

seemed well fed, their faces and legs were round, and they had the appearance of people who enjoyed a certain amount of animal satisfaction.

We observed a tendency among our English companions to depreciate the efforts of missionaries to improve the minds and morals, the ideals and condition of the Chinese coolies and all the lower grades of the vast Chinese population. One of them said to me, "You might as well attempt to Christianize rats or rabbits." No more heathenish and abominable sentiment than this, so unworthy of the better England, ever was uttered in my hearing. Precisely such talk greeted the early Christian apostles and preachers who found their first converts among the coolies and slaves of Antioch, Ephesus, of Corinth, and Rome; and certainly such talk is contradicted by the facts, with which, however, some English merchants living long in China appear to be quite unfamiliar!

We were not sorry to bid adieu to Saigon; and as our ship left the Donai River and turned her prow northward, we began after a few hours to realize the possibility of an ultimate escape from tropic heat. On the twenty-sixth of March it had become considerably cooler, almost comfortable, and I found myself in a condition to do a large amount of literary work. I shall associate a good many of the books and pamphlets on Hinduism which came into my possession in India with this voyage on the China Sea. I have come to realize what an immense and permanent factor in human civilization climate is. The advent of cooler weather produced a great change in the appearance of our company of travellers. The white garments disappeared; overcoats and even sealskin cloaks came to light; everywhere there were attempts at exercise on the part of the passengers, and even the flirting which a beautiful English lady was carrying on with one of the French officers seemed to take on new activity as we approached Hong Kong.

We heard the fog-horn more or less during the night of March twenty-seventh, and we awoke the next day to find

ourselves stock-still in a heavy fog. Cannon were fired several times to discover if echoes could be heard from a famous and dangerous rock thereabouts. During the middle of the day the fog lifted for several hours, and we slowly proceeded, catching views of hilly islands to our right and of a dimly mountainous coast to our left. Besides we saw innumerable junks with sails of matting. I found amusement during the day in reading Kipling's "Seven Seas" and in dictating letters; but, oh, how cold it was, and how the fog chilled the bodies that had been bathed so long in tropic steam! It was eight o'clock in the evening when Hong Kong was reached, but there was no landing till the morrow. It looked very beautiful in the night-time, with the harbor full of lantern-lighted boats and the town running up the hillside, gleaming with thousands of gas-jets. In the morning it was more beautiful still, and the lofty island rose from its sheltered harbor, full of other and smaller islands, looking like a strong sentinel guarding one of the chief rivers of China. Yes, seven hours up the river is the great city of Canton, and here at the mouth of it England holds what has become the fourth port of the world.

Some of our English friends invited us to use their launch in landing, and at ten o'clock in the morning we set foot in the city of Victoria, — for such is its name, though you may never have known it before. We were soon inside the magnificent Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, devouring letters which had been sent from the ends of the earth to meet us there. After an hour in this most delightful of occupations, we were carried in sedan chairs by stout coolies to the tramway which climbs the steep island of Hong Kong. The view from the summit of Victoria Peak is most interesting, and I realized for the first time that the shore of China is grimly rocky and inhospitable. But I had all the while the feeling that something immense lay beyond, something portentous, — indeed, one of the chief factors in the future life of humanity. Beneath us was the blue harbor, filled with shipping, and the town, well built and prosperous.

Azaleas, violets, and many strange wild-flowers covered the side of the lofty hill; and nature presented a lovely aspect, quite in contrast with the history of war, plunder, plague, and conquest which I might write out in connection with the story of Hong Kong.

Great Britain bears a heavy responsibility in having forced the opium traffic into China, and more than one writer has pointed out the contrast between the English opium policy and her noble antislavery legislation. It is not true, however, that England entered upon the opium war simply in order to force the Chinese to provide a market for the produce of the poppy fields of India. As Dr. W. A. P. Martin has pointed out in his fascinating volume, "A Cycle of Cathay," there were many grievances of long standing which occasioned the opium war. One of these was a proclamation issued every year by the Chinese government, accusing foreigners of horrible crimes. Another still was the Chinese habit of compelling the British ambassador to do homage to the Emperor, with the implication that England was a vassal of China. It is a pity that Great Britain, when war was ended in 1842, in the opening to British trade of the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuchow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, did not have the moral courage and the Christian benevolence to insert into the treaty a clause prohibiting the destructive traffic which is working such ruin to-day in China, and which thus is associated with the policy and the good name of a so-called Christian nation.

What a checkered spectacle of crime and glory England's Asiatic policy has been! Gaining possession of the barren mountain island of Hong Kong, England has transformed this area of twenty-nine square miles into one of the most picturesque and beautiful places in the world. Destructive typhoons and conflagrations, plagues, and wars have stood in the way of immense and uninterrupted prosperity; but still Hong Kong is a leading port of Asia, and Victoria has a population of more than two hundred thousand souls. When Dr. Martin arrived here in 1850, it was after a voyage

of one hundred and thirty-four days from Boston. It gives one an idea of the strength of the missionary impulse and motive which carried men from America to this inhospitable coast to remember such a fact as this. In 1850, he informs us, the rate of passage on the steamer from Hong Kong to Shanghai was two hundred dollars in gold. We did not take the time from our few hours in Hong Kong to visit the friends and correspondents with whom for years I have associated the name of the English island, greatly as we should have been delighted to meet them. The Christian missionaries and teachers who are at work in the great Chinese cities are doing something at least to overcome the hostility felt by the Chinese to all foreigners. I do not mean that they are changing the Chinese policy of exclusion, but they are reaching individuals and showing that pure self-ishness is not the universal mark of Western civilization.

As one walks through the streets of Hong Kong, thronged, prosperous-looking, and adorned with substantial and even splendid buildings, he finds it difficult to believe that this island formerly was the chief emporium of the infamous cooly traffic, the Asiatic slave-trade, by which nearly five hundred thousand Chinese laborers lost their liberty and were carried off to Peru or Cuba, enduring horrors in the voyage over the Pacific almost equal to those of the Atlantic middle passage. Sometimes, however, the coolies rose against their masters, and burned the ship after butchering the crew. George F. Seward relates the story of the American ship "Waverley," which, laden with coolies, entered the port of Manila. Some of the Chinese asked to go ashore, and a dispute followed in which one Chinaman was shot and the rest were forced below and the hatches battened down. "These were not opened till the next morning, when two hundred and fifty-one coolies were found dead." In an outbreak on an Italian ship the coolies were driven below in the same manner, but, unwilling to perish by suffocation, they set fire to the vessel. The crew escaped, but the ship, with her cargo of human beings, was

consumed. An English Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Hong Kong declared, in 1871, that within a short period six or seven ships, carrying about three thousand coolies, had been burned or otherwise destroyed. In enumerating the improvements which have marked the Victorian era, the historian will not forget to record the disappearance of this Asiatic slave-trade.

Hong Kong appeared to me one of the most delightful places that I ever have seen, whether viewed from the top of Victoria Peak or from the prosperous streets below. I am aware that in the summer-time the heat and moisture make the climate almost unendurable. Henry Norman informs us that one of the chief summer problems of the city is to determine whether the mushrooms which grow on your boots during the night are edible or not. It is said that when the booksellers receive a case of books the first thing they do is to varnish them all over "with a damp-resisting composition containing corrosive sublimate; otherwise the cockroaches would eat them before they had time to grow mouldy." But these reports I must take on faith. We found the city delightful, the shops interesting, and the evidences of England's success in giving a civilized appearance even to a Chinese city overwhelming.

It is said, however, that Hong Kong is a paradise of criminals from the neighboring provinces. They take refuge in the British city and then commit petty offences in order to be imprisoned for a few months, and thus to escape from arrest and torture at the hands of the Chinese officials. However one may grumble at some of the developments of British civilization in the Orient, his grumblings are apt to come to an end when he begins to discover the amenities of Chinese justice.

We were rowed out to the steamer, the "Yang-tse," by a celestial family whose home was the boat. Three or four fat boys were stowed in behind us, the father steered, and the mother and one of the older boys tugged at the oars. Gathered about the "Yang-tse" was a whole flotilla of

Chinese junks, and from the deck of our steamer we could watch the life of the Chinese household afloat. One never tires of admiring the skill with which the chopsticks are used by young and old, and no one could help rejoicing that the supply of rice seemed adequate even for Chinese appetites. Chinese idols are apt to be fat, and thus they reflect the Chinese idea of happiness.

On the afternoon of March twenty-ninth we sailed away for Shanghai. Some of our companions had gone up the river to Macao and Canton, but time would not permit us to halt, and we knew that at Shanghai we could see one Chinese city; and in such a case as this one is enough. After three days of strong wind, rough sea, and colder weather, we awoke on the first of April to find ourselves in the Yang-tse River, a veritable Amazon, giving access to the homes of one hundred and seventy-five million people. The shores on either side were invisible. The St. Lawrence is the only stream which I have ever seen that appeared to me to have any such volume of waters. Up the yellow, rough, and apparently shoreless tide we steamed until land at last came in sight. About twelve miles from Shanghai our steamer stopped and we went aboard the launch "Whangpoo" for a two hours' ride to one of the most important of Asiatic cities. Innumerable boats and ships with eyes painted on the prow met us in this ride. Cotton-factories, oil-tanks, petty Chinese gunboats were passed, and about six o'clock in the evening we touched the wharf. Soon two jinrikishas whirled us along the Bund to the Astor House, the best hotel in the city, bearing an American name because it and a great deal of property near it used to belong to an American named Astor. The European part of the city is fine, large, handsome, well built, and full of prosperous people. I ordered a fire for our room, and, denying myself the pleasure of attending a Christian Endeavor meeting and of visiting a number of Christian friends, I sat down to read the American newspapers and to smile over the European cables announcing that "a col-

lective note from the powers was being prepared," and that "the Sultan was meditating new reforms." And so that farce still continues! When will Europe be ashamed of itself?

We had an early breakfast the next morning, and, taking two jinrikishas, we started out to explore Shanghai, where the European part, with its tall buildings of brick and stone and its bright clean street, would look well in any country. We determined, however, to have a glimpse of the Chinese city, even though we neglected a visit to a famous porcelain tower, and, leaving our jinrikishas at the gate, we went boldly in. As we could find no guide, we plunged forward alone. Hideous, whining beggars sat on the slimy stones just across the sluggishly flowing sewer which separates civilization from Confucianism. The narrow streets were bordered by shops, were thickly covered with liquid filth, crowded with people and heaped high with garbage. Men were carrying through the streets buckets of filth, and many of the sights were as indescribable as the general smell was intolerable. Twenty minutes in the native part of Shanghai would be sufficient to remove from the minds of some of our Western eulogists of Chinese civilization all the glamour which now deceives them. In all my experiences in the Orient I have seen nothing, unless it be the shores of the Ganges at Benares, so unspeakably shocking and horrible as the native quarter of this great Chinese city. How any Chinaman can retain his prejudice against "foreign devils" after passing out of the native city into the European quarters, is one of the obscurest of mysteries. It is like going from an inferno of filth to a paradise of cleanliness and beauty. But the Chinaman has no aversion to filth and bad smells. He finds them compatible with health and physical vigor. His constitution has been accustomed to the microbes that flourish in the midst of these vile surroundings, and he endures with complacency what would drive an American mad. Friends have assured me, however, that the native quarters of Shanghai are

sweet and beautiful compared with some parts of Pekin; but this is a traveller's tale which I will not believe.

More grateful than ever before for the external decencies of civilization, we left the undiluted vileness of native Chinese life for the better part of Shanghai, into which the Western world has introduced cleanliness and physical comfort. After visiting a big, gorgeous, dirty tea-house, given up in part to the use of opium, and making the usual inroad upon a photograph-shop, we got aboard the "Whangpoo," and at half-past ten steamed back for the "Yang-tse," and by noon were sliding down the tawny stream, as big as the ocean. We had no strong desire to see more of China. The whole of the next day our ship rolled and tossed on a rough sea, but, with chairs well placed on deck, we sat out from breakfast till luncheon, tucked up with rugs and our heaviest winter things, having the deck to ourselves so far as sitters were concerned, for all who came out promenaded briskly in order to keep warm. On the day following we were in the Inland Sea of Japan, which General Grant regarded as the most beautiful sight in all his trip around the world. Mountains and wooded islands and a sapphire expanse of placid water, — Japan was before us, the land of beauty and of progress. But our minds lingered in that prodigious Chinese world out of which we had escaped. However loathsome some of the external features of Chinese life, our few days of observation strengthened the conviction that here was a people having the physical basis of a mighty nationality. They are the great colonizers of the East; they are flocking into Polynesia; they are able to redeem the great tropical islands of Borneo and Sumatra, but in their own ancestral home they occupy a land perhaps the most resourceful of any excepting our own on the face of the earth. "The dragon sleeps," say the Chinese, when men speak of China's recent defeat by Japan. True, and the dragon is a long time in waking; but when China does rouse herself, according to Napoleon's sagacious prophecy, she will change the face of the globe.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

WE had in Japan nineteen days of pleasant activity. Landing in Kobe on the fifth of April, we sailed from Yokohama on the twenty-fourth. If I do not write as enthusiastically of Japan as most travellers, it will be partly because I was too busy with my lectures to see it thoroughly and sympathetically, and partly because, engaged in delivering these Christian addresses and constantly meeting with Christian people, I was testing Japan by standards somewhat higher than those that are usually applied. Still, I sympathize with much that has been written in regard to the extraordinary progress which this patriotic, imitative, intelligent, and ambitious people have made in the last forty years.

I think my strongest feeling was one of joyful thankfulness that we were no longer in China, and that we had reached a beautiful country where at least the superficial elements of modern civilization are apparent. Kobe is not the most interesting of Japanese cities by any means, but it gave me those fresh impressions which constitute one of the chief delights of travel. Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson and their family of bright young people made us exceedingly welcome, and gave us a new sense of the superiority of things American quite pleasant to our patriotic pride. In the afternoon, accompanied by our host and hostess, we went to Hiogo in jinrikishas, and revelled in Japanese picturesqueness. Everything was interesting, even the persistent curiosity of the people at the Fair, who crowded around us as we inspected the booths and shops and

shows. We saw the Daibutsu, one of the many big statues of Buddha found in Japan, and inside of it I discovered a beautiful bronze of Buddha as a child, with a fat, sinister face that convulsed us with laughter. I made every effort to buy it, offering twice its value, but all in vain. It was about three feet and a half high, and looked a little like a fat child, intoxicated and with a maudlin leer. It was hard to give it up, and, presenting ourselves in a temple to some Buddhist priests, we entered into negotiations, which ended, alas! in talk, for the capture of this precious thing.

Then we drove through the odd streets, past all sorts of shops, and saw a stone pagoda and another bronze Buddha with a halo round his head, holding up three fingers after the fashion of his Holiness the Pope. In the evening I lectured in the church of Reverend Mr. Ebina, and had my first experience in Japan of attempting to move an audience through an interpreter. The Association of the Kumai, or Congregational Churches of Japan, was to meet in this church the next day, and there were representative Japanese pastors present from all over the Empire. The church building itself was spacious and pretty, and on the platform in a beautiful vase was a large branch of the Japanese cherry-tree, while above the pulpit were two Japanese flags. The national spirit enters into religion here as perhaps nowhere else in the world. Patriotism is a chief virtue of the people, and the Christian churches are eager to prove themselves not a whit behind their non-Christian friends and neighbors. I am told that it is the usual thing for a foreign speaker to occupy a large part of his address in an extended eulogy of Japan. He cannot possibly say anything too extravagant, for the people are quick and eager to believe everything great and good of their country. I condensed my eulogium into a few sentences, and endeavored to plunge almost immediately into my lecture; but the interpreter, although he had a printed copy of the address in his hand, was unable to get my ideas before the audience. The situation became unendurable, and finally I asked the

privilege of giving my lecture without interruption to the end, while the interpreter should follow at his leisure, after I had finished. About a fourth of the audience knew English, and accordingly with more heart and hope I resumed my task. At the close most of the English hearers and those who understood English departed, while my poor friend was left with the remainder of the audience struggling on, I think, till about midnight! I have now made twenty-two addresses in Japan, most of them through an interpreter, and, on the whole, my experience has been satisfactory and delightful. I cannot speak too highly of the ability and success of the Japanese gentlemen who in Osaka, Kyoto, and Tokyo have reproduced my elaborate and somewhat difficult addresses. In many cases they entered fully into the spirit of the lecture, and, having studied it in advance, were able with fluency and fire to enter into the task of interpreting my message. In some cases the intellectual ability displayed was astonishing, and the tenacity of memory very remarkable. I would give rapidly two or three pages, and the interpreter would start in as soon as I had finished, and give without omission what I had said. Those who were competent to judge pronounced the work to be admirable, and frequently the interpreter would reproduce the tones of my voice and the gestures of my hands! I have been told that Reverend Joseph Cook's interpreter in Japan entered so fully into the spirit and style of the great Boston lecturer that even to-day he preaches with the tones and manner of Joseph Cook. The Japanese have great ability in imitation. They have imitated Parisian styles of dress, German methods of fighting, English and American ways in commerce, just as centuries ago they caught the trick of the best Chinese art and echoed the Confucianist philosophy. They give a national tone and coloring to whatever they have taken from other nations, and to a greater degree than seems desirable, they have endeavored to mould and modify Christianity itself till it assumes Japanese forms.

The morning after my lecture I looked in on the meeting of the Kumai Association, and it seemed to me that they carried on their business with commendable order and thoroughness. The chief vice of Japanese conferences is a tendency to tedious detail and long-windedness. What breaks down the American missionary in Japan perhaps more than anything else is the "Sodan," or conference, without which nothing can be done. Some trivial matter in church affairs comes up and it must be debated endlessly hour after hour. The Japanese church officials and the nervous and would-be patient American missionaries sit and talk and talk and talk. An affair which could be settled in ten minutes by a little common-sense is made the theme of prolonged discussion. It is useless to attempt to hurry anything; that would cause offence and new trouble. There is no sense whatever of the value of time in Japan, or in any other part of the Orient. With his hands full of all-important work, the missionary must sit and sit, and join in interminable talk till he comes to feel the truth of Rudyard Kipling's description of British experiences in India, —

"It is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown;
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.'"

But let us not blame the gentle and talkative Oriental too severely. Think of the British Parliament, and the American Congress, remember how great schemes for national improvement have been talked to death in the Senate, recall ecclesiastical meetings which make some American and English pastors sorry almost that they entered the ministry, remember the discipline and the exhaustion of nerve and the emptying of all hope and joy out of life which are the natural results of the trivial detail and stupidity of some church official meetings, even in energetic America, and do

not be too severe on the Japanese who find such delight in a "Sodan."

One cannot travel in the interior of Japan without a passport, and accordingly I made my way through the rain to the office of the American Consul in Kobe and secured for one yen, which is equal to fifty cents, that precious document. But, alas for the conditions which accompanied the granting of this right to travel! There were certain prohibitions, two of which I will mention, that robbed it of most of its pleasure. I was forbidden to desecrate Japanese temples, and also prohibited from attending a fire at night on horseback! It ought to be generally known in America that these harassing conditions are attached to the granting of a Japanese passport. Many of us would not visit the beautiful Empire, if we knew in advance that we could not plunder heathen shrines and gallop to a midnight conflagration on our fiery steeds. When I recall how, in Chicago, when the fire alarm was rung, I used to mount my horse in the night-time and ride to the vicinity of some blazing building on Halsted Street or Dearborn Avenue, there to meet Drs. Withrow, Hillis, MacPherson, Gunsaulus, and Noble, it seemed to me that travel in Japan had lost its dearest charm. But after a while one recovers even from such disappointment, and begins to wonder at the reason for this Japanese regulation. That reason has been lost in the twilight of unrecorded history; but as the Japanese cling to ancient forms out of which all meaning has departed, much after the fashion of some European Church-establishments, we will not fling at them any very bitter criticisms.

After Mrs. Barrows had visited a girls' school in Kobe, and delighted her heart with purchasing some fascinating china, we left our hospitable friends, and in a pouring rain began a brief railway journey to Osaka, where we were met by Reverend Mr. Haworth and Reverend Mr. Fisher, and were soon rolling through the streets of this great town to Mr. and Mrs. Haworth's delightful house. Even in a pour-

ing rain one can be perfectly protected in a jinrikisha. But the stout little Japanese that dragged us through the streets, each one of whom might rightly be named Pullman, were among the oddest spectacles that I ever saw, with their bare feet and bare legs and black water-proof capes and broad black hats, as big as an umbrella and just the shape of a toadstool.

The programme at Osaka included a reception at Mr. Haworth's, attended by over forty missionaries of all denominations, with some Japanese friends superadded; an address in the Presbyterian Church to about fifty Japanese evangelists, in speaking to whom I endeavored to utter some words of cheer suggested by my recent experiences in India; a lecture to eight hundred people in the Y. M. C. A. building, and a sermon before the Osaka Presbytery. Besides this, we had a delightful visit at the girls' school, where we met Miss Alice Haworth, Miss A. E. Garvin, and Miss Ella McGuire, and quite a number of Japanese girls, who burst out into a hearty American laugh as I bade them good-by on the lawn, using the Japanese word "Sayonara," which signifies, "If it *must* be so." Among the Christian missionaries whom we met in Osaka and very highly appreciated, were Reverend Dr. A. D. Hail and Reverend J. B. Hail, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. We had one delightful afternoon sight-seeing in company with a number of our friends, visiting the Mint, which was closed for repairs, and the great historic Castle, where the walls show you immense stones that remind you almost of Baalbec. What cyclopean masonry the old Japanese have left us! And who can forget the splendid view of Osaka which the Castle affords! Below us and around us was a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, — the Venice of Japan, from its closeness to the waters, and the Chicago of Japan, from its commercial enterprise. What a picture the rivers, canals, bridges, smoking factory-chimneys, the adjacent fields, and the encompassing mountains made on that April afternoon! Inside of the Castle once lived the much beloved emperor whose picture is so

frequently seen in Japanese homes, the famous ruler who let his palace go without repairs in order that his poor people might have fuel enough to send through their chimneys the smoke which told of comfort and good dinners within. And I shall not forget the visit to the great Japanese prison, with its four thousand inmates, two hundred and thirty of whom were women. The courteous and capable warden accompanied us in our inspections. The ladies in our party could see the women, but not the men. My missionary companions and I were permitted to see everything, and certainly it was one of the best-kept and cleanest prisons in the world. The ventilation was admirable. The women were confined in wooden cages, and wore crushed strawberry or old rose gowns, thick and quilted! They spin, wash, mend, etc., and, so far from looking like hardened criminals, or criminals at all, they helped to make the whole scene appear like a joke. We were told that no one ever broke out of this jail, although a Yankee prisoner could cut his way to freedom with a jack-knife in an hour. The prisoners are brought in, tied together, with baskets over their heads, so as not to show their faces on the street. Whenever we entered a room accompanied by the warden, a signal was given, and all the prisoners stopped work and bowed their heads to the floor, keeping them there in this posture of abject deference until the signal was given to lift themselves up again. Most of the crimes for which these people were incarcerated had to do with various forms of theft. On the whole, we were much pleased with what we saw of prison life in Japan, and we devoutly prayed that China, when she begins to imitate Western civilization, may introduce a little of Western humanity into her treatment of criminals.

The old capital of Japan, Kyoto, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, surpasses all other Japanese cities in interest. We spent six most delightful days there, in the hospitable home of Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Porter. The railroad ride from Osaka carried us through a region of exquisite beauty and great fertility. But the city itself, with its temples,

shops, and manufactories, where the finest Japanese art works are fashioned, diverted our minds, at least temporarily, from the serious amount of work which I undertook to do. Mr. Porter is one of the best equipped and most trusted missionaries in Japan. It will be remembered that more than a year ago he rode on his bicycle over a cliff five hundred feet in height, and had an almost miraculous escape from death. I gave two lectures in the town hall, and had an opportunity of addressing many Buddhist priests, and the pleasure also of meeting the eloquent Mr. Hirai, who offered me a Japanese dinner, which I was unable to accept. Mr. Hirai, who spoke so powerfully at the World's Congresses, is now engaged in teaching children in Kyoto. On Sunday I preached for the Japanese Presbyterian Church in the morning, and then at Dr. Davis's home delivered a sermon to the English-speaking attendants. In the evening I addressed an audience at one of the Kumai churches, where the Christians presented me with a book full of Japanese pictures. One evening at the home of Mrs. Porter I talked to the missionaries and others of my work in India, and I gave one lecture before the professors and students of the Doshisha University, of whose strange and checkered history one hears so much in Japan. Mr. John R. Mott, the young evangelist who has been making a tour of the world, did excellent work at the Doshisha, and probably helped forward the movement for a change which will bring the University into some accord with Christian sentiment. One of the saddest experiences in the evangelization of Japan has been the persistent and successful effort of the Japanese Christians who have lost faith in evangelical Christianity, to gain possession of the University and use it for ends which are abhorrent to the noble and benevolent American Christians who have lavished their money upon the institution. It shows how undeveloped as yet is the Japanese moral sense, even of those who have become Christians, that this misuse of trust funds is so generally justified. It is believed, however, that a better day is coming; and one cannot con-

verse with the Japanese Christian ministers and with the missionaries in Japan without being convinced that the tendency at present is toward a more positive Christianity. Outside of the Kumai churches there has been no general defection, and even they are returning to the faith.

Every one who goes to Kyoto should witness the manufacturing of cloisonné, the most exquisite and wonderful work of that sort which is now done in any part of the world; and of course American women will not fail to visit the great silk stores. Everybody must admire some features of Japanese civilization, and realize that in certain particulars the Japanese people are the most artistic in the world. I did not fall in love with Japanese temples, although they are a vast improvement upon the ugly and unclean shrines of India.

We had a delightful morning visiting the new Buddhist temple, the costliest in Japan, which bears the name of the Higashi Hongwanji. The decorations of the chancel and shrine are gorgeous; but the worshippers were not numerous, and the coins which were scattered on the mats were usually of the smallest size, the tenth of a sen. It was too cold to walk through this temple in stocking-feet, and accordingly we went to a shop and purchased slippers, which were useful in our visit to the next great temple, the Nishi Hongwanji. Those who go to Kyoto must not fail to get the superb view from the Yaami Hotel on the steep hillside, nor to visit the interesting shrine and the immense bell in this neighborhood, nor to see the colossal Diabutsu, which is a big hollow mask of a thing, nor to visit the great Kuannon Temple, with thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three bronze statues of the Goddess of Mercy. But time fails me to describe our visit to Nara, with its lovely park where the deer are so tame and the cryptomerias are so wonderful, and the Shinto Temple is so picturesquely situated.

It was cherry-blossom time when we saw the old capital, and never shall I forget the magnificent cherry-tree which

DAIBUTSU.

we admired in the early evening, illuminated with electric lights and bonfires, near which the people had built booths, and where thousands had come to see the pink wonder. The finest of the cherry-trees have double blossoms, and all the famous trees are without fruit. But the admiration of the people for this floral marvel knows no limits, and all visitors become Japanese through beautiful sympathy. In Tokyo the display a week later in the parks was even more superb. In Kyoto, however, we had the pleasure of seeing the cherry-blossom dance, which lasted an hour. After removing our shoes, and entering the hall, we were served with tea and sweetmeats, and then went into the room where ten girls on each side played for us the drums and stringed instruments of the orchestra, while twenty others on each side filed in with cherry-blossoms on their dresses and in their hair and in their hands. The scenery was beautiful, the dance was simple posturing, and the whole scene seemed to be out of doors under a big cherry-tree.

On Lake Bewa I spent a morning in the company of Reverend Zitsusen Ashitsu, one of the Buddhist priests who attended the Congress of Religions. Accompanied by Mr. Porter and six sons of missionaries, we rode by rail to Otsu, a little town where the attempt was made a few years ago on the life of the present Czar of Russia. Here we took jinrikishas around Lake Bewa and across the canal. The views of lake and mountain were picturesque and delightful in the extreme. We visited the famous pine-tree which spreads out over the ground for nearly two hundred feet, and then rode up to the Buddhist temple, where we inquired for the friend who had asked us to visit him. He had been waiting for us, and soon, clothed in his finest robes, he came out to meet us, and embraced me with genuine warmth. Holding my hand, he conducted us up the long path bordered with trees which led to his beautiful home, the outlook from which, over the placid lake and on toward the eastern mountains, is restful and lovely. Tea and sweets were served us, and chairs were brought in for

the whole company. Our friend desired to make us comfortable, after the American fashion, and we were not required to sit upon our toes on the mats. After we were seated, according to the forms of Japanese politeness, we began a succession of bows; but soon, through my friend and interpreter, I was able to begin a connected conversation with the humane and intelligent disciple of Gautama. The missionary boys were given photographs of the Columbian Exposition to look at, and our Buddhist host was evidently happy to bring before us as much of America as possible. We had a long exchange of views about many things, and I was particularly pleased when Ashitsu informed me that since 1893 the Buddhists of Japan had a more friendly feeling toward Christianity and its representatives. He insisted on our eating luncheon in his rooms; but as we had promised the boys a picnic, he had to be content with our using his yard, where he and other priests waited upon us, contributing some Japanese viands to the food which we had brought with us. We found it difficult to tear ourselves away from the gentle and hospitable soul who remembered America with such loving interest. This fourteenth of April was to me one of the supreme days in my journey round the world. It was a happy fulfilment of hopes which I entertained for years.

That evening we reached Nagoya on our road to Yokohama, and the next morning our hostess, Mrs. Buchanan, conducted us round the castle, where we saw the parade-ground and the soldiers drilling, cavalry and infantry manœuvring, or firing at targets. They are said to be excellent soldiers; tough, brave little fellows, able to endure a great deal, and to climb like cats. Let no nation underrate the fighting qualities and effectiveness of the Japanese. But they look very oddly on horseback, and their uniforms seem ugly, adding to the natural unpleasantness of the features of the Japanese men. It was eleven o'clock that night when our train carried us through the pouring rain into the station at Yokohama, where we have been entertained with

delightful hospitality by Reverend Mr. and Mrs. John L. Deering, Baptist missionaries, and by Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Henry Loomis.

I made several addresses in Yokohama, took a ride round Mississippi Bay, and saw Treaty Point, but no Fuji as yet lifting his snow-white cone. Our six days in Tokyo were spent at the home of Reverend Mr. and Mrs. McNair, one of those homes which I deem points of light in Asia, more brilliant by reason of surrounding darkness or twilight. Here we met also Miss West, one of the most capable of missionaries. I shall not attempt to describe Tokyo, a city of interminable distances, flat and uninteresting in many parts of it, exceedingly beautiful in others, with cherry-trees and spacious grounds and gardens. We spent one morning at the University, and realized that Japan has captured from Germany, Great Britain, and America many of the intellectual elements of civilization. The Museums are large and interesting. The library is spacious; the methods are those of the latest Western science. The most beautiful place in Tokyo is the famous Ueno Park, which we found full of people, gay with venders of toys and sweets, and with paths covered with "snow that never saw the sky." The cherry-trees were in their richest bloom, or slightly past it. The temples in the neighborhood of the Park were more thronged than any others I have seen in Japan.

The most interesting day which I spent in Tokyo was at a reception given in the Botanical Gardens, where many men of many minds gave me cordial greeting, treating me to foods of many kinds. Christians, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Confucianists joined in a welcome which lasted for several hours. It was in a pavilion, or tea-house, and I was called upon to express my mind in regard to several religious questions. Reverend Mr. Yokoi, the newly elected president of Doshisha University, was there, and also Shibata, a high-priest of Shintoism, who attended the Parliament in Chicago. After the reception we called, by invitation, on Count Inouyé, one of the leading Japanese

statesmen, now out of power, and had a delightful conversation with him, his daughter, and his son-in-law. They all speak English well, and have most charming manners. The Count is one of the foremost makers of modern Japan, and will doubtless come back to power again. He deprecated the idea of Japan wishing to go to war with anybody, and expressed the conviction that she could not afford to do it at present. Before leaving Tokyo on Thursday, the twenty-second of April, I addressed a large company, perhaps one hundred and fifty missionaries, in the Union Church; among them such well-known veterans as Dr. Greene. They did not appear like a discouraged or disheartened company of people, but quite otherwise. In the evening of that day I addressed a similar company of Christian workers in Mr. and Mrs. Deering's home in Yokohama. This was my last address before leaving for America.

The next day was given to preparations for the long voyage, although in the afternoon we took a lovely trip to Kamakura, where we saw the stateliest and finest of all the Buddhas. It is a majestic figure, symbolizing intellectual peace, nearly fifty feet high and nearly one hundred feet in circumference. The thumb is three feet around. The curls on the head are eight hundred and thirty in number. The eyes are said to be of pure gold, and the silver boss in the centre of the forehead weighs thirty pounds avoirdupois. But more impressive and memorable than the sight of this Buddha were the views we had that day of Fujiyama. The sacred mount of Japan has a charm all its own. It has the beauty of symmetry and whiteness, of lonely and sovereign majesty. It seems like a special creation of the Almighty to dominate with its stately loveliness the loveliest of Eastern lands, and to fill the hearts of its people with proud and happy thoughts. It is not appropriate to compare it with the Himalayas, for they are a mighty range of snowy heights far away from the centre of populous India. Here is a peak which stands out alone and is visible from all sides of Dai Nippon, as the Japanese call their

own land. I scarcely wonder that the people hold the mountain to be sacred, nor did I marvel that its glorious form is constantly reproduced in Japanese art. I took the vision of its beautiful summit as a prophecy of the time when this mountain of the gods shall be a mountain of the one true God, and look down upon a land whose people, Christianized, may contribute some of the finest and strongest forces toward the evangelization of Asia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOME COMING.

IT is a long way in space and time from Yokohama, which we left on the twenty-fourth of April, to the island of Mackinac, in Northern Michigan, where my pilgrimage ended on the twenty-fifth of June. Quite a number of friends gave us a kindly send-off from that far Eastern port, the splendid gateway through which the tides of our Western civilization flowed in upon the Island Empire. I carried with me on board the ship "China" a copy of the "Japan Mail" of that day containing a valedictory address which I had sent out to Christian and non-Christian friends, a letter in which I took occasion to correct some wrong impressions which were formerly circulated in regard to the present strength of American Christianity. The ship was crowded with home-coming passengers, — missionaries from Burmah, China, Japan; English officials returning to take part in the Victoria Diamond Jubilee; the family of an American Consul; members of Sir Robert Hart's Chinese Revenue Service; merchants, travellers; a German Admiral; the courteous and very intelligent German Governor of the Marshall Islands; and six hundred Chinese and four hundred Japanese workmen, bound for the Hawaiian Islands, the Nashville Centennial Celebration, and the ports of South America. After two days of rather dark and rough weather, the widest of oceans became delightfully smooth, and the warm air breathed through the constant sunshine. On Thursday, the twenty-ninth of April, we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and so the captain required

us to live that day over again. One Thursday was spent in the Eastern, and the second in the Western Hemisphere, one Asiatic and the other American. The passengers were usually in a very happy mood, and contributed in various ways to the general entertainment, through music, athletics, recitations, lectures, or sermons. My contribution was a sermon on the second Sunday morning, followed by a lecture on Shakespeare on the first of May. At noon on May second, we passed Bird Island, a prominent and picturesque rocky point over eight hundred feet high. And on the third of May we awoke to find ourselves near a most beautiful coast, and soon we entered the harbor of Honolulu. Reverend Dr. Charles Hyde, at the head of important educational institutions in the Hawaiian Islands, came aboard the ship, and after my former parishioner, Dr. Day, the Health Inspector, had given us a clean bill, we were permitted to land and to inspect the chief city of the tiny republic. Accompanied by Dr. Hyde, we visited nearly every sort of educational and philanthropic institution provided for the peoples of four races who inhabit the islands. Like other visitors, we realized that we were in the paradise of the Pacific. The constant factor, climate, is here a friend to every human enjoyment; and some American ladies who had spent two months in the islands and accompanied us aboard the "China," declared that neither in Southern France, California, nor Egypt had they ever passed so delightful a winter. Whoever visits Honolulu should see the Museum, which contains the finest collection to be found anywhere of objects illustrating the life of the Pacific islanders. In the evening of our only day in Honolulu, I delivered a lecture in the Union Church, probably the only church on the earth where Christian work is carried on every Sunday in five languages, — English, Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese. On the next morning our kindly host, Dr. Hyde, accompanied us to the government building and several other institutions, and then we embarked again on the "China."

We found in Honolulu more of America, more of its energy and spirit, than in any other community which I have seen in the World-Pilgrimage. If I were asked to name the place which I have seen in all the world where Christian civilization, as shown in general intelligence and morality and good-will among different races, in the abundance of schools, asylums, and churches, in general material prosperity, and in zealous devotion to the expansion of God's kingdom on earth, has reached its brightest manifestation, I should mention without a moment's hesitancy this tiny state in the Pacific, which Christian missions lifted out of savagery, and which, as it seems now probable, may soon be linked to the sisterhood of American commonwealths. I met several members of the Hawaiian government, and talked with quite a number of the leading citizens. Undoubtedly the intelligence and morality of the community are strongly favorable to annexation. Of the strategic importance of the Hawaiian Islands, the key to the Northern Pacific Ocean, as the "London Times" has said, Americans are likely to learn something more in the near future. That recognized authority on naval warfare, Captain Mahan, has shown conclusively the imperative duty resting upon the United States of securing so important a factor in the defence of our coast line, and of protecting for all the future our rapidly growing interests in the Pacific world.

It was a five days' voyage from Honolulu to the Golden Gate, which we entered on the tenth of May. In all the brilliant Orient I had seen nothing so grateful to my heart as the sight of my own country. The heart-hunger of the exile had been ours, notwithstanding all that we had experienced of pleasure. In the Palace Hotel we received the warm greetings not only of San Francisco friends, but of many others far away whose letters waited to welcome us. The next afternoon I addressed the ministers of the city and Christian women interested in foreign missionary work, and by six o'clock in the evening we were on the ferry of the "Overland Limited," and half an hour later were as

comfortably settled in our "section" as if we had never travelled outside of America. Through gardens and wheat-fields, over snowy heights, across wide deserts, climbing mountains again, and then down over the long, long plains, for three days we sped eastward, beholding a land where all the people seemed to us prosperous, and where our eyes were delivered from the sights which had saddened them in the East. It was on the fifteenth of May that we arrived at Rockford, Illinois, where we had the joy of meeting again the little children who had bravely and sometimes anxiously awaited our return. After six weeks of lecturing and preaching in Chicago, and a visit to Smith College, in Massachusetts, where we met our older children, the long-broken household was finally reunited on this pleasantest of islands. Under one roof at last, we recall the marvellous way in which we have been led. There is much talk of Europe and Egypt, of India and Japan, and of a thousand strange experiences. I am thankful that the work which took me from my home and country has been finished, and that once more I can feel myself an inhabitant as well as a citizen of America.

Looking out on the Straits of Mackinac from this fairest of Northern isles, I have leisure, while the winds are fanning the joyous leaves and the peewee is whistling his sweetly plaintive note, to live over the memorable days of the now completed World-Pilgrimage. The feeling of being at home is very strong and pleasant, not only because the household has been reunited, but also for the reason that the land of the pine is, on the whole, more congenial than the palmy plains of the Orient. When Sindbad had finished an adventurous voyage, he usually resolved to remain thereafter in Bagdad, — a resolution, happily for us, made only to be broken. But the only voyages which I now contemplate are those of memory and imagination, and I find that all my recollections are bathed and steeped in devout and loving gratitude to Him to whom belongeth the sea and whose hand formed the dry land.

Many pictures pass before my vision, many voices come to my hearing, as I circumnavigate the globe once more. What leagues of ocean, placid as these waters, or tossed into tumbling crags of sapphire and emerald, smoothed with warm winds from tropic isles or chilled by blasts from rocky and Arctic shores, stretch on and on before my inner eye! What dear and loving faces gather around us at the tearful hour of separation or the glad dawn of home-coming! Numberless are the accents of kindness that float from many lands through these whispering leaves. And what a multitude of strange faces throng around this cottage, — faces first seen on the decks of many ships, in the halls of Paris or Cairo, or at the gates of far Eastern cities! Once more the muezzin calls to prayer from the minarets of Delhi, and I hear again the Buddhist drums in the shrines of Ceylon and Japan. The waters of many rivers flash and murmur by. I see again the Rhine and the Weser, the Thames and the Tiber, the twinkling and many-colored lights along the Seine and the willows that shade the Jordan, the palms that lift themselves on either bank of the Nile, the strange boats on the Yang-tse, the pilgrims and bathers in the waters of the Ganges, and the peerless white dome reflected in the loving bosom of the Jumna. And what are these heights that rise out of the landscapes of memory? Men call them the Hartz and the Apennines, Sinai and Fujiyama, the Mountains of Moab, Adam's Peak, Kinchinjunga. "They are but the raised letters of the alphabet of infinity, whereby we, poor blind children of men, spell out the great name of God." And around the habitations of men, some little dorf in Germany, some prosperous city of England, Italy, or Japan, or some immemorial village of India, with unwritten laws and customs more ancient than the statutes of Manu or Moses, or about some planter's home in the neighborhood of Kandy or Darjeeling, what fields of wheat and tea and millet, or vivid rice or tasselled corn, stretch on and on before the gaze of memory! Sitting on this bench four years ago,

I meditated and wrote the address of welcome which I delivered before the representatives of twelve hundred millions gathered at the World's Parliament of Religions. The thought and purposes embodied in that address and in that gathering broke the strong ties which held me to church and city and sent me as a pilgrim around the world. And now, sitting here again, looking at the same sparkling waters and shaded by the same fragrant boughs, the great world of religion, with its many-costumed representatives, rises before me. I hear the beautiful choirs in English cathedrals; I lift up my eyes to Giotto's Tower in Florence, and see again the fragments of the Parthenon; I hear the dervishes in their wild and woful chants; I walk by the pyramids, enter the sacred tombs of Memphis, meditate once more on the Mount of Olives, stand beneath the domes of churches which rebuke and confound in their majesty all earthly pride; converse with scholars in Oxford or Benares; watch the solemn idolaters in the bat-infested temple of Madura or the lighter-hearted pilgrims who in Japan call upon Amida-Buddha; or lift up my voice in Madras or Tokyo in the name of the Universal Man and Saviour, and thank God that I have learned to love and pity the children of many faiths, and to believe that the less perfect may be prophecies of that fulness of truth and grace which are found in the Son of God.

The human world, as the traveller remembers it, is one of bewildering variety. I think now of clothes as well as of faces, of foods and drinks as well as of forms and colors, of houses as well as of national and religious distinctions, ambitions, and interests. And yet, underneath these varieties what unities are discovered; what common needs, fears, hopes, and aspirations! Humanity, whether it is found among the Chinese coolies on the Bund in Shanghai or the Chowringee Road in Calcutta, the Champs Elysées or the Unter den Linden, whether it walks the Strand or the Corso, the Via Dolorosa of Jerusalem or the Galata Bridge of Constantinople, possesses an essential oneness

which augmenting numbers of people are coming to recognize. I feel the solidarity of mankind as never before. Distant peoples do not seem so distant, either in space or in character. As I know that I can go all the way by water from this island to the island of Sicily or Ceylon, so my heart, when true to its higher instincts, reaches out in a sympathy unbroken by diverse creeds and conditions to the plague-smitten sufferers in Bombay, the starving children in Jubbelpore, and to the millions bound by superstitions in Africa and China. Every Board of Trade recognizes a community of interests the world over; every student of history and political economy perceives some interdependence among nations. Hundreds of travellers in the East and Far East have seen how much Great Britain has done to bring the Oriental nations, through trade and language, into touch with the Western world. But besides all this, and more than all this, I have come to feel the growing universalism of Christianity, and the rapid acceptance by multitudes in Asia of the truths of Divine fatherhood and human fraternity. The time has passed by for provincialism of thought and provincialism of feeling. The Victorian era marks a vast enlargement of the realm of human sympathy, even if many of those who through commerce, war, or science have widened man's moral and intellectual realm appear themselves both hard and narrow. Like others from the beginning of time, they are building better than they know. The missionary is sowing the furrows in the Orient, upturned by the ploughshare of wicked war. The commercial and political ambitions and rivalries of Russia and England, of France and Germany, of Japan and China, are helping to break up the sluggishness and seclusion of the East, and both the Orient and the Occident share in that widening of thought which comes with the process of the suns.

I have returned home with an increasing sense of the value of America in the evangelization of Asia. Emerged at last from the backwoods of theology, having cleared her

skirts from the stain of slavery, delivered with wonderful rapidity from provincialism of spirit in the last thirty years of commercial and intellectual expansion, instructed by that religion which has moulded her best life to spread its benign influences everywhere, America is coming to be regarded as a missionary force of the highest quality and greatest power. In the whole course of my travel from Constantinople to Honolulu I felt the presence and beneficent influence of the men and women who represent American Christianity. Other Christian nations in the East stand for something else than unselfish philanthropy. The British occupation of India, while an incalculable blessing to that country, has awakened much besides gratitude in the Hindu heart. English missionaries sometimes confess their inability to win the affections of those to whose uplifting they have gladly given their lives. They frequently said to me, "You Americans have an advantage over us." Immense and increasing are the responsibilities resting upon the Christians in America to enter vigorously into the Christian conquest of Asia.

I saw and learned nothing to justify the sweeping criticism that missions are doing more harm than good in China. And while not all missionaries are wise, and Christian work in the Orient reflects the imperfections of the churches in the Occident, I have returned home with a deeper conviction that our Christian representatives in Asia stand for that intellectual and moral force and spiritual vitality which seem to have passed out of the much-praised Eastern faiths. Still, the divisions of Christendom, the cruel and revengeful belligerency of European nations, and the average character of the European populations in the Orient are fearful hindrances to the rapid spread of the Gospel. One cannot praise very highly the Anglo-Indian character, especially as it displays itself in the port-cities of Asia. The English are the great civilizers, but what crimes and miserable blunders have characterized their occupation of India! Perhaps no other nation would have

done so well, and one shudders at the calamities which would inevitably follow the English withdrawal from India. An English novelist describes her people as one "that lives to make mistakes and dies to retrieve them." A wiser and less selfish policy must increasingly characterize Great Britain's dominion in the Orient, if the British Empire is to justify fully Mr. Curzon's eulogy of it as, "under Providence, the greatest instrument for good the world has seen." I do not undervalue that empire, and a voyage around the world does not lessen one's sense of England's importance and of the general beneficence of her rule.

In my memories of our finished journey I can scarcely recall a half-score disagreeable experiences. How wide and beautiful is the domain of kindness, and what favoring Providences marked our circuit of the globe! In eighty-four days of sea-travel we never knew a moment's sickness; in all my land journeyings I never missed a train or an appointment. How marvellous have been the triumphs of man over the forces of Nature! The steamship appears to me a more wonderful achievement to-day than when I set sail from New York. The international postal system is a potent and astonishing force in unitizing peoples as well as in adding to the comforts of travel. And what prodigious things man has already wrought! Think of India covered with railroads, climbing her mountains and binding together her cities! Think of the cathedrals, mosques, and temples which the instinct of worship has reared, of the tunnels and bridges and aqueducts, the quays and factories and Government Houses, the hospitals, universities, the law-courts, the forts, the armies, the battleships, the banks and boulevards, the wide-extended fields and orchards and gardens, and all the other facts and material achievements which make up at least the external forms of civilization! Think of the Sacred Books of the East, among the greatest monuments of the past! Think of the Christian missionary and educational forces, with their schools, dispensaries, churches, printing-presses, vernacular litera-

tures, and all their wide-reaching plans for the conquest of a continent, though the campaign may last a thousand years! Think of the love, hope, energy, patience, self-sacrifice, faith, and far-reaching wisdom which, notwithstanding all the weaknesses, sins, and pathetic sufferings of earth's millions, characterize so much of human life! Through Christianity and its conquests the law of progress has become the law of the race. Men are brothers, and are coming to believe it. God's fatherhood is the sky overarching all, and men are coming to see it. The race is not doomed. Each new day is the best day of history. The eyes of men are more and more turned to the teaching and person and kingdom of Jesus Christ. The twentieth century will be more Christian than the nineteenth. Through wars, upheavals, disasters, and temporary reverses, the moral elements are coming to the front. Religion is yet to exercise a far more humanizing and unifying influence over discordant peoples. May those who a few years hence in the French Capital may meet together as worshippers of God and lovers of men, be given courage and wisdom to speak forth boldly for all the highest things of the spirit which make for peace, purity, mutual trust, expanding knowledge, and broad and cosmopolitan sympathy! May God give a multitude of men a world-embracing charity and a world-conquering faith! Then the divine event toward which creation moves, may not be so far off. Then nations may abandon the infamy of war, and the whole round world, which Faith now sees bound securely to the loving feet of God, may enter upon an age of brotherhood and of peace.

It is the sea which marries the continents, and as with thoughts of the sea my journey began, so with dreams of the sea these records end. Here in the heart of America, on this green isle, round which once swarmed the painted canoes of savages and the fur-laden barks of voyageurs, on this restful day brimmed with sunshine, memory, love, and imagination carry my spirit away over the wide and ancient

main around whose coasts dwell the nations, over whose surface by all the watery paths a thousand steamers are now straining shoreward, — the sea which remains man's everlasting friend and his best symbol of eternity.

" Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters roaring evermore."

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